



John Ryly Pinxit.

P. a. Gunt Sculp.

MR IOHN DRYDEN.

Anno. 1683. Ætat: 52.

Tab. 1

396. i Galg Lh
THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL:
Containing His *Virgilus man*
PASTORALS, *K*
GEORGICS
AND
ÆNEIS.

Translated into English Verse; By
Mr. D R T D E N.

In Three Volumes.

Adorn'd with above a Hundred Sculptures.

Sequiturq; Patrem non passibus Æquis. Æn. 2.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *Jacob Tonson* in the Strand. *21*

M DCCXVI.





To the Right Honourable

Hugh Lord Clifford,
Baron of Chudleigh.

My LORD,



Have found it not more difficult to Translate Virgil, than to find such Patrons as I desire for my Translation. For tho' England is not wanting in a Learned Nobility, yet such are my unhappy Circumstances, that they have confin'd me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the Honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot shew at present, by any publick Act, that grateful Respect which I shall ever bear them in my

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heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of Fortune, since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better, than the worthy Son of so illustrious a Father. He was the Patron of my Manhood, when I Flourish'd in the opinion of the World; tho' with small advantage to my Fortune, till he awaken'd the remembrance of my Royal Master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduc'd me to Augustus: And tho' he soon dismiss'd himself from State-affairs, yet in the short time of his Administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that like the heat of a Russian-Summer, he ripen'd the Fruits of Poetry in a cold Clymate; and gave me where-withal to subsist at least, in the long Winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your Lordship, is the wretched remainder of a sickly Age, worn out with Study, and oppress'd by Fortune: without other support than the Constancy and Patience of a Christian. You, my Lord, are yet in the flower of your Youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the Peace which is promis'd Europe: I can only hear of that Blessing: for Years, and, above all things,

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want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The Poets, who condemn their Tantalus to Hell, had added to his Torments, if they had plac'd him in Elysium, which is the proper Emblem of my Condition. The Fruit and the Water may reach my Lips, but cannot enter: And if they cou'd, yet I want a Palate as well as a Digestion. But it is some kind of Pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your Lordship some delight, tho' made English by one, who scarce remembers that Passion which inspir'd my Author when he wrote them. These were his first Essay in Poetry, (if the *Ceiris* was not his:) And it was more excusable in him to describe Love when he was young, than for me to Translate him when I am Old. He died at the Age of fifty two, and I began this Work in my great Clymaëterique. But having perhaps a better Constitution than my Author, I have wrong'd him less, considering my Circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any Modern

Language. And tho' this Version is not void of Errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues, wherein my Master has rais'd himself above that humble Stile in which Pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the Education and Converse of Shepherds: for he found the strength of his Genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgics, and his Aeneis. He cou'd not forbear to try his Wings, tho' his Pinions were not harden'd to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonish'd by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air, and singing to the ground. Like a Lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her Song till she alights: still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better musick. The Fourth, the Sixth, and the Eighth Pastorals, are clear Evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but Addressing to

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Pollio, his great Patron, and himself no vulgar Poet, he no longer cou'd restrain the freedom of his Spirit, but began to assert his Native Character, which is Sublimity. Putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sybil whom afterwards he gave for a Guide to his Æneas. Tis true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the Paulo Majora, which begins his Fourth Eclogue. He remember'd, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to Engage; but what avails an express Command to a youthful Courage, which presages Victory in the attempt? Encourag'd with Success, he proceeds farther in the Sixth, and invades the Province of Philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarn'd him of Singing Wars, as he there confesses, yet he presum'd that the search of Nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his Age explain'd it according to the Principles of Epicurus. In his Eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the Complaint and Despair of a forsaken Lover: the latter, a Charm of an Enchantress, to renew a lost

Affection. But the Complaint perhaps contains some Topicks which are above the Condition of his Persons; and our Author seems to have made his Herdsmen somewhat too Learn'd for their Profession; The Charms are also of the same nature, but both were Copied from Theocritus, and had receiv'd the applause of former Ages in their Original. There is a kind of Rusticity in all those pompous Verses; somewhat of a Holiday Shepherd strutting in his Country Buskins. The like may be observ'd, both in the Pollio, and the Silenus; where the Similitudes are drawn from the Woods and Meadows. They seem to me to represent our Poet betwixt a Farmer, and a Courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and drest himself in his best Habit to appear before his Patron: Somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the Ninth Pastoral he Collects some Beautiful Passages, which were scatter'd in Theocritus, which he cou'd not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they shou'd be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian Master,

and observes like him a just decorum, both of the Subject, and the Persons. As particularly in the Third Pastoral; where one of his Shepherds describes a Bowl, or Mazer, curiously Carv'd.

In Medio duo signa: Conon, & quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio, totum qui Gentibus orbem.

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose: (whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus I dispute not,) but he was certainly forgotten, to shew his Country Swain was no great Scholar.

After all, I must confess that the Boorish Dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman Language cannot imitate, tho' Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he cou'd: as in the Cujum pecus, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blam'd by the bad Criticks of his Age, who cou'd not see the Beauties of that merum Rus, which the Poet describ'd in those Expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferr'd as the Original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the

second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted Pastoral into his own Country; and brought it there to bear as happily as the Cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own Nation has produc'd a third Poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Kalendar of Spencer, is not to be match'd in any Modern Language. Not even by Tasso's Amynta, which infinitely transcends Guarini's Pastor-Fido, as having more of Nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of Learning. I will say nothing of the Piscatory Eclogues, because no Modern Latin can bear Criticism. Tis no wonder that rolling down thro' so many barbarous Ages, from the Spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontinelle, the living Glory of the French. Tis enough for him to have excell'd his Master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable Age with that of Virgil, or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

———Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possint, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.

But Spencer being Master of our Northern Dialect, and skill'd in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his Love is a perfect Image of that Passion which God infus'd into both Sexes, before it was corrupted with the Knowledge of Arts, and the Ceremonies of what we call good Manners.

My Lord, I know to whom I dedicate: And cou'd not have been induc'd by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other, into unlearned Hands. You have read him with pleasure, and I dare say, with admiration in the Latin, of which you are a Master. You have added to your Natural Endowments, which without flattery are Eminent, the superstructures of Study, and the knowledge of good Authors. Courage, Probity, and Humanity are inherent in you. These Virtues have ever been habitual to the Ancient House of Cumberland, from whence

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you are descended, and of which our Chronicles make so honourable mention in the long Wars betwixt the Rival Families of York and Lancaster. Your Forefathers have asserted the Party which they chose till death, and dy'd for its defence in the Fields of Battel. You have besides the fresh remembrance of your Noble Father; from whom you never can degenerate.

—Nec imbellem, feroces
Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam.

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praise nor incite your Virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman History, and know without my information that Patronage and Clientship always descended from the Fathers to the Sons, and that the same Plebeian Houses, had recourse to the same Patrician Line, which had formerly protected them: and follow'd their Principles and Fortunes to the last. So that I am your Lordship's by descent, and part of your Inheritance. And the natural inclina-

tion which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right, for I was wholly yours from the first moment, when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleas'd therefore to accept the Rudiments of Virgil's Poetry: Coursely Translated I confess, but which yet retains some Beauties of the Author, which neither the barbarity of our Language, nor my unskilfulness cou'd so much sully, but that they appear sometimes in the dim mirrour which I hold before you. The Subject is not unsuitable to your Youth, which allows you yet to Love, and is proper to your present Scene of Life. Rural Recreations abroad, and Books at home, are the innocent Pleasures of a Man who is early Wise; and gives Fortune no more hold of him, than of necessity he must. 'Tis good, on some occasions to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide ourselves of the Vertuoso's Saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the World is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your Lordship, is of this nature. I wish it

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*pleasant, and am sure 'tis innocent. May you
ever continue your esteem for Virgil; and
not lessen it, for the faults of his Translator;
who is with all manner of Respect and sense
of Gratitude,*

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



VIRGILIUS.

Apud Publium Vrsinum in gemma.

T H E
L I F E
O F

Pub. Virgilius Maro.



VIRGIL was born at *Mantua*, which City was built no less than Three Hundred Years before *Rome*; and was the Capital of the New *Hetruria*, as himself, no less Antiquary, than Poet, assures us. His Birth is said to have happen'd in the first Consulship of *Pompey* the Great, and *Lic. Crassus*; but since the Relater of this presently after contradicts himself; and *Virgil's* manner of Addressing to *Octavius*, implies a greater difference of Age than

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that of Seven Years, as appears by his First Pastoral, and other places; it is reasonable to set the Date of it something backward: And the Writer of his Life having no certain Memorials to work upon, seems to have pitched upon the two most Illustrious Consuls he could find about that time, to signalize the Birth of so Eminent a Man. But it is beyond all Question, that he was Born on, or near the Fifteenth of *October*. Which Day was kept Festival in honour of his Memory, by the *Latin*, as the Birth-Day of *Homer* was by the *Greek* Poets. And so near a resemblance there is, betwixt the Lives of these two famous *Epic* Writers, that *Virgil* seems to have follow'd the *Fortune* of the other, as well as the Subject and manner of his Writing. For *Homer* is said to have been of very mean Parents, such as got their Bread by Day-labour; so is *Virgil*. *Homer* is said to be *Base Born*; so is *Virgil*. The former to have been born in the open Air, in a Ditch, or by the Bank of a River; so is the lat-

ter. There was a Poplar planted near the place of *Virgil's* Birth, which suddenly grew up to an unusual height and bulk, and to which the Superstitious Neighbourhood attributed marvellous Virtue. *Homer* had his Poplar too, as *Herodotus* relates, which was visited with great Veneration. *Homer* is describ'd by one of the Ancients, to have been of a slovenly and neglected Meen and Habit, so was *Virgil*. Both were of a very delicate and sickly Constitution: Both addicted to Travel, and the study of Astrology: Both had their Compositions usurp'd by others: Both Envy'd and traduc'd during their Lives. We know not so much as the true Names of either of them with any exactness: For the Criticks are not yet agreed how the word [*Virgil*] should be Written; and of *Homer's* Name there is no certainty at all. Whosoever shall consider this Parallel in so many particulars; (and more might be added) would be inclin'd to think, that either the same Stars Rul'd strongly at the Nativities of them both,

or what is a great deal more probable; that the *Latin* Grammarians wanting Materials for the former part of *Virgil's* Life, after the *Legendary Fashion*, supply'd it out of *Herodotus*; and like ill Face-Painters, not being able to hit the true *Features*, endeavour'd to make amends by a great deal of impertinent *Landscape* and *Drapery*.

Without troubling the Reader with needless Quotations, now, or afterwards; the most probable Opinion is, that *Virgil* was the Son of a Servant, or Assistant to a wandering *Astrologer*; who practis'd *Physic*. For *Medicus*, *Magus*, as *Juvenal* observes, usually went together; and this course of Life was follow'd by a great many *Greeks* and *Syrians*; of one of which Nations it seems not improbable, that *Virgil's* Father was. Nor could a Man of that Profession have chosen a fitter place to settle in, than that most Superstitious Tract of *Italy*; which by her ridiculous Rites and Ceremonies as much enslav'd the *Romans*, as the *Romans* did the *Hetrurians* by their Arms. This Man there-

fore having got together some Mony, which Stock he improv'd by his skill in Planting and Husbandry, had the good Fortune, at last, to Marry his Master's Daughter, by whom he had *Virgil*; and this Woman seems, by her Mother's side, to have been of good Extraction; for she was nearly related to *Quintilius Varus*, whom *Paterculus* assures us to have been of an Illustrious, tho' not Patrician Family; and there is honourable mention made of it in the History of the second *Carthaginian* War. It is certain, that they gave him very good Education, to which they were inclin'd; not so much by the Dreams of his Mother, and those presages which *Donatus* relates, as by the early indications which he gave of a sweet Disposition, and Excellent Wit. He pass'd the first Seven Years of his Life at *Mantua*, not Seventeen, as *Scaliger* miscorrects his Author; for the *initia ætatis* can hardly be supposed to extend so far. From thence he removed to *Cremona*, a Noble Roman Colony, and afterwards to *Milan*. In all

which places he prosecuted his Studies with great application; he read over, all the best *Latin*, and *Greek* Authors, for which he had convenience by the no remote distance of *Marseils*, that famous *Greek* Colony, which maintain'd its Politeness, and Purity of Language, in the midst of all those Barbarous Nations amongst which it was seated: And some Tincture of the latter seems to have descended from them down to the Modern *French*. He frequented the most Eminent Professors of the *Epicurean* Philosophy, which was then much in vogue, and will be always in declining and sickly States. But finding no satisfactory Account from his Master *Syron*, he pass'd over to the *Academick School*, to which he adher'd the rest of his Life, and deserv'd, from a great Emperour, the Title of the *Plato of Poets*. He compos'd at leisure hours a great number of Verses, on various Subjects; and desirous rather of a *great*, than *early* Fame, he permitted his Kinsman, and Fellow-student *Varus*, to derive the Honour of

one of his Tragedies to himself. Glory neglected in proper time and place, returns often with large Increase, and so he found it: For *Varus* afterwards prov'd a great Instrument of his Rise: In short, it was here that he form'd the *Plan*, and collected the Materials of all those excellent Pieces which he afterwards finish'd, or was forc'd to leave less perfect by his Death. But whether it were the Unwholsomeness of his Native Air, of which he somewhere complains, or his too great abstinence, and Night-watchings at his Study, to which he was always addicted, as *Augustus* observes; or possibly the hopes of improving himself by Travel, he resolv'd to Remove to the more Southern Tract of *Italy*; and it was hardly possible for him not to take *Rome* in his Way; as is evident to any one who shall cast an Eye on the Map of *Italy*: And therefore the late *French Editor* of his Works is mistaken, when he asserts that he never saw *Rome*, till he came to Petition for his Estate: He gain'd the Acquaintance of the Master of the

Horse to *Octavius*, and Cur'd a great many Diseases of Horses, by methods they had never heard of: It fell out, at the same time, that a very fine Colt, which promised great Strength and Speed, was presented to *Octavius*: *Virgil* assur'd them, that he came of a faulty Mare, and would prove a Jade, upon trial it was found as he had said; his Judgment prov'd right in several other Instances, which was the more surprizing, because the *Romans* knew least of Natural Causes of any civiliz'd Nation in the World: And those Meteors, and Prodigies which cost them incredible Sums to expiate, might easily have been accounted for, by no very profound Naturalist. It is no wonder, therefore, that *Virgil* was in so great Reputation, as to be at last Introduced to *Octavius* himself. That Prince was then at variance with *Marc. Antony*, who vex'd him with a great many Libelling Letters, in which he reproaches him with the baseness of his Parentage, that he came of a *Scrivener*, a *Ropemaker*, and a *Baker*, as *Suetonius* tells us: *Octavius* find-

ing that *Virgil* had passed so exact a Judgment upon the Breed of Dogs, and Horses, thought that he possibly might be able to give him some Light concerning his *own*. He took him into his Closet, where they continu'd in private a considerable time. *Virgil* was a great Mathematician, which, in the Sense of those times, took in Astrology: And if there be any thing in that Art, which I can hardly believe; if that be true which the ingenious *De la Chambre* asserts confidently; that from the Marks on the Body, the Configuration of the Planets at a Nativity may be gathered, and the Marks might be told by knowing the Nativity, never had one of those Artists a fairer Opportunity to shew his Skill, than *Virgil* now had; for *Octavius* had Moles upon his Body, exactly resembling the Constellation call'd *Ursa Major*. But *Virgil* had other helps: The Predictions of *Cicero*, and *Catulus*, and that Vote of the Senate had gone abroad, that no Child Born at *Rome*, in the Year of his Nativity, should be bred up; because the

Seers assur'd them that an Emperour was Born that Year. Besides this, *Virgil* had heard of the *Assyrian*, and *Egyptian* Prophecies, (which in truth, were no other but the *Jewish*;) that about that time a great King was to come into the World. Himself takes notice of them, *Æn.* 6. where he uses a very significant Word, (now in all Liturgies) *hujus in adventu*, so in another place, *adventu proprio Dei*.

*At his foreseen approach already quake,
Assyrian Kingdoms, and Mæotis Lake.
Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold
Gates----*

Every one knows whence this was taken: It was rather a Mistake, than Impiety in *Virgil*, to apply these Prophecies which belonged to the Saviour of the World to the Person of *Octavius*, it being a usual piece of flattery for near a Hundred Years together, to attribute them to their Emperors, and other great Men. Upon the whole matter, it is very probable, that *Virgil* Predicted to him the Em-

pire at this time. And it will appear yet the more, if we consider that he assures him of his being receiv'd into the Number of the Gods, in his First *Pastoral*, long before the thing came to pass; which Prediction seems grounded upon his former mistake. This was a secret, not to be divulg'd at that time, and therefore it is no wonder that the slight Story in *Donatus* was given abroad to palliate the matter. But certain it is, that *Octavius* dismissed him with great Marks of esteem, and earnestly recommended the Protection of *Virgil's* Affairs to *Pollio*, then Lieutenant of the *Cis-Alpine Gaule*, where *Virgil's* Patrimony lay. This *Pollio* from a mean Original, became one of the most Considerable Persons of his time: A good General, Orator, States-man, Historian, Poet, and Favourer of Learned men; above all, he was a Man of *Honour* in those critical times: He had join'd with *Octavius*, and *Antony*, in revenging the Barbarous Assassination of *Julius Caesar*: When they two were at variance, he would neither

follow *Antony*, whose courses he detested, nor join with *Octavius* against him, out of a grateful Sense of some former Obligations. *Augustus*, who thought it his interest to oblige Men of Principles, notwithstanding this, receiv'd him afterwards into Favour, and promoted him to the highest Honours. And thus much I thought fit to say of *Pollio*, because he was one of *Virgil's* greatest Friends. Being therefore eas'd of Domestick cares, he pursues his Journey to *Naples*: The Charming situation of that Place, and view of the beautiful *Villa's* of the *Roman Nobility*, equalling the Magnificence of the greatest Kings; the Neighbourhood of the *Baia*, whither the Sick resorted for recovery, and the States-man when he was *Politickly Sick*; whither the wanton went for Pleasure, and witty Men for good Company; the wholesomeness of the Air, and improving *Conversation*, the best Air of all, contributed not only to the re-establishing his Health; but to the forming of his Stile, and rendring him Master of that

happy turn of Verse, in which he much surpasses all the *Latins*, and in a less advantageous Language, equals even *Homer* himself. He propos'd to use his Talent in Poetry, only for Scaffolding to Build a convenient Fortune, that he might prosecute with less interruption, those Nobler Studies to which his elevated Genius led him, and which he describes in these admirable Lines.

*Me verò primum dulces arte omnia Musæ
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, cæliq; vias, & sidera monstrent,
Defectus Solis varios, Lunaq; labores:
Unde tremor terris, &c.*

But the current of that Martial Age, by some strange *Antiperistasis* drove so violently towards Poetry, that he was at last carried down with the stream. For not only the Young Nobility, but *Octavius*, and *Pollio*, *Cicero* in his Old Age, *Julius Caesar*, and the Stoical *Brutus*, a little before, would needs be tampering with the Muses; the two latter had taken great

care to have their Poems curiously bound, and lodg'd in the most famous Libraries; but neither the Sacredness of those places, nor the greatness of their Names, cou'd preserve ill Poetry. Quitting therefore the Study of the Law, after having pleaded but one Cause with indifferent Success, he resolv'd to push his fortune this way, which he seems to have discontinu'd for some time, and that may be the reason why the *Culex*, his first Pastoral, now extant, has little besides the Novelty of the Subject, and the Moral of the Fable, which contains an exhortation to Gratitude, to recommend it; had it been as correct as his other pieces, nothing more proper and pertinent cou'd have at that time been addressed to the Young *Octavius*: For the Year in which he presented it, probably at the *Baie*, seems to be the very same, in which that Prince consented (tho' with seeming reluctance) to the Death of *Cicero*, under whose Consulship he was Born, the preserver of his Life, and chief instrument of his Advancement. There is no

reason to question its being genuine, as the late *French* Editor does; its meanness, in comparison of *Virgil's* other Works, (which is that Writer's only Objection) confutes himself: For *Martial*, who certainly saw the true Copy, speaks of it with contempt; and yet that *Pastoral* equals, at least, the address to the *Dauphin* which is prefix'd to the late Edition. *Octavius*, to unbend his mind from application to publick business, took frequent turns to *Baia*, and *Sicily*; where he compos'd his Poem call'd *Sicelides*, which *Virgil* seems to allude to, in the *Pastoral* beginning *Sicelides Musa*; this gave him opportunity of refreshing that Prince's Memory of him, and about that time he wrote his *Ætna*. Soon after he seems to have made a Voyage to *Athens*, and at his return presented his *Ceiris*, a more elaborate Piece, to the Noble and Eloquent *Messala*. The forementioned Author groundlessly taxes this as supposititious: For besides other Critical marks, there are no less than Fifty, or Sixty Verses, alter'd in-

deed and polish'd, which he inserted in the *Pastorals*, according to his fashion: and from thence they were call'd *Eclogues*, or *Select Bucolics*: We thought fit to use a Title more intelligible, the reason of the other being ceas'd; and we are supported by *Virgil's* own Authority, who expressly calls them *Carmina Pastorum*. The *French* Editor is again mistaken, in asserting, that the *Ceiris* is borrow'd from the Ninth of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*; he might have more reasonably conjectur'd it, to be taken from *Parthenius*, the *Greek* Poet, from whom *Ovid* borrow'd a great part of his Work. But it is indeed taken from neither, but from that Learn'd, unfortunate Poet *Apollonius Rhodius*, to whom *Virgil* is more indebted, than to any other *Greek* Writer, excepting *Homer*. The Reader will be satisfied of this, if he consults that Author in his own Language, for the Translation is a great deal more obscure than the Original.

Whilst *Virgil* thus enjoy'd the sweets of a Learn'd Privacy, the Troubles of *Italy*
cut

cut off his little Subsistence; but by a strange turn of Human Affairs, which ought to keep good Men from ever despairing, the loss of his Estate prov'd the effectual way of making his Fortune. The occasion of it was this; *Octavius*, as himself relates, when he was but Nineteen Years of Age, by a Masterly stroke of Policy, had gain'd the *Veteran* Legions into his Service, (and by that step, outwitted all the Republican Senate:) They grew now very clamorous for their Pay: The Treasury being Exhausted, he was forc'd to make Assignments upon Land, and none but in *Italy* it self would content them. He pitch'd upon *Cremona* as the most distant from *Rome*; but that not suffizing, he afterwards threw in part of the State of *Mantua*. *Cremona* was a Rich and Noble Colony, settled a little before the Invasion of *Hanibal*. During that Tedious and Bloody War, they had done several important Services to the Common-wealth. And when Eighteen other Colonies, pleading Poverty and De-

population, refus'd to contribute Mony, or to raise Recruits; they of *Cremona* voluntarily paid a double Quota of both: But past Services are a fruitless Plea; Civil Wars are one continued Act of Ingratitude: In vain did the Miserable Mothers, with their famishing Infants in their Arms, fill the Streets with their Numbers, and the Air with Lamentations; the Craving Legions were to be satisfy'd at any rate. *Virgil*, involv'd in the common Calamity, had recourse to his old Patron *Pollio*, but he was, at this time, under a Cloud; however, compassionating so worthy a Man, not of a Make to struggle thro' the World, he did what he could, and recommended him to *Mecænas*, with whom he still kept a private Correspondence. The Name of this great Man being much better known than one part of his Character, the Reader, I presume, will not be displeas'd if I supply it in this place.

Tho' he was of as deep Reach, and easie dispatch of Business as any in his time, yet he designedly liv'd beneath his

true Character. Men had oftentimes meddled in Publick Affairs, that they might have more ability to furnish for their Pleasures: *Mecænas*, by the honestest Hypocrisie that ever was, pretended to a Life of Pleasure, that he might render more effectual Service to his Master. He seem'd wholly to amuse himself with the Diversions of the Town, but under that Mask was the greatest Minister of his Age. He wou'd be carried in a careless, effeminate posture thro' the Streets in his Chair, even to the degree of a Proverb, and yet there was not a Cabal of ill dispos'd Persons which he had not early notice of; and that too in a City as large as *London* and *Paris*, and perhaps two or three more of the most populous put together. No Man better understood that Art so necessary to the *Great*; the Art of *declining Envy*: Being but of a Gentleman's Family, not *Patrician*, he would not provoke the Nobility by accepting invidious Honours; but wisely satisfied himself that he had the *Ear* of *Augustus*, and the *Secret* of the Empire.

He seems to have committed but one great Fault, which was the trusting a Secret of high Consequence to his Wife; but his Master, enough Uxorious himself, made his *own* Frailty more excusable, by generously forgiving that of his Favourite. He kept in all his Greatness exact measures with his Friends; and chusing them wisely, found, by Experience, that good *Sense and Gratitude* are almost inseparable. This appears in *Virgil* and *Horace*; the former, besides the Honour he did him to all Posterity, return'd his Liberalities at his Death: The other, whom *Mecænas* recommended with his last Breath, was too generous to stay behind, and enjoy the Favour of *Augustus*: He only desir'd a place in his Tomb, and to mingle his Ashes with those of his deceased Benefactor. But this was Seventeen Hundred Years ago. *Virgil*, thus powerfully supported, thought it mean to Petition for himself alone, but resolutely solicits the Cause of his whole Country, and seems, at first, to have met with some Encouragement: But

the matter cooling, he was forc'd to sit down contented with the Grant of his own Estate. He goes therefore to *Mantua*, produces his Warrant to a Captain of Foot, whom he found in his House; *Arrius* who had eleven Points of the Law, and fierce of the Services he had rendred to *Octavius*, was so far from yielding Possession, that words growing betwixt them, he wounded him dangerously, forc'd him to fly, and at last to swim the River *Mincius* to save his Life. *Virgil*, who us'd to say, that no Virtue was so necessary as Patience, was forc'd to drag a sick Body half the length of *Italy*, back again to *Rome*, and by the way, probably, compos'd his Ninth Pastoral, which may seem to have been made up in haste out of the Fragments of some other pieces; and naturally enough represents the disorder of the Poet's Mind, by its disjointed Fashion, tho' there be another Reason to be given elsewhere of its want of Connexion. He handsomely states his Case in that Poem, and with the pardonable Resentments of Injur'd Innocence,

not only claims *Octavius's* Promise, but hints to him the uncertainty of Human Greatness and Glory: All was taken in good part by that wise Prince: At last effectual Orders were given: About this time, he Compos'd that admirable Poem, which is set first, out of respect to *Cæsar*; for he does not seem either to have had leisure, or to have been in the Humour of making so solemn an Acknowledgment, till he was possess'd of the Benefit. And now he was in so great Reputation and Interest, that he resolv'd to give up his Land to his Parents, and himself to the Court. His Pastorals were in such Esteem, that *Pollio*, now again in high Favour with *Cæsar*, desired him to reduce them into a Volume. Some Modern Writer, that has a constant flux of Verse, would stand amaz'd how *Virgil* could employ three whole Years in revising five or six hundred Verses, most of which, probably, were made some time before; but there is more reason to wonder how he could do it so soon in such Perfection. A course

Stone is presently fashion'd; but a Diamond of not many Karats, is many Weeks in sawing, and in polishing many more. He who put *Virgil* upon this, had a Politick good end in it.

The continu'd Civil Wars had laid *Italy* almost waste; the Ground was Uncultivated and Unstock'd; upon which ensu'd such a Famine, and Insurrection, that *Cæsar* hardly scap'd being Ston'd at *Rome*; his Ambition being look'd upon by all Parties as the principal occasion of it. He set himself therefore with great Industry to promote *Country-Improvements*; and *Virgil* was serviceable to his Design, as the good keeper of the Bees, *Geor.* 4.

*Tinnitúsque cie, & matris quate cymbala
circum,*

Ipsæ confident——

That Emperour afterwards thought it matter worthy a publick Inscription

Rediit cultus Agris.

Which seems to be the motive that Induced *Mecænas*, to put him upon Writing his *Georgics*, or Books of Husbandry: A design as new in Latin Verse, as Pastorals, before *Virgil*, were in *Italy*; which Work took up Seven of the most vigorous Years of his Life; for he was now at least Thirty four Years of Age; and here *Virgil* shines in his *Meridian*. A great part of this Work seems to have been rough-drawn before he left *Mantua*, for an Ancient Writer has observ'd that the Rules of Husbandry laid down in it, are better Calculated for the Soil of *Mantua*, than for the more Sunny Climate of *Naples*; near which place, and in *Sicily*, he finish'd it. But lest his Genius should be depressed by apprehensions of want, he had a good Estate settled upon him, and a House in the pleasantest part of *Rome*; the Principal Furniture of which was a well-chosen Library, which stood open to all comers of Learning and Merit; and what recommended the situation of it most, was the Neighbourhood of *his Mecænas*; and thus

he cou'd either visit *Rome*, or return to his privacy at *Naples*, thro' a pleasant Rode adorn'd on each side with pieces of Antiquity, of which he was so great a Lover, and in the intervals of them, seem'd almost one continu'd Street of three days Journey.

Cæsar having now Vanquish'd *Sextus Pompeius*, a Spring-tide of Prosperities breaking in upon him, before he was ready to receive them as he ought, fell sick of the *Imperial Evil*, the desire of being thought something more than Man. *Ambition is an infinite Folly*: When it has attain'd to the utmost pitch of *Human Greatness*, it soon falls to making pretensions upon *Heaven*. The crafty *Livia* would needs be drawn in the Habit of a *Priestesse* by the Shrine of the new God: And this became a Fashion not to be dispens'd with amongst the Ladies: The Devotion was wondrous great amongst the *Romans*, for it was their Interest, and which sometimes avails more, it was the *Mode*. *Virgil*, tho' he despis'd the Heathen Superstitions, and

is so bold as to call *Saturn* and *Fanus* by no better a name than that of *Old Men*, and might deserve the Title of *Sub-verter* of Superstitions, as well as *Varro*, thought fit to follow the *Maxim* of *Plato* his Master ; that every one should serve the Gods after the Usage of his own Country, and therefore was not the last to present his Incense, which was of too *Rich* a Composition for *such* an *Altar* : And by his Address to *Cæsar* on this occasion, made an unhappy Precedent to *Lucan* and other Poets which came after him, *Geor.* 1. and 3. And this Poem being now in great forwardness, *Cæsar*, who in imitation of his Predecessor *Julius*, never intermitted his Studies in the Camp, and much less in other places, refreshing himself by a short stay in a pleasant Village of *Campania*, would needs be entertained with the rehearſal of some part of it. *Virgil* recited with a marvellous *Grace*, and sweet Accent of Voice, but his Lungs failing him, *Mecenas* himself supplied his place for what remain'd. Such a piece of conde-

scension wou'd now be very surprizing, but it was no more than customary amongst Friends, when Learning pass'd for Quality. *Lelius*, the second Man of *Rome* in his time, had done as much for that Poet, out of whose Dross *Virgil* would sometimes pick Gold; as himself said, when one found him reading *Ennius*: (the like he did by some Verses of *Varro*, and *Pacuvius*, *Lucretius* and *Cicero*, which he inserted into his Works.) But Learned Men then liv'd easy and familiarly with the great: *Augustus* himself would sometimes sit down betwixt *Virgil* and *Horace*, and say jestingly, that he sate betwixt Sighing and Tears, alluding to the Asthma of one, and Rheumatick Eyes of the other; he would frequently Correspond with them, and never leave a Letter of theirs unanswered: Nor were they under the constraint of formal Superscriptions in the beginning, nor of violent Superlatives at the close of their Letter: The invention of these is a Modern Refinement. *In which this may be remarked, in passing, that (hum-*

ble Servant) is respect, but (*Friend*) an affront, which notwithstanding implies the former, and a great deal more. Nor does true Greatness lose by such Familiarity; and those who have it not, as *Mecænas* and *Pollio* had, are not to be accounted Proud, but rather very Discreet, in their Reserves. Some Play-house Beauties do wisely to be seen at a distance, and to have the Lamps twinkle betwixt them and the Spectators.

But now *Cæsar*, who tho' he were none of the greatest Soldiers, was certainly the greatest Traveller, of a Prince, that had ever been, (for which *Virgil* so dexterously Complements him, *Æneid.* 6.) takes a Voyage to *Ægypt*, and having happily finish'd the War, reduces that mighty Kingdom into the Form of a Province; over which he appointed *Gallus* his Lieutenant. This is the same Person to whom *Virgil* addresses his tenth Pastoral; changing, in compliance to his Request, his purpose of limiting them to the number of the Muses. The Praises of this *Gallus* took up a con-

siderable part of the Fourth Book of the *Georgics*, according to the general consent of Antiquity : But *Cæsar* would have it put out, and yet the Seam in the Poem is still to be discern'd ; and the matter of *Aristæus*'s recovering his Bees, might have been dispatched in less compass, without fetching the Causes so far, or interressing so many Gods and Goddesses in *that* Affair. Perhaps some Readers may be inclin'd to think this, tho' very much labour'd, not the most entertaining part of that Work ; so hard it is for the greatest Masters to Paint against their Inclination. But *Cæsar* was contented that he shou'd be mention'd in the last Pastoral, because it might be taken for a Satyrical sort of Commendation ; and the Character he there stands under, might help to excuse his Cruelty, in putting an Old Servant to death for no very great Crime.

And now having ended, as he begins his *Georgics*, with solemn mention of *Cæsar*, an Argument of his Devotion to him : He begins his *Æneis*, according to the

common account, being now turn'd of Forty. But that Work had been, in truth, the Subject of much earlier Meditation. Whilst he was working upon the first Book of it, this Passage, so very remarkable in History, fell out, in which *Virgil* had a great share.

Cæsar, about this time, either cloy'd with Glory, or terrify'd by the Example of his Predecessor; or to gain the Credit of Moderation with the People, or possibly to feel the Pulse of his Friends, deliberated whether he should retain the Sovereign Power, or restore the Common-wealth. *Agrippa*, who was a very honest Man, but whose view was of no great extent, advis'd him to the latter; but *Mecænas*, who had thoroughly studied his Master's Temper, in an Eloquent Oration, gave contrary Advice. That Emperor was too Politick to commit the oversight of *Cromwell*, in a deliberation something resembling this. *Cromwell* had never been more desirous of the Power, than he was afterwards of the Title of King: And there was no-

thing, in which the Heads of the Parties, who were all his Creatures, would not comply with him: But by too vehement Allegation of Arguments against it, he, who had out-witted every body besides, at last out-witted himself, by too deep dissimulation: For his Council, thinking to make their Court by assenting to his judgment, voted unanimously *for him* against *his Inclination*; which surpriz'd and troubled him to such a degree, that as soon as he had got into his Coach, he fell in a Swoon. But *Cæsar* knew his People better, and his Council being thus divided, he ask'd *Virgil's* Advice: Thus a Poet had the Honour of determining the greatest Point that ever was in Debate, betwixt the Son-in-Law, and Favourite of *Cæsar*. *Virgil* deliver'd his Opinion in Words to this effect. *The change of a Popular into an Absolute Government, has generally been of very ill Consequence: For betwixt the Hatred of the People, and Injustice of the Prince, it of necessity comes to pass that they live in distrust, and mutual Apprehensions. But*

if the Commons knew a just Person, whom they entirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all Parties, that such a one should be their Sovereign. Wherefore if you shall continue to administer Justice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your Power will prove safe to your self, and beneficial to Mankind. This excellent Sentence, which seems taken out of Plato, (with whose Writings the Grammarians were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reasonably be suspected of Forgery in this matter,) contains the true state of Affairs at that time: For the *Common-wealth Maxims* were now no longer practicable; the Romans had only the haughtiness of the Old Common-wealth left, without one of its *Virtues*. And this Sentence we find, almost in the same words, in the first Book of the *Æneis*, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of his Commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a Tempest to a Popular Insurrection, as Cicero had compar'd a Sedition to a Storm, a little before.

*Ac velati magno in populo, cum sæpe
coorta est*

*Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus
Jamque faces, ac saxa volant, furor arma
ministrat.*

*Tum pietate gravem, & meritis si forte virum
quem*

*Conspexere silent, arrectisque auribus adstant.
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.*

Piety and Merit were the two great Virtues which *Virgil* every where attributes to *Augustus*, and in which that Prince, at least Politickly, if not so truly, fix'd his Character, as appears by the *Marmor Ancyr.* and several of his Medals. *Franshemius*, the Learn'd Supplementor of *Livy*, has inserted this Relation into his History; nor is there any good Reason, why *Ruæus* should account it fabulous. The Title of a Poet in those days did not abate, but heighten the Character of the gravest Senator. *Virgil* was one of the best and wisest Men of his time, and in so popular esteem, that one hundred thousand Romans rose when

he came into the Theatre, and paid him the same Respect they us'd to *Cesar* himself, as *Tacitus* assures us. And if *Augustus* invited *Horace* to assist him in Writing his Letters, and every body knows that the *rescripta Imperatorum* were the Laws of the Empire; *Virgil* might well deserve a place in the Cabinet-Council.

And now *Virgil* prosecutes his *Æneis*, which had Anciently the Title of the *Imperial Poem*, or *Roman History*, and deservedly; for though he were too Artful a Writer to set down Events in exact Historical order, for which *Lucan* is justly blam'd; yet are all the most considerable Affairs and Persons of *Rome* compriz'd in this Poem. He deduces the History of *Italy* from before *Saturn* to the Reign of King *Latinus*; and reckons up the Successors of *Æneas*, who reign'd at *Alba*, for the space of three hundred Years, down to the Birth of *Romulus*; describes the Persons and principal Exploits of all the Kings, to their Expulsion, and the settling of the Commonwealth. After this, he touches promiscu-

ously the most remarkable Occurrences at home and abroad, but insists more particularly upon the Exploits of *Augustus*; insomuch that tho' this Assertion may appear, at first, a little surprizing; he has in his Works deduc'd the History of a considerable part of the World from its *Original*, thro' the *Fabulous* and *Heroick* Ages, thro' the *Monarchy* and *Commonwealth* of *Rome*, for the space of four Thousand Years, down to within less than Forty of our Saviour's time, of whom he has preserv'd a most illustrious Prophecy. Besides this, he points at many remarkable Passages of History under feign'd Names: the destruction of *Alba*, and *Veii*, under that of *Troy*: The Star *Venus*, which, *Varro* says, guided *Æneas* in his Voyage to *Italy*, in that Verse,

Matre deâ monstrante viam.

Romulus his Lance taking Root, and Budding, is describ'd in that Passage concerning *Polydorus*, lib. 3.

——— *Confixum ferrea texit
Telorum seges, & jaculis increvit acutis.*

The Stratagem of the *Trojans* boring Holes in their Ships, and sinking them, lest the *Latins* should Burn them, under that Fable of their being transform'd into *Sea-Nymphs*: And therefore the Ancients had no such Reason to condemn that Fable as groundless and absurd. *Cocles* swimming the River *Tyber*, after the Bridge was broken down behind him, is exactly painted in the Four last Verses of the Ninth Book, under the Character of *Turnus*. *Marius* hiding himself in the Morass of *Minturnæ*, under the Person of *Sinon*:

*Limosoque lacu per Noctem obscurus in ulvâ
Delitui*——

Those Verses in the Second Book concerning *Priam*;

Facet ingens littore truncus, &c.

seem originally made upon *Pompey* the Great. He seems to touch the Imperious,

and Intriguing Humour of the Empress *Livia*, under the Character of *Juno*. The irresolute and weak *Lepidus* is well represented under the Person of King *Latinus*; *Augustus* with the Character of *Pont. Max.* under that of *Æneas*; and the rash Courage (always unfortunate in *Virgil*) of *Marc Anthony* in *Turnus*; the railing Eloquence of *Cicero* in his *Phillipics* is well imitated in the Oration of *Drances*; the dull faithful *Agrippa*, under the person of *Achates*; accordingly this Character is flat: *Achates* kills but one Man, and himself receives one slight Wound, but neither says nor does any thing very considerable in the whole Poem. *Curio*, who sold his Country for about Two hundred Thousand Pound, is stigmatiz'd in that Verse:

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem.

Imposuit.——

Livy relates that presently after the death of the two *Scipio*'s in *Spain*, when *Martius* took upon him the Command, a Blazing

Meteor shone around his Head, to the astonishment of his Soldiers: *Virgil* transfers this to *Aeneas*:

Lætæque vomunt duo tempora flammæ.

It is strange that the Commentators have not taken notice of this. Thus the ill Omen which happen'd a little before the Battel of *Thrasimen*, when some of the Centurions Lances took Fire miraculously, is hinted in the like accident which befel *Acestes*, before the Burning of the *Trojan* Fleet in *Sicily*. The Reader will easily find many more such Instances. In other Writers there is often well cover'd Ignorance; in *Virgil*, conceal'd Learning.

His silence of some Illustrious Persons is no less worth observation. He says nothing of *Scævola*, because he attempted to Assassinate a King, tho' a declar'd Enemy. Nor of the Younger *Brutus*; for he effected what the other endeavour'd. Nor of the Younger *Cato*, because he was an implacable Enemy of *Julius Cæsar*; nor could the mention of him be pleasing to *Augustus*; and that passage

His Dantem jure Catonem.

may relate to his Office, as he was a very severe Censor. Nor would he name *Cicero*, when the Occasion of mentioning him came full in his way; when he speaks of *Catiline*; because he afterwards approv'd the Murder of *Cæsar*, tho' the Plotters were too wary to trust the Orator with their Design. Some other Poets knew the Art of Speaking well; but *Virgil*, beyond this, knew the admirable Secret of being *eloquently silent*. Whatsoever was most curious in *Fabius Pictor*, *Cato* the Elder, *Varro*, in the *Ægyptian* Antiquities, in the Form of Sacrifice, in the Solemnities of making Peace and War, is preserv'd in this Poem. *Rome* is still above ground, and flourishing in *Virgil*. And all this he performs with admirable Brevity. The *Æneis* was once near twenty times bigger than he left it; so that he spent as much time in blotting out, as some Moderns have done in Writing whole Volumes. But not one Book has his finishing Strokes: The sixth seems

one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty, and sometimes threats of *Augustus*, he was at last prevail'd upon to recite: This fell out about four Years before his own Death: That of *Marcellus*, whom *Cæsar* design'd for his Successor, happen'd a little before this Recital: *Virgil* therefore with his usual dexterity, inserted his Funeral Panegyrick in those admirable Lines, beginning,

Onate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum, &c.

His Mother, the Excellent *Octavia*, the best Wife of the worst Husband that ever was, to divert her Grief, would be of the Auditory. The Poet artificially deferr'd the naming *Marcellus*, till their Passions were rais'd to the highest; but the mention of it put both Her and *Augustus* into such a Passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further; *Virgil* answer'd, that he had already ended that Passage. Some relate, that *Octavia* fainted away; but afterwards she presented the Poet with two Thousand one Hundred

Pounds, odd Money; a round Sum for Twenty Seven Verses. But they were *Virgil's*. Another Writer says, that with a Royal Magnificence, he order'd him Massy Plate, unweigh'd, to a great value.

And now he took up a Resolution of Travelling into *Greece*, there to set the last Hand to this Work; proposing to devote the rest of his Life to Philosophy, which had been always his principal Passion. He justly thought it a foolish Figure for a grave Man to be overtaken by Death, whilst he was weighing the Cadence of Words, and measuring Verses; unless Necessity should constrain it, from which he was well secur'd by the liberality of that Learned Age. But he was not aware, that whilst he allotted three Years for the Revising of his Poem, he drew Bills upon a *failing Bank*: For unhappily meeting *Augustus* at *Athens*, he thought himself oblig'd to wait upon him into *Italy*, but being desirous to see all he could of the *Greek* Antiquities, he fell into a languishing Distemper at *Megara*; this, neglected

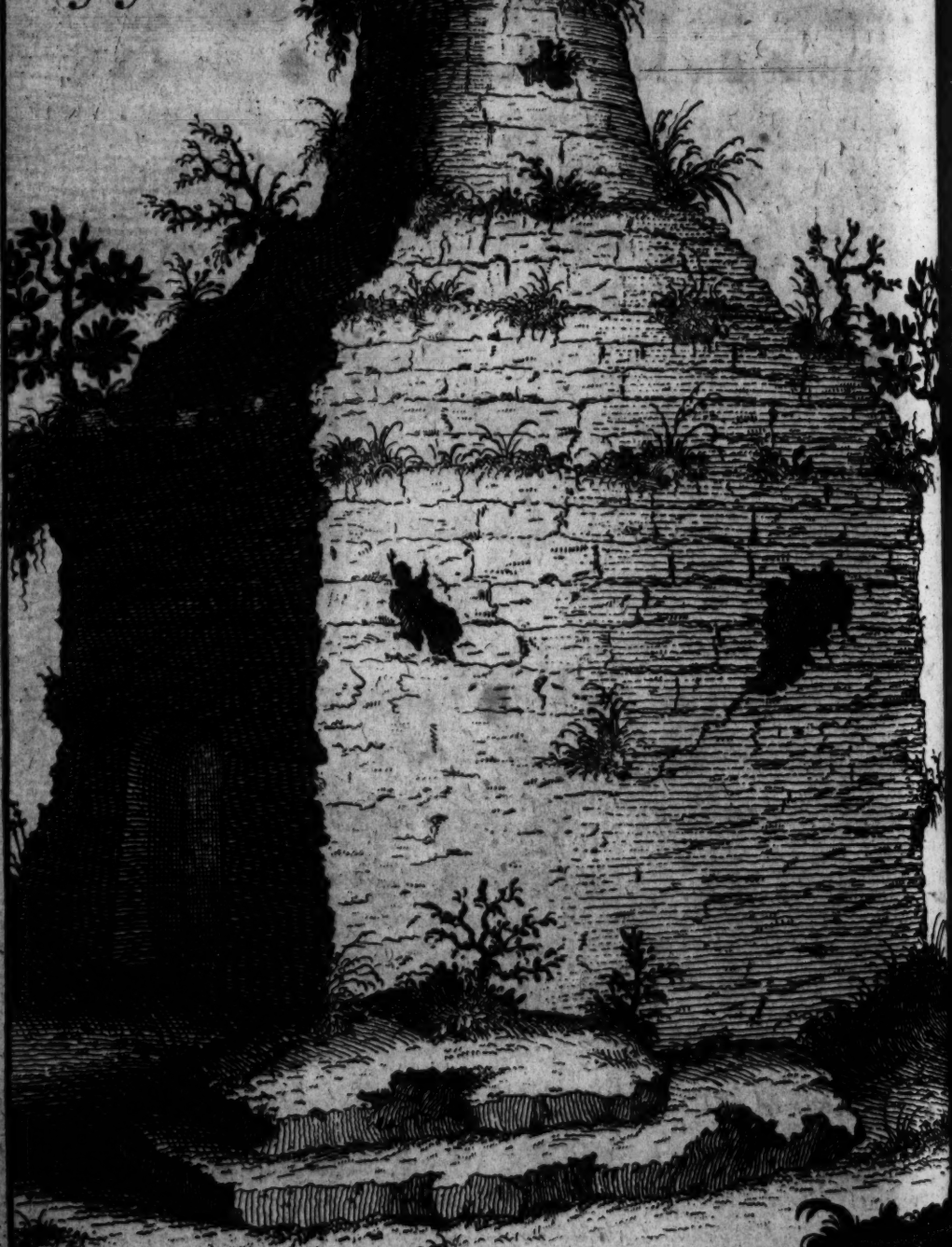
at first, prov'd Mortal. The agitation of the Vessel, for it was now *Autumn*, near the time of his Birth, brought him so low, that he could hardly reach *Brindisi*. In his Sickness he frequently, and with great importunity, call'd for his Scrutore, that he might Burn his *Æneis*, but *Augustus* interposing by his Royal Authority, he made his last Will, of which something shall be said afterwards. And considering probably how much *Homer* had been disfigur'd by the Arbitrary Compilers of his Works, oblig'd *Tucca* and *Varius* to add nothing, nor so much as fill up the Breaks he left in his Poem. He order'd that his Bones should be carried to *Naples*, in which place he had pass'd the most agreeable part of his Life. *Augustus*, not only as Executor, and Friend, but according to the Duty of the *Pont. Max.* when a Funeral happen'd in his Family, took care himself to see the Will punctually executed. He went out of the World with all that Calmness of Mind with which the Ancient Writer of his Life says he came into it.

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QVI CINERES TUMVLI HAEC VESTIGIA CONDITVR OLIM
ILLE HOC QVI CECINIT PASCVA RVRA DVCES.

Vergilij Poeta

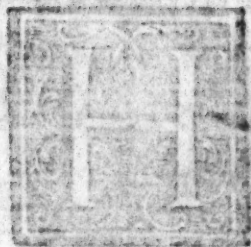
Sepulchrum.



*Ante Neapolim in aditu cavernae montis
Pausilippi*

Making the Inscription of his Monument himself; for he *began* and *ended* his Poetical Compositions with an *Epitaph*. And this he made exactly according to the Law of his Master *Plato* on such occasions, without the least ostentation.

*I sunk Flocks, Tillage, Heroes; Mantua gave
Me Life, Brundusium Death, Naples a Grave.*



A SHORT
A C C O U N T
O F H I S

Person, Manners and Fortune.



HE was of a very swarthy Complexion, which might proceed from the Southern Extraction of his Father, tall and wide-shoulder'd, so that he may be thought to have describ'd himself under the Character of *Musæus*, whom he calls the best of Poets.

——— *Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris ex tantem sus-
picit altis.*

His Sickliness, Studies, and the Troubles he met with, turn'd his Hair gray

before the usual time; he had an hesitation in his Speech, as many other great Men: It being rarely found that a very fluent Elocution, and depth of Judgment meet in the same Person. His Aspect and Behaviour rustick, and ungraceful: And this defect was not likely to be rectify'd in the place where he first liv'd, nor afterwards, because the weakness of his Stomach would not permit him to use his Exercises; he was frequently troubled with the Head-ach, and spitting of Blood; spare of Dyet, and hardly drank any Wine. Bashful to a fault; and when People crouded to see him, he would slip into the next Shop, or by-passage, to avoid them. As this Character could not recommend him to the fair Sex; he seems to have as little consideration for them as *Euripides* himself. There is hardly the Character of one good Woman to be found in his Poems: He uses the Word [*Mulier*] but once in the whole *Aeneis*, then too by way of Contempt, rendring literally a piece of a Verse out of *Homer*. In his Pastorals he

is full of Invectives against Love: In the *Georgics* he appropriates all the *rage* of it to the Females. He makes *Dido*, who never deserv'd that Character, Lustful and Revengeful to the utmost degree; so as to dye devoting her Lover to destruction; so *changeable* that the *Destinies* themselves could not fix the time of her Death; but *Iris*, the Emblem of *Inconstancy*, must determine it. Her Sister is something worse. He is so far from passing such a Complement upon *Helen*, as the grave Old Counsellour in *Homer* does, after nine Years War, when upon the sight of her he breaks out into this Rapture in the presence of King *Priam*,

*None can the cause of these long Wars despise;
The Cost bears no proportion to the Prize:
Majestick Charms in every Feature shine;
Her Air, her Port, her Accent is Divine.
However let the fatal Beauty go, &c.*

Virgil is so far from this complaisant Humour, that his *Heroe* falls into an unmanly and ill-tim'd deliberation, whether

he should not kill her in a Church ; which directly contradicts what *Deiphobus* says of her, *Æneid.* 6. in that place where every body tells the truth. He transfers the dogged Silence of *Ajax* his Ghost, to that of *Dido* ; tho' that be no very natural Character to an injur'd Lover, or a Woman. He brings in the *Trojan* Matrons setting their own Fleet on Fire ; and running afterwards, like Witches on their *Sabbat*, into the Woods. He bestows indeed some Ornaments on the Character of *Camilla* ; but soon abates his Favour, by calling her *aspera & horrenda Virgo* : He places her in the Front of the line for an ill Omen of the Battel, as one of the Ancients has observ'd. We may observe, on this occasion, it is an Art peculiar to *Virgil*, to intimate the Event by some preceding Accident. He hardly ever describes the rising of the Sun, but with some Circumstance which fore-signifies the Fortune of the Day. For instance, when *Æneas* leaves *Africa* and Queen *Dido*, he thus describes the fatal Morning :

Tithoni croceum linguens Aurora cubile.

[And for the Remark, we stand indebted to the curious Pencil of *Pollio*.] The *Mourning Fields* (*Æneid* 6.) are crowded with Ladies of a lost Reputation: Hardly one Man gets admittance, and that is *Cæneus*, for a very good Reason. *Latinus* his Queen is turbulent, and ungovernable, and at last hangs her self: And the fair *Lavinia* is disobedient to the Oracle, and to the King, and looks a little flickering after *Turnus*. I wonder at this the more, because *Livy* represents her as an excellent Person, and who behav'd her self with great Wisdom in her Regency during the minority of her Son: So that the Poet has done her Wrong, and it reflects on her Posterity. His Goddesses make as ill a Figure; *Juno* is always in a rage, and the Fury of Heaven: *Venus* grows so unreasonably confident, as to ask her Husband to forge Arms for her Bastard Son; which were enough to provoke one of a more Phlegmatick Temper than *Vulcan* was.

Not-

Notwithstanding all this raillery of *Virgil's*, he was certainly of a very Amorous disposition, and has describ'd all that is most delicate in the Passion of Love; but he Conquer'd his natural Inclinations by the help of Philosophy; and refin'd it into Friendship, to which he was extreamly sensible. The Reader will admit of or reject the following Conjecture, with the free leave of the Writer, who will be equally pleas'd either way. *Virgil* had too great an Opinion of the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies: And, as an Ancient Writer says, he was born under the Sign of *Virgo*, with which Nativity he much pleas'd himself, and would exemplifie her *Virtues* in his Life. Perhaps it was thence that he took his Name of *Virgil* and *Parthenias*, which does not necessarily signifie *Base-born*. *Donatus*, and *Servius*, very good Grammarians, give a quite contrary sense of it. He seems to make allusion to this Original of his Name in that Passage,

*Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat,
Parthenope.*

And this may serve to illustrate his Complement to *Cæsar*, in which he invites him into his own Constellation,

*Where, in the void of Heaven, a place is free
Betwixt the Scorpion, and the Maid for thee.*

Thus placing him betwixt Justice and Power, and in a Neighbour Mansion to his own; for *Virgil* suppos'd Souls to ascend again to their proper and congenial Stars. Being therefore of this Humour, it is no wonder that he refus'd the Embraces of the Beautiful *Plotia*, when his indiscreet Friend almost threw her into his Arms.

But however he stood affected to the Ladies, there is a dreadful Accusation brought against him for the most unnatural of all Vices, which by the Malignity of Human Nature has found more Credit

in latter times than it did near his own. This took not its rise so much from the *Alexis*, in which Pastoral there is not one immodest Word; as from a sort of ill-nature that will not let any one be without the imputation of some Vice; and principally because he was so strict a follower of *Socrates* and *Plato*. In order therefore to his Vindication, I shall take the matter a little higher.

The *Cretans* were anciently much addicted to Navigation, insomuch that it became a *Greek* Proverb, (tho' omitted, I think, by the Industrious *Erasmus*,) A *Cretan* that does not know the Sea. Their Neighbourhood gave them occasion of frequent Commerce with the *Phœnicians*, that accursed People, who infected the *Western* World with endless Superstitions, and gross Immoralities. From them it is probable, that the *Cretans* learn'd this infamous Passion, to which they were so much addicted, that *Cicero* remarks, in his Book *de Rep.* that it was a disgrace for a young Gentleman to be without Lovers. *Socrates*,

who was a great Admirer of the Cretan Constitutions, set his excellent Wit to find out some good Cause, and Use of this Evil Inclination, and therefore gives an Account, wherefore Beauty is to be lov'd, in the following Passage; for I will not trouble the Reader, weary perhaps already, with a long Greek Quotation. *There is but one Eternal, Immutable, Uniform Beauty; in contemplation of which, our Sovereign Happiness does consist: And therefore a true Lover considers Beauty and Proportion as so many Steps and Degrees, by which he may ascend from the particular to the general, from all that is lovely of Feature, or regular in Proportion, or charming in Sound, to the general Fountain of all Perfection. And if you are so much transported with the sight of Beautiful Persons; as to wish neither to eat or drink, but pass your whole Life in their Conversation; to what extasie would it raise you to behold the Original Beauty, not fill'd up with Flesh and Blood, or varnish'd with a fading mixture of Colours, and the rest of Mortal Trifles and*

Fooleries, but separate, unmix'd, uniform, and divine, &c. Thus far *Socrates*, in a strain, much beyond the *Socrate Crétien* of Mr. *Balsac*: And thus that admirable Man lov'd his *Phædon*, his *Charmides*, and *Theætetus*; and thus *Virgil* lov'd his *Alexander*, and *Cebes*, under the feign'd Name of *Alexis*: He receiv'd them illiterate, but return'd them to their *Masters*, the one a good Poet, and the other an excellent Grammarian: And to prevent all possible Misinterpretations, he warily inserted into the liveliest *Episode* in the whole *Aeneis*, these words,

Nisus amore pio pueri.

And in the Sixth, *Quique pii vates*. He seems fond of the Words, *castus*, *pius*, *Virgo*, and the Compounds of it; and sometimes stretches the Use of that word further than one would think he reasonably should have done, as when he attributes it to *Pasiphaë* her self.

Another Vice he is Tax'd with, is Avarice; because he died Rich, and so indeed he did in comparison of modern Wealth; his Estate amounts to near Seventy Five Thousand Pounds of our Money: But *Donatus* does not take notice of this as a thing extraordinary; nor was it esteem'd so great a Matter, when the Cash of a great part of the World lay at *Rome*; *Antony* himself bestow'd at once Two Thousand Acres of Land in one of the best Provinces of *Italy*, upon a ridiculous Scribler, who is nam'd by *Cicero* and *Virgil*. A late Cardinal us'd to purchase ill flattery at the Expence of 100000 Crowns a Year. But besides *Virgil's* other Benefactors, he was much in favour with *Augustus*, whose Bounty to him had no limits, but such as the Modesty of *Virgil* prescrib'd to it. Before he had made his own Fortune, he settled his Estate upon his own Parents and Brothers; sent them Yearly large Sums, so that they liv'd in great Plenty and Respect; and at his Death, divided his Estate betwixt

Duty and Gratitude, leaving one half to his Relations, and the other to *Mecænas*, to *Tucca* and *Varius*, and a considerable Legacy to *Augustus*, who had introduc'd a politick Fashion of being in every bodies Will; which alone was a fair Revenue for a Prince. *Virgil* shews his detestation of this Vice, by placing in the front of the Damn'd those who did not relieve their Relations and Friends; for the *Romans* hardly ever extended their Liberality further; and therefore I do not remember to have met in all the *Latin* Poets, one Character so noble as that short one in *Homer*.

—— Φίλῳ δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι,
πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκε ——

On the other hand, he gives a very advanc'd place in *Elysium* to good Patriots, &c. Observing in all his Poem, that Rule so Sacred amongst the *Romans*, That there shou'd be no Art allow'd, which did not tend to the improvement of the People in *Virtue*. And this was the Principle too of

our Excellent Mr. *Waller*, who us'd to say that he would raze any Line out of his Poems, which did not imply some Motive to Virtue; but he was unhappy in the choice of the Subject of his admirable vein in Poetry. The Countess of C. was the *Helen of her Country*. There is nothing in Pagan Philosophy more true, more just, and regular than *Virgil's Ethics*; and it is hardly possible to sit down to the serious perusal of his Works, but a Man shall rise more dispos'd to Virtue and Goodness, as well as most agreeably entertain'd. The contrary to which disposition, may happen sometimes upon the reading of *Ovid*, of *Martial*, and several other second rate Poets. But of the *Craft and Tricking* part of Life, with which *Homer* abounds, there is nothing to be found in *Virgil*; and therefore *Plato*, who gives the former so many good Words, Perfumes, Crowns, but at last *Complementally Banishes* him his Commonwealth, wou'd have intreated *Virgil* to stay with him, (if they had liv'd in the same Age,) and intrusted him with some im-

portant Charge in his Government. Thus was his *Life* as chaste as his *Stile*, and those who can Critick his *Poetry*, can never find a blemish in his *Manners*; and one would rather wish to have that *purity* of *Mind*, which the Satyrift himself attributes to him; that friendly disposition, and evenness of temper, and patience, which he was Master of in so eminent a degree, than to have the honour of being Author of the *Æneis*, or even of the *Georgics* themselves.

Having therefore so little relish for the usual amusements of the world, he prosecuted his Studies without any considerable interruption, during the whole course of his *Life*, which one may reasonably conjecture to have been something longer than 52 years; and therefore it is no wonder that he became the most general Scholar that *Rome* ever bred, unless some one should except *Varro*. Besides the exact knowledge of Rural Affairs, he understood Medicine, to which Profession he was design'd by his Parents. A Curious

Florist, on which Subject one wou'd wish he had writ, as he once intended: So profound a Naturalist, that he has solv'd more *Phænomena* of Nature upon sound Principles, than *Aristotle* in his *Physics*. He studied Geometry, the most opposite of all Sciences to a Poetick Genius, and Beauties of a lively Imagination; but this promoted the order of his Narrations, his propriety of Language, and clearness of Expression, for which he was justly call'd the *Pillar of the Latin Tongue*. This Geometrical Spirit was the cause, that to fill up a Verse he would not insert one superfluous word; and therefore deserves that Character which a Noble and Judicious

* *Essay of Poetry by the Marquis of Nor-*
manby.

Writer has given him
* *That he never says too little nor too much.* Nor

cou'd any one ever fill up the Verses he left imperfect. There is one supply'd near the beginning of the First Book; *Virgil* left the Verse thus,

—*Hic illius arma,*
Hic currus fuit—

the rest is none of his.

He was so good a Geographer, that he has not only left us the finest Description of *Italy* that ever was; but besides, was one of the few Ancients who knew the true System of the Earth, its being Inhabited round about under the *Torrid Zone*, and near the Poles. *Metrodorus*, in his five Books of the *Zones*, justifies him from some Exceptions made against him by *Astronomers*. His Rhetorick was in such general esteem, that Lectures were read upon it in the Reign of *Tiberius*, and the Subject of Declamations taken out of him. *Pollio* himself, and many other Ancients Commented him. His Esteem degenerated into a kind of Superstition. The known Story of Mr. *Cowley* is an instance of it. But the *sortes Virgilianæ* were condemn'd by St. *Augustin*, and other Casuists. *Abienus*, by an odd Design, put all *Virgil*

and *Livy* into *Iambick Verse*; and the Pictures of those two were hung in the most Honourable place of Publick Libraries, and the Design of taking them down, and destroying *Virgil's Works*, was look'd upon as one of the most Extravagant amongst the many *Brutish Frenzies* of *Caligula*.



PREFACE
TO THE
PASTORALS,
With a short DEFENCE of
VIRGIL,

Against some of the Reflections of Monsieur Fontanelle.



AS the Writings of greatest Antiquity are in Verse, so of all sorts of Poetry, Pastorals seem the most Antient; being form'd upon the Model of the First Innocence, and Simplicity, which the Moderns, better to dispence themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as Fabulous, and impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated Dictates of Nature, enjoy'd the most valuable Blessings of Life; a vigorous Health of Body, with a constant serenity, and freedom of

*Mind, whilst we, with all our fanciful Refinements, can scarcely pass an Autumn without some access of a Fever, or a whole Day, not ruffled by some unquiet Passion. He was not then look'd upon as a very Old Man; who reach'd to a greater Number of Years, than in these times an ancient Family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the Names of several, who saw, and practis'd the World for a longer space of time, than we can read the Account of in any one entire Body of History. In short, they invented the most useful Arts, Pasturage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Musick, Astronomy, &c. Whilst the Moderns, like Extravagant Heirs, made rich by their Industry, ingratelously deride the good old Gentlemen, who left them the Estate. It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, that Pastorals are fallen into Disesteem, together with that Fashion of Life, upon which they were grounded. And methinks, I see the Reader already uneasie at this Part of Virgil, counting the Pages, and posting to the *Æneis*; so delightful an entertainment is the very Relation of publick Mischiefs, and Slaughter, now become to Mankind: and yet Virgil pass'd a much different judgment on his own Works: He valu'd most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his Reputation with Posterity: But Censures himself in one of his Letters to Augustus, for meddling with Heroics, the Invention of a degenerating Age. This is the*

Reason that the Rules of Pastoral, are so little known or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the Essay of Poetry, take no notice of it. And Mr. Boileau, one of the most accurate of the Moderns, because he never loses the Ancients out of his Sight, bestows scarce half a Page on it.

It is the Design therefore of the few following Pages, to clear this sort of Writing from vulgar Prejudices; to vindicate our Author from some unjust Imputations; to look into some of the Rules of this sort of Poetry, and Enquire what sort of Versification is most proper for it, in which point we are so much inferior to the Ancients, that this Consideration alone were enough to make some Writers think as they ought, that is, Meanly, of their own Performances.

As all sorts of Poetry consist in Imitation; Pastoral is the Imitation of a Shepherd consider'd under that Character: It is requisite therefore to be a little inform'd of the Condition and Qualification of these Shepherds.

One of the Ancients has observ'd truly, but Satyrically enough, that, Mankind is the Measure of every thing: And thus by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own Age and Country the Rule and Standard of others, and our selves at last the measure of them all. We figure the Ancient Country-men like our own, leading a painful Life in Poverty and Contempt, without Wit, or Courage, or Education: But Men had quite diffe-

rent Notions of these things, for the first four Thousand Years of the World; Health and Strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of Pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more Honourable to Till the Ground, or keep a Flock of Sheep, than to dissolve in Wantonness, and effeminating Sloath. Hunting has now an Idea of Quality join'd to it, and is become the most important Business in the Life of a Gentleman; Anciently it was quite otherways: Mr. Fleury has severely remark'd that this Extravagant Passion for Hunting is a strong Proof of our Gothic Extraction, and shews an affinity of Humour with the Savage Americans. The Barbarous Franks and other Germans, (having neither Corn, nor Wine of their own growth,) when they pass'd the Rhine, and possess'd themselves of Countries better Cultivated, left the Tillage of the Land to the Old Proprietors; and afterwards continu'd to hazard their Lives as freely for their Diversion, as they had done before for their necessary Subsistence. The English gave this Usage the Sacred Stamp of Fashion, and from hence it is that most of our Terms of Hunting are French. The Reader will, I hope, give me his Pardon for my freedom on this Subject, since an ill Accident, occasion'd by Hunting, has kept England in pain, these several Months together, for one of the * best, and greatest Peers which she has bred for some Ages; no less illustrious for
Civil

* The Duke
of Shrewsbury.

Civil Virtues, and Learning, than his Ancestors were for all their Victories in France.

But there are some Prints still left of the ancient Esteem for Husbandry and their plain Fashion of Life in many of our Sir-Names, and in the Escutcheons of the most Ancient Families, even those of the greatest Kings, the Roses, the Lillies, the Thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal Causes of the Deposing of Mahomet the 4th, was, that he would not allot part of the Day to some manual Labour, according to the Law of Mahomet, and ancient Practice of his Predecessors. He that reflects on this will be the less surpriz'd to find that Charlemaign Eight Hundred Years ago, order'd his Children to be instructed in some Profession. And Eight Hundred Years yet higher, that Augustus wore no Cloaths but such as were made by the Hands of the Empress and her Daughters; and Olympias did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans in great Exigency, sent for their Dictator from the Plow, whose whole Estate was but of four Acres; too little a spot now for the Orchard, or Kitchen-Garden of a Private Gentleman. It is commonly known, that the Founders of three the most renown'd Monarchies in the World, were Shepherds: And the Subject of Husbandry has been adorn'd by the Writings and Labour of more than twenty Kings. It ought not therefore to be matter of Surprize to a Modern

Writer, that Kings, the Shepherds of the People in Homer, laid down their first Rudiments, in tending their mute Subjects; nor that the Wealth of Ulysses consisted in Flocks and Herds, the Intendants over which, were then in equal esteem with Officers of State in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is call'd Διὸς Ἰφιδάμηνος in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lover of a Country Life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the Dignity and Greatness of his Trust, and because he was the Son of a King, stollen away, and sold by the Phœnician Pyrates, which the Ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the Master of the Horse to King Latinus, in the Ninth Æneid, was found in the homely Employment of cleaving Blocks, when news of the first Skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such Quality, they cannot be suppos'd so very ignorant and unpolish'd; the Learning and good breeding of the World was then in the hands of such People. He who was chosen by the consent of all Parties to arbitrate so delicate an Affair, as which was the fairest of the three Celebrated Beauties of Heaven; he who had the Address to debauch away Helen from her Husband, her Native Country, and from a Crown, understood what the French call by the too soft name of Galanterie; he had Accomplishments enough, how

ill use soever he made of them. It seems therefore that Mr. F. had not duly consider'd the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observ'd the Laws of decency in his *Pastorals*, in making *Shepherds* speak to things beside their Character, and above their Capacity. He stands amaz'd that *Shepherds* should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the formation of the World, and that too according to the System of *Epicurus*. In truth, says he, page 176, I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece; (the Sixth *Past.*) I can neither comprehend the Design of the Author, nor the Connexion of the parts; first come the Ideas of Philosophy, and presently after those incoherent Fables, &c. To expose him yet more, he subjoins, It is *Silenus* himself who makes all this absurd Discourse. *Virgil* says indeed that he had drank too much the day before; perhaps the Debauch hung in his head when he compos'd this Poem, &c. Thus far Mr. F. who, to the disgrace of Reason, as himself ingenuously owns, first built his House, and then studied Architecture; I mean first compos'd his *Eclogues*, and then studied the Rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very Pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a Famous Player on the Roman Theatre, with marvellous applause; insomuch that Cicero who had heard part of it only, order'd the whole to be re-

bears'd, and struck with admiration of it, conferr'd then upon Virgil the Glorious Title of

Magnæ spes alteræ Romæ.

Nor is it Old Donatus only who relates this, we have the same account from another very Credible and Ancient Author; so that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the People of Rome, to confront the single Opinion of this adventrous Critick. A Man ought to be well assur'd of his own Abilities, before he attack an Author of establish'd Reputation. If Mr. F. had perus'd the fragments of the Phœnician Antiquity, trac'd the progress of Learning thro' the Ancient Greek Writers, or so much as consulted his Learned Country-Man Huetius, he would have found (which falls out unluckily for him) that a Chaldæan Shepherd discover'd to the Ægyptians and Greeks the Creation of the World. And what Subject more fit for such a Pastoral, than that Great Affair which was first notified to the World by one of that Profession? Nor does it appear, (what he takes for granted) that Virgil describes the Original of the World according to the Hypothesis of Epicurus; he was too well seen in Antiquity to commit such a gross Mistake; there is not the least mention of Chance in that whole Passage, nor of the Clinamen Principiorum, so peculiar to Epicurus's Hypothesis. Virgil had not only more Piety, but was of

too nice a Judgment to introduce a God denying the Power and Providence of the Deity, and singing a Hymn to the Atoms, and blind Chance. On the contrary, his Description agrees very well with that of Moses; and the Eloquent Commentator D'Acier, who is so confident that Horace had perus'd the Sacred History, might with greater Reason have affirm'd the same thing of Virgil. For, besides that famous Passage in the Sixth Æneid, (by which this may be illustrated,) where the word Principio is us'd in the front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the Seas are first mention'd, and the Spiritus intus alit, which might not improbably, as Mr. D'Acier would suggest, allude to the Spirit moving upon the face of the Waters; But omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the World is evidently describ'd in these words,

Rerum paulatim sumere formas ;

And 'tis hardly possible to render more literally that Verse of Moses,

Let the Waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry Land appear, *than in this of Virgil,*

Jam durare solum, & discludere Nerea Ponto,

After this the formation of the Sun is describ'd (exactly in the Mosaical order,) and

next the production of the first Living Creatures, and that too in a small number, (still in the same method.)

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the foresaid Author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly the Mosaick System, than an Ingenious Writer, who will by no means allow Mountains to be coæval with the World. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he compos'd this Poem. But it is further remarkable, that this Passage was taken from a Song attributed to Apollo, who himself too unluckily had been a Shepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, compos'd by the first Inventer of Musick, and at that time a Shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest Fragments of Greek Antiquity; and because I cannot suppose the ingenious Mr. F. one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian Characters, I shall here set down the Lines from which Virgil took this passage, tho' none of the Commentators have observ'd it.

— — — — — ἐρεῖν δ' οἱ ἐπέλο φώνη,
 Κερίων ἀθανάτης τε θεός, καὶ γαῖαν ἐρέμην,
 Ὡς τὰ πρῶτα γένοντο, καὶ ὡς λακευδίσαν ἔκαστος, &c.

Thus Linus too began his Poem, as appears by a Fragment of it preserv'd by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be instanc'd in Musæus himself.

So that our Poet here with great Judgment, as always, follows the ancient Custom of beginning their more solemn Songs with the Creation, and does it too most properly under the person of a Shepherd; and thus the first and best Employment of Poetry was to compose Hymns in Honour of the Great Creator of the Universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other Objections. He demands why those several Transformations are mention'd in that Poem? And is not Fable then the Life and Soul of Poetry? Can himself assign a more proper Subject of Pastoral, than the Saturnia Regna, the Age and Scene of this kind of Poetry? What Theme more fit for the Song of a God, or to imprint religious Awe, than the Omnipotent Power of transforming the Species of Creatures at their pleasure? Their Families liv'd in Groves, near the clear Springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young Shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous Looking-glass, for fear of being stoln by the Water-Nymphs, that is, falling and being drown'd, as Hylas was? Pasiphae's monstrous passion for a Bull, is certainly a Subject enough fitted for Bucolics: Can Mr. F. tax Silenus for fetching

too far the Transformation of the Sisters of Phaeton into Trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those Alders and Poplars? Or the Metamorphosis of Philomela into that ravishing Bird, which makes the sweetest Musick of the Groves? If he had look'd into the ancient Greek Writers, or so much as Consulted honest Servius, he would have discover'd that under the Allegory of this Drunkenness of Silenus, the refinement and exaltation of Mens Minds by Philosophy was intended. But if the Author of these Reflections can take such flights in his Wine, it is almost pity that Drunkenness shou'd be a Sin, or that he shou'd ever want good store of Burgundy and Champaign. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of Silenus his Tankard, when he compos'd either his Critique or Pastorals.

His Censure on the Fourth seems worse grounded than the other; it is Entitled in some ancient Manuscripts, The History of the Renovation of the World; he complains that he cannot understand what is meant by those many Figurative Expressions: But if he had consulted the younger Vossius his Dissertation on this Pastoral, or read the excellent Oration of the Emperor Constantine, made French by a good Pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those Figurative Expressions; and withall, very strong Proofs of the Truth of the Christian Religion; such as

Converted Heathens, as Valerianus, and others: And upon account of this Piece, the most Learned of all the Latin Fathers calls Virgil a Christian, even before Christianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his Books of Divination, and Virgil probably had put it in Verse a considerable time before the Edition of his Pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his Son, but Complementally dates it from his Consulship. And therefore some one who had not so kind thoughts of Mr. F. as I, would be inclin'd to think him as bad a Catholick as Critick in this place.

But, in respect to some Books, he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the Rules of this sort of Poem.

The First is, that an air of Piety upon all occasions should be maintain'd in the whole Poem: This appears in all the Ancient Greek Writers; as Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it, not only in this Work, but in his Æneis too, that a Celebrated French Writer taxes him for permitting Æneas to do nothing without the assistance of some God. But by this it appears, at least, that Mr. St. Eur. is no Jansenist.

Mr. F. seems a little defective in this point: he brings in a pair of Shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether Victoria be a Goddess, or a Woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness, none of

the meanest Attributes of the Divinity, pass for convincing Arguments that she could not possibly be a Goddess.

Les Déeses toujours fieres & méprisantes
 Ne rassureroient point les Bergeres tremblantes
 Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux;
 Mais tu l'as veu; cette Auguste Personne
 Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux [tonne.
 Prand soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle é.
 Sa bonté descendant sans peine jusqu'à nous.

In short, she has too many Divine Perfections to be a Deity, and therefore she is a Mortal [which was the thing to be prov'd] It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient Poets, as well as to the Rules of Decency and Religion, to make such odious Preferences. I am much surpriz'd therefore that he should use such an Argument as this.

Cloris, as-tu veu des Déeses
 Avoir un air si facile & si doux ?

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the Heathen Deities too easie of Access to Tithonus, to Anchises, and to Endimion? Is there any thing more sparkish and better humour'd than Venus her accosting her Son in the 'Desarts of Lybia? or than the behaviour of Pallas to Diomedes, one of the most perfect and admirable Pieces of all

the Iliads ; where she condescends to raille him so agreeably ; and notwithstanding her severe Virtue, and all the Ensigns of Majesty, with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his Chariot ? But the Odysses are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous Passage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the Gods at once,

Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni.

Which Bræleuf has render'd so flatly, and which may be thus Paraphras'd;

*Heaven meanly with the Conqueror did comply,
But Cato rather than submit would die.*

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of Religion to complement their Princes at the expence of their Deities.

But letting that pass, this whole Eclogue is but a long Paraphrase of a trite Verse in Virgil, and Homer,

Nec vox Hominem sonat, O Dea certe.

So true is that Remark of the Admirable E. of Roscommon, if apply'd to the Romans, rather I fear than to the English, since his own Death.

— one sterling Line,
Drawn to French Wire, would thro' whole
Pages shine.

Another Rule is, that the Characters should represent that Ancient Innocence, and unpractis'd Plainness, which was then in the World. P. Rapine has gathered many Instances of this out of Theocritus, and Virgil; and the Reader can do it as well as himself. But Mr. F. transgress'd this Rule, when he hid himself in the Thicket to listen to the private discourse of the two Shepherdesses. This is not only ill Breeding at Versailles; the Arcadian Shepherdesses themselves would have set their Dogs upon one for such an unpardonable piece of Rudeness.

A Third Rule is, That there should be some Ordonnance, some Design, or little Plot, which may deserve the Title of a Pastoral Scene. This is every where observ'd by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue; the standard of all Pastorals; a Beautiful Landscape presents it self to your view, a Shepherd with his Flock around him, resting securely under a spreading Beech, which furnish'd the first Food to our Ancestors. Another in quite different Situation of Mind and Circumstances, the Sun setting, the Hospitality of the more fortunate Shepherd, &c. And here Mr. F. seems not a little wanting.

A Fourth Rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of Writing, is, that there be choice diversity of Subjects; that the Eclogues, like a beautiful Prospect, should charm by its Variety. Virgil is admirable in this Point, and far surpasses Theocritus, as he does every where, when Judgment and Contrivance have the principal part. The Subject of the first Pastoral is hinted above.

The Second contains the Love of Coridon for Alexis, and the seasonable Reproach he gives himself, that he left his Vines half prun'd, (which according to the Roman Rituals, deriv'd a Curse upon the Fruit that grew upon it) whilst he pursu'd an Object undeserving his Passion.

The Third, a sharp Contention of two Shepherds for the Prize of Poetry.

The Fourth contains the Discourse of a Shepherd comforting himself in a declining Age, that a better was ensuing.

*The Fifth a Lamentation for a Dead Friend, the first Draught of which is probably more Ancient than any of the *Pastorals* now extant; his Brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his Court to Augustus, by turning it into an Apotheosis of Julius Cæsar.*

The Sixth is the Silenus.

The Seventh, another Poetical Dispute, first compos'd at Mantua.

The Eighth is the description of a despairing Lover, and a Magical Charm.

He sets the Ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that Work, if Gallus had not prevail'd upon him to add one more in his Favour.

Thus Curious was Virgil in diversifying his Subjects. But Mr. F. is a great deal too Uniform; begin where you please, the Subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

Toujours, toujours de l'Amour.

He seems to take Pastorals and Love-Verses for the same thing. Has Human Nature no other Passion? Does not Fear, Ambition, Avarice, Pride, a Capricio of Honour, and Laziness it self often Triumph over Love? But this Passion does all, not only in Pastorals, but in Modern Tragedies too. A Heroe can no more Fight, or be Sick, or Die, than he can be Born without a Woman. But Dramatic's have been compos'd in compliance to the Humour of the Age, and the prevailing Inclination of the Great, whose Example has a more powerful Influence, not only in the little Court behind the Scenes, but on the great Theatre of the World. However this innundation of Love-Verses is not so much an effect of their Amorousness, as of immoderate Self-love. This being the only sort of Poetry, in which the Writer can, not only without Censure, but even with Com-

commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the Passion of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna in this whole Affair. Be pleas'd to look into almost any of those Writers, and you shall meet every where that eternal Moy, which the admirable Paschal so judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admir'd for this one so particular Quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the Iliad, or the Odyssey; and if Horace had never told us his Genealogy, but left it to the Writer of his Life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This Consideration might induce those great Criticks, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the four first Verses of the Æneis, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky *Ille ego*. But extraordinary Genius's have a sort of Prerogative, which may dispense them from Laws, binding to Subject-Wits. However, the Ladies have the less reason to be pleas'd with those Addresses, of which the Poet takes the greater share to himself. Thus the Beau presses into their Dressing-Room, but it is not so much to adore their fair Eyes, as to adjust his own Steenkirk and Peruke, and set his Countenance in their Glass.

A fifth Rule, (which one may hope will not be contested) is that the Writer should shew in his Compositions, some competent skill of the Subject matter, that which makes the Character of Persons introduc'd. In this, as in all other Points of Learning, Decency, and

Oeconomy of a Poem, Virgil much excells his Master Theocritus. The Poet is better skill'd in Husbandry than those that get their Bread by it. He describes the Nature, the Diseases, the Remedies, the proper Places, and Seasons, of Feeding, of Watering their Flocks; the Furniture, Diet, the Lodging and Pastimes of his Shepherds. But the Persons brought in by Mr. F. are Shepherds in Masquerade, and handle their Sheep-Hook as awkwardly, as they do their Oaten-Reed. They Saunter about with their chers Moutons, but they relate as little to the Business in hand, as the Painter's Dog, or a Dutch Ship, does to the History design'd. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their Sheep into the Plains of Mont-Brison, and Marcilli, to the flowry Banks of Lignon, or the Charanthe; that they are driving directly, à la boucherie, to make Money of them. I hope hereafter Mr. F. will chuse his Servants better.

A sixth Rule is, That as the Style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the Ancient Fashion of Writing. Parables in those times were frequently us'd, as they are still by the Eastern Nations, Philosophical Questions, Ænigma's, &c. and of this we find Instances in the Sacred Writings, in Homer, contemporary with King David, in Herodotus, in the Greek Tragedians; this piece of Antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and discretion: He
has

has propos'd one Riddle which has never yet been solv'd by any of his Commentators. Tho' he knew the Rules of Rhetorick, as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his *Pastorals*, and keeps close to the Character of Antiquity: Nor ought the Connexions and Transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the *Pastorals* an Air of Novelty; and of this neglect of exact Connexions, we have instances in the Writings of the ancient Chineses, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other Writers of Dithyrambics, in the Chorus's of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr. F. and Ruxus had consider'd this, the one wou'd have spar'd his Critic of the Sixth, and the other, his Reflections upon the Ninth Pastoral. The over-scrupulous care of Connexions, makes the Modern Compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: And by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *Pensées* of the Incomparable Mr. Pascal, and perhaps of Mr. Bruyere, are two of the most Entertaining Books which the Modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the Character of Antiquity, but Copies after Nature her self. Thus a Meadow, where the Beauties of the Spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful Prospect, than a curious Parterre of sorted Flowers in our Gardens, and we are much more transported with the Beauty of the Heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear Night, when

we behold Stars of all Magnitudes, promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious Lights were rank'd in their several Orders, or reduc'd into the finest Geometrical Figures.

Another Rule omitted by P. Rapine, as some of his are by me, (for I do not design an intire Treatise in this Preface,) is, that not only the Sentences should be short, and smart, upon which account, he justly blames the Italian, and French, as too Talkative, but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgress'd this Rule in his first Pastorals, I mean those which he compos'd at Mantua. but rectify'd the Fault in his Riper Tears. This appears by the Culex, which is as long as five of his Pastorals put together. The greater part of those he finish'd, have less than an Hundred Verses, and but two of them exceed that number. But the Silenus, which he seems to have design'd for his Master-piece, in which he introduces a God singing, and he too full of Inspiration, (which is intended by that ebriety, which Mr. F. so unreasonably ridicules,) tho' it go thro' so vast a Field of Matter, and comprizes the Mythology of near Two Thousand Years, consists but of Fifty Lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject Matter; the noble Fashion of handling it, and the Deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his Characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency. For Poetry and Pastime was not the Business of Mens Lives in those days, but only their seasonable Recrea-

tion after necessary Labours. And therefore the length of some of the Modern Italian, and English Compositions, is against the Rules of this kind of Poesy.

I shall add something very briefly touching the Versification of Pastorals, tho' it be a mortifying Consideration to the Moderns. Heroic Verse, as it is commonly call'd, was us'd by the Greeks in this sort of Poem, as very Ancient and Natural. Lyrics, Iambics, &c. being Invented afterwards: But there is so great a difference in the Numbers, of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a Genus, than Species, of Verse. Whosoever shall compare the numbers of the three following Verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this Observation.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

The first of the Georgics,

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sydere terram.

and of the Æneis,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui Primus ab oris.

The Sound of the Verses, is almost as different as the Subjects. But the Greek Writers of Pastoral, usually limited themselves to the Example of the first; which Virgil found so

exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the Honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call Rhyme, is the most ancient sort of Poetry; and Learned Men have given good Arguments for it; and therefore a French Historian commits a gross mistake, when he attributes that Invention to a King of Gaul, as an English Gentleman does, when he makes a Roman Emperor the Inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of Numbers, soon grew weary of this Childish sort of Verse, as the Younger Vossius justly calls it, and therefore those rhyming Hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the Remains of a barbarous Age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false Syntax, than what we call a Rhyme, such a Verse as this

Vir precor Uxori, frater succurre Sorori.

was passable in Ovid, but the nice Ears in Augustus his Court could not pardon Virgil for

At Regina Pyra.

So that the principal Ornament of Modern Poetry, was accounted deformity by the Latins, and Greeks; it was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short Monosyllables, those

transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern Languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve Monosyllables, into one disjointed Verse; they may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful Spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacifie a Man that was in a violent transport of anger; nor those swift Numbers of the Priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatick Tempers. Nor can any Modern put into his own Language the Energy of that single Poem of Catullus,

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

*Latin is but a corrupt Dialect of Greek; and the French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of Latin; and therefore a Man might as well go about to persuade me that Vinegar is a nobler Liquor than Wine, as that the modern Compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin it self. The Greek Tongue very naturally falls into Iambicks, and therefore the diligent Reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate Orations of Isocrâtes. The Latin as naturally falls into Heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's History is half an Hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. * The Roman * Livy. Historian describing the glorious effort of a Colonel to break thro' a Brigade of the E-*

nemies, just after the defeat at Cannæ, falls, unknowingly, into a Verse not unworthy Virgil himself.

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoq;
Facto per medios, &c.*

Ours and the French can at best but fall into Blank Verse, which is a fault in Prose. The misfortune indeed is common to us both, but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our Barbarities. As Age brings Men back into the state and infirmities of Childhood, upon the fall of their Empire, the Romans doted into Rhime, as appears sufficiently by the Hymns of the Latin-Church; and yet a great deal of the French Poetry does hardly deserve that poor Title. I shall give an Instance out of a Poem which had the good luck to gain the Prize in 1685, for the Subject deserv'd a Nobler Pen.

*Tous les jours ce grand Roy des autres Roys
l'exemple,*

*S'ouvre nouveau chemin au faiste de un ton
temple, &c.*

The Judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of Verse near eighty Tears ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that Passage of a Famous Academician, in which he, most compassionately, excuses the Ancients for their not being so

Preface to the *Pastorals*.

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exact in their Compositions, as the Modern French, because they wanted a Dictionary, of which the French are at last happily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a Dictionary, and such a Patron as Cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspir'd to the honour of Balzac's Legacy of Ten Pounds, Le prix de l'Eloquence.

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly ten lines in either of those great Orators, or even in the Catalogue of Homer's Ships, which is not more harmonious, more truly Rythmical, than most of the French, or English Sonnets; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native Beauty by Translation.

I cannot but add one Remark on this occasion, that the French Verse is oftentimes not so much as Rhime, in the lowest Sense; for the Childish repetition of the same Note cannot be call'd Musick; such Instances are infinite, as in the forecited Poem.

'Epris
Mepris

Trophee
Orphee

caché;
cherché.

Mr. Boileau himself has a great deal of this $\mu\upsilon\upsilon\omicron\lambda\omicron\upsilon\lambda\alpha$, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and poverty of the French Tongue. Mr. F. at last goes into the excessive Paradoxes of Mr. Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their Excellent Songs, preferring them to the Greek, and Latin. But an

ancient Writer of as good Credit, has assur'd us, that Seven Lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek Odes; but a few Weeks would be sufficient, if a Man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a Catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

† Essay of † Exact propriety of word and Poetry. thought.

Notwithstanding all the high Encomiums and mutual Gratulations which they give one another; (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious Society, to which the Learned World is much oblig'd) after all those Golden Dreams at the L'Ouvre, that their Pieces will be as much valud ten, or twelve Ages hence, as the ancient Greek, or Roman, I can no more get it into my head that they will last so long, than I could believe the Learned Dr. H——K. [of the Royal Society,] if he should pretend to shew me a Butterflye that had liv'd a thousand Winters.

When Mr. F. wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equalling Virgil, or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal Beauty, and Graces of their Writings do consist.



To Mr. Dryden on his *Excellent Translation*
of VIRGIL.

WHEN e'er Great VIRGIL's lofty Verse
I see,
The Pompous Scene charms my admiring
Eye:

There different Beauties in perfection meet;
The Thoughts as proper, as the Numbers sweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment steps in, and moderates her Flight.
Wisely he manages his Wealthy Store,
Still says enough, and yet implies still more:
For tho' the weighty Sense be closely wrought,
The Reader's left t'improve the pleasing Thought.

Hence we despair'd to see an English dress
Should e'er his Nervous Energy express;
For who could that in fetter'd Rhyme inclose,
Which without loss can scarce be told in Prose?

But you, Great Sir, his Manly Genius raise;
And make your Copy share an equal praise.
Oh how I see thee in soft Scenes of Love,
Renew those Passions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's Charms are with new Art express'd,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful rest:
Leaves her *Elizium*, as if glad to live,
'To Love, and Wish, to Sigh, Despair and Grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.

Nor does the mighty *Trojan* less appear
 Than *Mars* himself amidst the Storms of War;
 Now his fierce Eyes with double fury glow,
 And a new dread attends th' impending blow :
 The *Daunian* Chiefs their eager rage abate,
 And tho' unwounded, seem to feel their Fate.

Long the rude fury of an ignorant Age,
 With barbarous spight prophan'd his Sacred Page.
 The heavy *Dutchmen* with laborious toil,
 Wrested his Sense, and cramp'd his vigorous Style;
 No time, no pains the drudging Pedants spare ;
 But still his Shoulders must the burthen bear.
 While thro' the Mazes of their Comments led,
 We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
 Yet thro' these Shades of undistinguish'd Night
 Appear'd some glimmering intervals of Light ;
 Till mangled by a vile Translating Sect,
 Like Babes by Witches in Effigie rackt :
 Till *Ogleby*, mature in dulness rose,
 And *Holbourn* Dogrel, and low chiming Prose,
 His Strength and Beauty did at once depose.
 But now the Magick Spell is at an end,
 Since even the Dead in you have found a Friend.
 You free the Bard from rude Oppressor's Power,
 And grace his Verse with Charms unknown before :
 He, doubly thus oblig'd, must doubting stand,
 Which chiefly should his Gratitude command ;
 Whether should claim the Tribute of his Heart,
 The Patron's Bounty, or the Poet's Art.

Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
 The *Roman* Genius in thy Verse renew'd :
 We saw thee raise soft *Ovid's* Amorous Fire,
 And fit the tuneful *Horace* to thy Lyre :

We saw new gall imbitter *Juvenal's* Pen,
 And crabbed *Persius* made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a task;
 What you cou'd scarce perform, or we durst ask:
 A Task! which *Waller's* Muse cou'd ne'er engage;
 A Task! too hard for *Denham's* stronger rage:
 Sure of Success they some slight Sallies try'd,
 But the fenc'd Coast their bold attempts defy'd:
 With fear their o'er-match'd Forces back they drew,
 Quitted the Province Fate reserv'd for you.
 In vain thus *Phillip* did the *Persians* storm;
 A Work his Son was destin'd to perform.

O had *Roscommon* * liv'd to hail the day,
 And Sing loud Pœans thro' the crowded way
 When you in Roman Majesty appear,
 Which none know better, and none come so near:

* Essay of
 Translated
 Verse, pag.
 26.

The happy Author would with wonder see,
 His Rules were only Prophecies of thee:
 And were he now to give Translators light,
 He'd bid them only read thy Work, and write.

For this great Task our loud applause is due;
 We own old Favours, but must press for new:
 Th' expecting World demands one Labour more;
 And thy lov'd *Homer* does thy aid implore,
 To right his injur'd Works, and set them free
 From the lewd Rhymes of groveling *Ogleby*.
 Then shall his Verse in graceful Pomp appear,
 Nor will his Birth renew the ancient jar;
 On those *Greek* Cities we shall look with scorn,
 And in our *Britain* think the Poet Born.



To Mr. Dryden on his Translation

VIRGIL.

I.

WE read, how Dreams and Visions heretofore,
The Prophet, and the Poet cou'd inspire;
And make 'em in unusual Rapture soar,
With Rage Divine, and with Poetick Fire.

II.

O could I find it now! — Wou'd Virgil's Shade
But for a while vouchsafe to bear the Light;
To grace my Numbers, and that Muse to aid,
Who sings the Poet that has done him right.

III.

It long has been this Sacred Author's Fate,
To lye at ev'ry dull Translator's Will;
Long, long his Muse has groan'd beneath the weight
Of mangling Ogleby's presumptuous Quill.

IV.

Dryden, at last, in his Defence arose;
The Father now is righted by the Son:
And while his Muse endeavours to disclose
That Poet's Beauties, she declares her own.

V.

In your smooth, pompous Numbers drest, each Line,
Each Thought, betrays such a Majestick Touch;
He cou'd not, had he finish'd his Design,
Have wisht it better, or have done so much.

VI.

You like his Heroe, though your self were free;
And disentangl'd from the War of Wit;
You, who secure might others danger see,
And safe from all malicious Censure sit:

VII.

*Yet because Sacred Virgil's Noble Muse,
O'erlay'd by Fools, was ready to expire:*

*To risque your Fame again, you boldly chuse,
Or to redeem, or perish with your Sire.*

VIII.

*Ev'n first and last, we owe him half to you,
For that his Æneids miss'd their threatned Fate,*

*Was — that his Friends by some Prediction knew,
Hereafter who correcting should translate.*

IX.

*But hold my Muse, thy needless Flight restrain,
Unless like him thou cou'dst a Verse indite:*

*To think his Fancy to describe, is vain,
Since nothing can discover Light, but Light.*

X.

*Tis want of Genius that does more deny;
Tis Fear my Praise shou'd make your Glory less.*

*And therefore, like the modest Painter, I
Must draw the Vail, where I cannot express.*

Henry Grahme:

To Mr. DRYDEN.

NO undisputed Monarch Govern'd yet
With Universal Sway the Realms of Wit:
Nature cou'd never such Expence afford,
Each several Province own'd a several Lord.
A Poet then had his Poetick Wife,
One Muse embrac'd, and Married for his Life.
By the stale thing his Appetite was cloy'd,
His Fancy lessned, and his Fire destroy'd.
But Nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her Treasures did adorn your Mind.

The different Powers were then united found,
 And you Wit's Universal Monarch crown'd.
 Your Mighty Sway your great Desert secures,
 And ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace is yours.
 To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
 Sated with this, you to another flye.
 So *Sultan* like in your *Seraglio* stand,
 While wishing Muses wait for your Command.
 Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
 Sublime your Fancy, boundless is your Mind.
 Not all the blasts of time can do you wrong,
 Young spight of Age, in spight of Weakness strong.
 Time like *Alcides*, strikes you to the ground,
 You like *Antæus* from each fall rebound.

H. St. John.

To Mr. Dryden on his *VIRGIL*.

TIS said that Phidias gave such living Grace,
 To the carv'd Image of a beauteous Face,
 That the cold Marble might even seem to be
 The Life, and the true Life, the Imag'ry.

You pass that Artist, Sir, and all his Powers,
 Making the best of Roman Poets ours;
 With such Effect, we know not which to call
 The Imitation, which th' Original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal Weight,
 The charming Beauty of the Coin no less;
 And such the Majesty of your Impress,
 You seem the very Author you translate.

*Tis certain were he now alive with us,
And did revolving Destiny constrain,
To dress his Thoughts in English o'er again,
Himself cou'd write no otherwise than thus.*

*His old Encomium never did appear,
So true as now; Romans and Greeks submit
Something of late is in our Language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd *Iliads* were.*

Ja. Wright.

To Mr. Dryden on his Translations.

AS Flow'rs transplanted from a *Southern Sky*,
But hardly bear, or in the raising dye,
Missing their Native Sun, at best retain
But a faint Odour, and but live with Pain:
So *Roman* Poetry by Moderns taught,
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote, }
Is a dead Image, and a worthless Draught.
While we transfuse, the nimble Spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dyes.

Who then attempt to shew the Ancients Wit,
Must copy with the Genius that they writ.
Whence we conclude from thy translated Song,
So just, so warm, so smooth, and yet so strong,
Thou Heav'nly Charmer! Soul of Harmony!
That all their Geniusses reviv'd in thee.

Thy Trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to Light,
New-born they rise, and take to Heav'n their Flight;

Deckt in thy Verse, as clad with Rayes, they shine
All Glorify'd, Immortal and Divine.

As *Britain*, in rich Soil abounding wide,
Furnish'd for Use, for Luxury, and Pride,
Yet spreads her wanton Sails on ev'ry Shore,
For Foreign Wealth, insatiate still of more;
To her own Wool, the Silks of *Asia* joins,
And to her plenteous Harvests, *Indian* Mines:
So *Dryden*, not contented with the Fame
Of his own Works, tho' an immortal Name,
To Lands remote he sends his learned Muse,
The noblest Seeds of Foreign Wit to chuse.
Feasting our Sense so many various Ways,
Say, Is't thy Bounty, or thy Thirst of Praise?
That by comparing others, all might see,
Who most excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

George Granville



VIRGIL

77a.

IL



VIRGIL'S PASTORALS.

The First Pastoral.

O R,

Tityrus and Melibœus.

The ARGUMENT.

The Occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman Empire, that he might reward his Veteran Troops for their past Service, he distributed among 'em all the Lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right Owners for having sided with his Enemies. Virgil was a Sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recover'd his Estate by Mecænas's Intercession, and as an Instance of his Gratitude compos'd the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own Good Fortune in the Person of Tityrus, and the Calamities of his Mantuan Neighbours in the Character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.



Eneath the Shade which Beechen Boughs
diffuse,

You *Tity'rus* entertain your Silvan Muse:
Round the wide World in Banishment
we rome,

Forc'd from our pleasing Fields and Native Home;

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While stretch'd at Ease you sing your happy Loves: 5
And *Amarillis* fills the shady Groves.

TITYRUS.

These Blessings, Friend, a Deity bestow'd:
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender Firstlings of my Woolly breed
Shall on his holy Altar often bleed. 10
He gave my Kine to graze the Flow'ry Plain:
And to my Pipe renew'd the Rural Strain.

MELIBOEUS.

I envy not your Fortune, but admire,
That while the raging Sword and wastful Fire
Destroy the wretched Neighbourhood around, 15
No Hostile Arms approach your happy Ground.
Far different is my Fate: my feeble Goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken Cotes.
And this you see I scarcely drag along,
Who yeanning on the Rocks has left her Young; 20
(The Hope and Promise of my failing Fold:)
My Loss by dire Portents the Gods foretold:
For had I not been blind I might have seen
Yon riven Oak, the fairest of the Green,
And the hoarse Raven, on the blasted Bough, 25
By croaking from the left presag'd the coming Blow.
But tell me, *Tityrus*, what Heav'nly Power
Preserv'd your Fortunes in that fatal Hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought Imperial *Rome*
 Like *Mantua*, where on Market-days we come, 30
 And thether drive our tender Lambs from home.
 So Kids and Whelps their Sires and Dams exprefs:
 And so the Great I measur'd by the Less.
 But Country Towns, compar'd with her, appear
 Like Shrubs, when lofty Cypresses are near. 35

MELIBOEUS.

What Great Occasion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come:
 Nor did my Search of Liberty begin,
 Till my black Hairs were chang'd upon my Chin.
 Nor *Amarillis* wou'd vouchsafe a look, 40
 Till *Galatea's* meaner bonds I broke.
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain,
 I sought not Freedom, nor aspir'd to Gain:
 Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,
 And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought, 45
 Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBOEUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your Mistress mourn;
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
 We wonder'd why she kept her Fruit so long, 50
 For whom so late th' ungather'd Apples hung.

But now the Wonder ceases, since I see
 She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee.
 For thee the bubling Springs appear'd to mourn,
 And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy return. 55

TITYRUS.

What shou'd I do! while here I was enchain'd?
 No glympse of Godlike Liberty remain'd?
 Nor cou'd I hope in any place but there,
 To find a God so present to my Pray'r.
 There first the Youth of Heav'nly Birth I view'd; 60
 For whom our Monthly Victims are renew'd.
 He heard my Vows, and graciously decreed
 My Grounds to be restor'd, my former Flocks to feed.

MELIBOEUS.

O Fortunate Old Man! whose Farm remains
 For you sufficient, and requites your pains. 65 }
 Tho' Rushes overspread the Neighb'ring Plains.
 Tho' here the Marshy Grounds approach your Fields,
 And there the Soil a Stony Harvest yields.
 Your teeming Ewes shall no strange Meadows try,
 Nor fear a Rott from tainted Company, 70
 Behold yon bord'ring Fence of Sallow Trees [Bees:
 Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught with
 The busie Bees with a soft murm'ring Strain
 Invite to gentle Sleep the lab'ring Swain.
 While from the neighb'ring Rock, with rural Songs, 75
 The Pruner's Voice the pleasing Dream prolongs;

Past. I. PASTORALS.

Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their Am'rous pain,
And from the lofty Elms of Love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th' Inhabitants of Seas and Skies shall change,
And Fish on Shoar and Stags in Air shall range, 80
The banish'd *Parthian* dwell on *Arar's* brink,
And the blue *German* shall the *Tigris* drink:
E'er I, forsaking Gratitude and Truth,
Forget the Figure of that Godlike Youth.

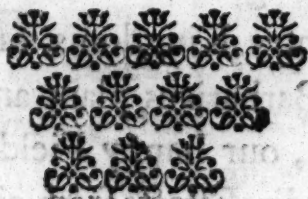
MELIBOEUS.

But we must beg our Bread in Climes unknown, 85
Beneath the scorching or the freezing Zone.
And some to far *Oaxis* shall be sold;
Or try the *Lybian* Heat, or *Scythian* Cold.
The rest among the *Britains* be confin'd;
A Race of Men from all the World dis-join'd. 90
O must the wretched Exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rowling Years return?
Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjust Decree,
No more our Houses and our Homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the Rural Throne, 95
And rule the Country Kingdoms, once our own!
Did we for these Barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy Fields bestow?
GoodHeav'n what direEffects from civil Discord flow! }
Now let me graff my Pears, and prune the Vine; 100
The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.

Farewel my Pastures, my Paternal Stock,
 My fruitful Fields, and my more fruitful Flock!
 No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy Cliffs, or crop the flowry Thyme! 105
 No more, extended in the Grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the Mountain's brow
 The prickly Shrubs; and after on the bare,
 Lean down the deep Abyss, and hang in Air. 109
 No more my Sheep shall sip the Morning Dew;
 No more my Song shall please the Rural Crue:
 Adieu, my tuneful Pipe! and all the World adieu! }

TITURUS.

This Night, at least, with me forget your Care;
 Chesnuts and Curds and Cream shall be your fare:
 The Carpet-ground shall be with Leaves o'erspread; 115
 And Boughs shall weave a Cov'ring for your Head.
 For see yon sunny Hill the Shade extends;
 And curling Smoke from Cottages ascends.



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The Second Pastoral.

O R,

A L E X I S.

The ARGUMENT.

The Commentators can by no means agree on the Person of Alexis, but are all of Opinion that some Beautiful Youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes Love; in Corydon's Language and Simplicity. His way of Courtship is wholly Pastoral: He complains of the Boy's Coyness, recommends himself for his Beauty and Skill in Piping; invites the Youth into the Country, where he promises him the Diversions of the Place; with a suitable Present of Nuts and Apples: But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome Amour, and betake himself again to his former Business.



Young Corydon, th' unhappy Shepherd
Swain,

The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the Beechen Shade,
alone,

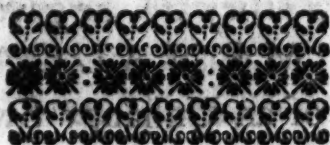
Thus to the Woods and Mountains made his Moan.

Is this, unkind *Alexis*, my reward,
 And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
 Now the green Lizard in the Grove is laid,
 The Sheep enjoy the coolness of the Shade;
 And *Thestylis* wild Thime and Garlick beats
 For Harvest Hinds, o'erspent with Toil and Heats: 10
 While in the scorching Sun I trace in vain
 Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning Plain.
 The creaking Locusts with my Voice conspire,
 They fry'd with Heat, and I with fierce Desire.
 How much more easie was it to sustain 15
 Proud *Amarillis*, and her haughty Reign,
 The Scorns of Young *Menalcas*, once my care,
 Tho' he was black, and thou art Heav'nly fair.
 Trust not too much to that enchanting Face;
 Beauty's a Charm, but soon the Charm will pass: 20
 White Lillies lye neglected on the Plain,
 While dusky Hyacinths for use remain.
 My Passion is thy Scorn; nor wilt thou know
 What Wealth I have, what Gifts I can bestow:
 What Stores my Dairies and my Folds contain; 25
 A thousand Lambs that wander on the Plain:
 New Milk that all the Winter never fails,
 And all the Summer overflows the Pails:
Amphion sung not sweeter to his Herd,
 When summon'd Stones the *Theban* Turrets rear'd: 30
 Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
 Upon the Margin of the briny Flood:

The Winds were still, and if the Glass be true,
 With *Daphnis* I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.
 O leave the noisie Town, O come and see 35
 Our Country Cotts, and live content with me!
 To wound the flying Deer, and from their Cotes
 With me to drive a-field, the browsing Goats:
 To pipe and sing, and in our Country Strain
 To Copy, or perhaps contend with *Pan*. 40
Pan taught to join with Wax unequal Reeds,
Pan loves the Shepherds, and their Flocks he feeds:
 Nor scorn the Pipe; *Amyntas*, to be taught,
 With all his Kisses wou'd my Skill have bought.
 Of seven smooth Joints a mellow Pipe I have, 45
 Which with his dying Breath *Dametas* gave:
 And said, This, *Gorydon*, I leave to thee;
 For only thou deserv'st it after me.
 His Eyes *Amyntas* durst not upward lift,
 For much he grudg'd the Praise, but more the Gift. 50
 Besides two Kids that in the Valley stray'd,
 I found by chance, and to my Fold convey'd:
 They drein two bagging Udders every day;
 And these shall be Companions of thy Play.
 Both fleck'd with white, the true *Arcadian* Strain, 55
 Which *Thestylis* had often beg'd in vain:
 And she shall have them, if again she sues,
 Since you the Giver and the Gift refuse.
 Come to my longing Arms, my lovely Care,
 And take the Presents which the Nymphs prepare. 60

White Lillies in full Canisters they bring,
With all the Glories of the Purple Spring,
The Daughters of the Flood have search'd the Mead
For Violets pale, and cropt the Poppy's Head:
The short *Narcissus* and fair Daffodil, 65
Pancies to please the Sight, and Cassia sweet to smell:
And set soft Hyacinths with Iron blue,
To shade marsh Marigolds of shining Hue.
Some bound in Order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy Bow'r, and trim thy new Abode. 70
My self will search our planted Grounds at home,
For downy Peaches and the glossie Plum:
And thrash the Chesnuts in the Neighb'ring Grove,
Such as my *Amarillis* us'd to love.
The Laurel and the Myrtle sweets agree; 75
And both in Nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, *Corydon*, ah poor unhappy Swain,
Alexis will thy homely Gifts disdain:
Nor, shouldst thou offer all thy little Store,
Will rich *Iolas* yield, but offer more. 80
What have I done, to name that wealthy Swain,
So powerful are his Presents, mine so mean!
The Boar amidst my Crystal Streams I bring;
And Southern Winds to blast my flowry Spring.
Ah cruel Creature, whom dost thou despise? 85
The Gods to live in Woods have left the Skies.
And Godlike *Paris* in th' *Idean* Grove,
To *Priam's* Wealth preferr'd *Oenone's* Love.

In Cities which she built, let *Pallas* Reign;
 Tow'rs are for Gods, but Forests for the Swain. 90
 The greedy Lyons the Wolf pursues,
 The Wolf the Kid, the wanton Kid the Browze:
Alexis thou art chas'd by *Corydon*;
 All follow sev'ral Games, and each his own.
 See from afar the Fields no longer smoke, 95
 The sweating Steers unharnes'd from the Yoke,
 Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough;
 The Shadows lengthen as the Sun goes low.
 Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove;
 Ah, cruel Heav'n! that made no Cure for Love! 100
 I wish for balmy Sleep, but wish in vain:
 Love has no bounds in Pleasure, or in Pain.
 What frenzy, Shepherd, has thy Soul possess'd,
 Thy Vineyard lyes half prun'd, and half undress'd.
 Quench, *Corydon*, thy long unanswer'd fire: 105
 Mind what the common wants of Life require.
 On Willow Twigs employ thy weaving care:
 And find an easier Love, tho' not so fair.



The Third Pastoral.

OR,

PALÆMON.

Menalcas, Damætas, Palæmon.

The ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of Country Railery, resolve to try who has the most Skill at a Song; and accordingly make their Neighbour Palæmon Judge of their Performances: Who, after a full hearing of both Parties, declares himself unfit for the Decision of so weighty a Controversie, and leaves the Victory undetermin'd.

MENALCAS.



O, Swain, what Shepherd owns those ragged Sheep?

DAMÆTAS.

Ægon's they are, he gave 'em me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy Sheep of an Unhappy Swain,
While he *Neera* courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the Damsel shall obtain;

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Thou, Varlet, dost thy Master's gains devour:
Thou milk'st his Ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of Grass and Fodder thou defraud'st the Dams:
And of their Mothers Dugs the starving Lambs.

DAMÆTAS.

Good words, young Catamite, at least to Men: 10
We know who did your Business, how, and when.
And in what Chappel too you plaid your Prize;
And what the Goats observ'd with leering Eyes:
The Nymphs were kind, and laught, and there your }
[safety lyes.]

MENALCAS.

Yes, when I crept the Hedges of the Leys; 15
Cut *Micon's* tender Vines, and stole the Stays,

DAMÆTAS.

Or rather, when beneath yon ancient Oak, 20
The Bow of *Daphnis* and the Shafts you broke:
When the fair Boy receiv'd the Gift of right;
And but for Mischief, you had dy'd for spight.

MENALCAS.

What Nonsense wou'd the Fool thy Master prate,
When thou, his Knave, canst talk at such a rate! 25
Did I not see you, Rascal, did I not!
When you lay snug to snap young *Damon's* Goat?
His Mungril bark'd, I ran to his relief, 30
And cry'd, There, there he goes; stop, stop the Thief.
Discover'd and defeated of your Prey,
You sculk'd behind the Fence, and sneak'd away.

DAMÆTAS.

An honest Man may freely take his own;
 The Goat was mine, by Singing fairly won. 30
 A solemn Match was made; He lost the Prize;
 Ask *Damon*, ask if he the Debt denies;
 I think he dares not, if he does, he lies. }

MENALCAS.

Thou sing with him, thou Booby; never Pipe
 Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd Lip: 35
 Dunce at the best; in Streets but scarce allow'd
 To tickle, on thy Straw, the stupid Crowd.

DAMÆTAS.

To bring it to the Tryal, will you dare
 Our Pipes, our Skill, our Voices to compare?
 My Brinded Heifer to the Stake I lay; 40
 Two Thriving Calves she suckles twice a day:
 And twice besides her Beestings never fail
 To store the Dairy, with a brimming Pail.
 Now back your Singing with an equal Stake.

MENALCAS.

That shou'd be seen, if I had one to make. 45
 You know too well I feed my Father's Flock:
 What can I wager from the common Stock?
 A Stepdame too I have, a curst she,
 Who rules my Hen-peck'd Sire, and orders me.
 Both number twice a day the Milky Dams; 50
 And once she takes the tale of all the Lambs.

But since you will be mad, and since you may
 Suspect my Courage, if I should not lay;
 The Pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
 Two Bowls I have, well turn'd of Beechen Wood; 55
 Both by divine *Alcimedon* were made;
 To neither of them yet the Lip is laid.

The Lids are Ivy, Grapes in clusters lurk,
 Beneath the Carving of the curious Work.

Two Figures on the sides emboss'd appear; 60
Conon, and what's his Name who made the Sphere,
 And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year,
 Instructed in his Trade the Lab'ring Swain,
 And when to reap, and when to sow the Grain?

DAMÆTAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home; 65
 The Wood the same, from the same Hand they come:
 The kimbo Handles seem with Bears-foot carv'd;
 And never yet to Table have been serv'd:
 Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,
 With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove: 70
 But these, nor all the Proffers you can make,
 Are worth the Heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain Boaster, but begin:
 I prophecy before-hand I shall win.
Palemon shall be Judge how ill you rhyme, 75
 I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMÆTAS.

Rhymer come on, and do the worst you can:
 I fear not you, nor yet a better Man.
 With Silence, Neighbour, and Attention wait:
 For 'tis a business of a high Debate 80

PALÆMON.

Sing then; the Shade affords a proper place;
 The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grass;
 The Blossoms blow; the Birds on Bushes sing;
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring.
 The Challenge to *Dametas* shall belong, 85
Menalcas shall sustain his under Song:
 Each in his turn your tuneful Numbers bring;
 By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMÆTAS.

From the great Father of the Gods above
 My Muse begins; for all is full of *Jove*; 90
 To *Jove* the care of Heav'n and Earth belongs;
 My Flocks he blesses, and he loves my Songs.

MENALCAS.

Me *Phæbus* loves; for he my Muse inspires;
 And in her Songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
 For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep, 95
 My blushing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.

DAMÆTAS.

My *Phyllis* Me with pelted Apples plyes,
 Then tripping to the Woods the Wanton hies:
 And wishes to be seen, before she flies. }

ME-

MENALCAS.

But fair *Amyntas* comes unask'd to me; 100
 And offers Love; and sits upon my Knee:
 Not *Delia* to my Dogs is known so well as he.

DAMÆTAS.

To the dear Mistress of my Love-sick Mind;
 Her Swain a pretty Present has design'd:
 I saw two Stock-doves billing, and e'er long 105
 Will take the Nest, and Hers shall be the Young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy Wildings in the Wood I found;
 And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
 I sent *Amyntas* all my present Store;
 And will, to Morrow, send as many more. 110

DAMÆTAS.

The lovely Maid lay panting in my Arms;
 And all she said and did was full of Charms.
 Winds on your Wings to Heav'n her Accents bear;
 Such words as Heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

Ah! what avails it me, my Love's delight, 115
 To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
 I hold the Nets, while you pursue the Prey;
 And must not share the Dangers of the Day.

DAMÆTAS.

I keep my Birth-day: send my *Phillis* home;
 At Sheering-time, *Iolas*, you may come. 120

MENALCAS.

With *Phillis* I am more in grace than you:
 Her Sorrow did my parting-steps pursue:
 Adieu my Dear, she said, a long Adieu.

DAMÆTAS.

The Nightly Wolf is baneful to the Fold,
 Storms to the Wheat, to Budds the bitter Cold; 129
 But from my frowning Fair, more Ills I find,
 Than from the Wolves, and Storms, and Winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The Kids with pleasure browze the bushy Plain,
 The Show'rs are grateful to the swelling Grain:
 To teeming Ewes the Sallow's tender Tree; 130
 But more than all the World my Love to me.

DAMÆTAS.

Pollio my Rural Verse vouchsafes to read:
 A Heyfer, Muses, for your Patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My *Pollio* writes himself, a Bull be bred
 With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head. 135

DAMÆTAS.

Who *Pollio* loves, and who his Muse admires,
 Let *Pollio*'s fortune crown his full desires.
 Let Myrrh instead of Thorn his Fences fill:
 And Show'rs of Hony from his Oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living *Bavius*, let him be 140
 (Dead *Mævius*) damn'd to love thy Works and thee:

The same ill taste of Sense wou'd serve to join
Dog Foxes in the Yoak, and sheer the Swine.

DAMÆTAS.

Ye Boys who pluck the Flow'rs, and spoil the Spring,
Beware the secret Snake, that shoots a Sting. 148

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the Banks, my jolly Sheep,
The Ground is false, the running Streams are deep:
See, they have caught the Father of the Flock;
Why dries his Fleece upon the neighboring Rock.

DAMÆTAS.

From Rivers drive the Kids, and fling your Hook;
Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow Brook. 151

MENALCAS.

To fold, my Flock; when Milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the Milk-maid tugs an empty Teat.

DAMÆTAS.

How lank my Bulls from plenteous pasture come!
But Love that drains the Herd, destroys the Groom. 155

MENALCAS.

My Flocks are free from Love; yet look so thin,
Their Bones are barely cover'd with their Skin.
What Magick has bewitch'd the woolly Dams,
And what ill Eyes beheld the tender Lambs?

DAMÆTAS.

Say, where the round of Heav'n, which all contains,
To three short Ells on Earth our sight restrains: 161
Tell that, and rise a *Phœbus* for thy Pains. }

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new Region springs
 A Flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the Names of Kings:
 And thou shalt gain a Present as Divine 165
 As *Phæbus* self; for *Phillis* shall be thine.

PALÆMON.

So nice a difference in your Singing lyes,
 That both have won, or both deserv'd the Prize.
 Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
 The bitter Sweets, and pleasing Pains of Love. 170
 Now dam the Ditches, and the Floods restrain:
 Their moisture has already drench'd the Plain.





The Fourth Pastoral.

O R,

P O L L I O.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Salonius, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesie of our Saviour's Birth.



Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain!

Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that
shade the Plain,

Delight not all; *Sicilian* Muse, prepare

To make the vocal Woods deserve a

Consul's care.

The last great Age, foretold by sacred Rhymes,

Renews its finish'd Course, *Saturnian* times

Rowl round again, and mighty Years, begun

From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run.

The base degenerate Iron off-spring ends;

A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends;

O chaste *Lucina* speed the Mother's pains,
 And haste the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!
 The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace;
 Majestick Months set out with him to their ap-
 pointed Race. 15

The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore,
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty World no more.
 The Son shall lead the life of Gods, and be
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes see.
 The jarring Nations he in peace shall bind, 20
 And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring)
 As her first Off'rings to her Infant King. }

The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed,
 And lowing Herds, secure from Lyons feed. 26
 His Cradle shall with rising Flow'rs be crown'd;
 The Serpents Brood shall die: the sacred ground
 Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,
 Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear. 30
 But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,
 And form it to Hereditary Praise;
 Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.
 The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep, 35
 And through the Matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep.

Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,
The Merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:
Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground. 40
Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* land the Chiefs, upon th' *Iberian* Shore.
Another *Helen* other Wars create,
And great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate:
But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow, 45
The greedy Sailer shall the Seas forego;
No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil shall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin,
No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook }
the Vine: 50 }
Nor Wool shall in-dissembled Colours shine.
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, and unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat: 55
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in Years, to ready Honours move,
O of Cœlestial Seed! O foster Son of *Jove*! 60
See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding Frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;
See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind, in crowding Ranks appear.

To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong,
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song; 66
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Lays,
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:
 Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire;
 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the Lyre,
 Shou'd *Pan* contend in Verse, and thou my Theme, 71
Arcadian Judges shou'd their God condemn.
 Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother single out;
 Thy Mother well deserves that short delight, 75
 The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and Travel
 to requite.
 Then smile; the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless the
 Bed.



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The Fifth Pastoral.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert Shepherds at a Song, begin one by consent to the Memory of Daphnis; who is suppos'd, by the best Criticks, to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his Death, Menalcas proclaims his Divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegie and an Apotheosis.

MENALCAS.



SINCE on the Downs our Flocks together feed,

And since my Voice can match your tuneful Reed,

Why fit we not beneath the grateful

Shade,

Which Hazles, intermix'd with Elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that Silvan Scene to take,
Where whistling Winds uncertain Shadows make:

Or will you to the cooler Cave succeed,
Whose Mouth the curling Vines have overspread?

MENALCAS.

Your Merit and your Years command the Choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in Voice. 10

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming Shepherd dare,
Who thinks his Voice with *Phæbus* may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first; if either *Alcon's* Praise,
Or dying *Phyllis* have inspir'd your Lays:
If her you mourn, or *Codrus* you commend, 15
Begin, and *Tityrus* your Flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

Or shall I rather the sad Verse repeat,
Which on the Beeches Bark I lately writ:
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the Swain
-Whose Voice you boast, and let him try the Strain. 20

MENALCAS.

Such as the Shrub to the tall Olive shows,
Or the pale Sallow to the blushing Rose;
Such is his Voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd Lay, 25
The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful day.
The Nymphs about the breathless Body wait
Of *Daphnis*, and lament his cruel Fate.

The Trees and Floods were witness to their Tears:
 At length the rumour reach'd his Mother's Ears. 30
 The wretched Parent, with a pious haste,
 Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd.
 She sigh'd, she sob'd, and, furious with despair,
 She rent her Garments, and she tore her Hair:
 Accusing all the Gods and every Star. 35
 The Swains forget their Sheep, nor near the brink
 Of running Waters brought their Herds to drink.
 The thirsty Cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
 From Water, and their grassy Fare disdain'd.
 The death of *Daphnis* Woods and Hills deplore, 40
 They cast the sound to *Lybia's* desert Shore;
 The *Lybian* Lions hear, and hearing roar.
 Fierce Tygers *Daphnis* taught the Yoke to bear;
 And first with curling Ivy dress'd the Spear:
Daphnis did Rites to *Bacchus* first ordain; 45
 And holy Revels for his reeling Train.
 As Vines the Trees, as Grapes the Vines adorn,
 As Bulls the Herds, and Fields the Yellow Corn;
 So bright a Splendor, so divine a Grace,
 The glorious *Daphnis* cast on his illustrious Race. 50
 When envious Fate the Godlike *Daphnis* took,
 Our guardian Gods the Fields and Plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming Grain,
 Nor *Phæbus* fed his Oxen on the Plain:
 No fruitful Crop the sickly Fields return; 55
 But Oats and Darnel choke the rising Corn.

And where the Vales with Violets once were crown'd,
 Now knotty Burrs and Thorns disgrace the Ground.
 Come, Shepherds, come, and strow with Leaves the
 Such Funeral Rites your *Daphnis* did ordain. [Plain;
 With Cypress Boughs the Crystal Fountains hide, 61
 And softly let the running Waters glide;
 A lasting Monument to *Daphnis* raise;
 With this Inscription to record his Praise,
Daphnis, the Fields Delight, the Shepherd's Love, 65
 Renown'd on Earth, and deify'd above.
 Whose Flock excell'd the fairest on the Plains,
 But less than he himself surpass'd the Swains.

MENALCAS.

O heav'nly Poet! such thy Verse appears,
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears, 70
 As to the weary Swain, with Cares oppress'd,
 Beneath the Silvan Shade, refreshing Rest:
 As to the feavorish Traveller, when first
 He finds a Crystal Stream to quench his Thirst.
 In singing, as in piping, you excel; 75
 And scarce your Master could perform so well.
 O fortunate young Man, at least your Lays
 Are next to his, and claim the second Praise.
 Such as they are my rural Songs I join,
 To raise our *Daphnis* to the Pow'rs Divine; 80
 For *Daphnis* was so good, to love whate'er was mine.

MOPSUS.

How is my Soul with such a Promise rais'd!
 For both the Boy was worthy to be prais'd,
 And *Stimichon* has often made me long,
 To hear, like him, so soft so sweet a Song. 85

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the Guest of Heav'n, with wondring Eyes,
 Views in the Milky Way, the starry Skies:
 And far beneath him, from the shining Sphere,
 Beholds the moving Clouds, and rolling Year,
 For this, with chearful Cries the Woods resound; 90
 The Purple Spring arrays the various ground:
 The Nymphs and Shepherds dance; and *Pan* himself
 is crown'd. }
 The Wolf no longer prowls for nightly Spoils,
 Nor Birds the Sprindges fear, nor Stags the Toils:
 For *Daphnis* reigns above; and deals from thence 95
 His Mother's milder Beams, and peaceful Influence.
 The Moutain tops unshorn, the Rocks rejoice;
 The lowly Shrubs partake of Humane Voice.
 Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
 Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God. 100
 Be still propitious, ever good to thine:
 Behold four hallow'd Altars we design;
 And two to thee, and two to *Phæbus* rise;
 On both are offer'd Annual Sacrifice.

The holy Priests, at each returning Year, 105
 Two Bowls of Milk, and two of Oil shall bear;
 And I my self the Guests with friendly Bowls will chear.
 Two Goblets will I crown with sparkling Wine,
 The gen'rous Vintage of the *Cbian* Vine; 109
 These will I pour to thee, and make the Nectar thine.
 In Winter shall the Genial Feast be made
 Before the Fire; by Summer in the Shade.
Dametas shall perform the Rites Divine;
 And *Liétian Ægon* in the Song shall join.
Alphesibæus, tripping, shall advance; 115
 And mimick Satyrs in his antick Dance.
 When to the Nymphs our annual Rites we pay,
 And when our Fields with Victims we survey:
 While savage Boars delight in shady Woods,
 And finny Fish inhabit in the Floods; 120
 While Bees on Thyme, and Locusts feed on Dew,
 Thy grateful Swains these Honours shall renew.
 Such Honours as we pay to Pow'rs Divine,
 To *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, shall be thine. 124
 Such annual Honours shall be giv'n, and thou [Vow.
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy Suppliants to their

M O P S U S.

What Present worth thy Verse can *Mopsus* find!
 Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,
 That play through trembling Trees, delight me more;
 Nor murm'ring Billows on the sounding Shore; 130

Nor winding Streams that through the Valley glide;
And the scarce cover'd Pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS.

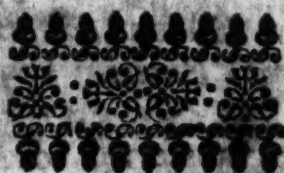
Receive you first this tuneful Pipe; the same
That play'd my *Coridon's* unhappy Flame.

The same that sung *Neera's* conqu'ring Eyes; 135
And, had the Judge been just, had won the Prize.

MOPSUS.

Accept from me this Sheephook in exchange,
The Handle Brass; the Knobs in equal range.

Antigenes, with Kisses, often try'd
To beg this Present, in his Beauty's Pride; 140
When Youth and Love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I cou'd refuse, to his Request,
Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.



The Sixth Pastoral.

O R,

S I L E N U S.

The ARGUMENT.

Two young Shepherds Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promis'd a Song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him Hand and Foot, and then claim his Promise. Silenus finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his Song; in which he describes the Formation of the Universe, and the Original of Animals, according to the Epicurean Philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising Transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her Birth. This Pastoral was design'd as a Compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the Principles of that Philosophy. Silenus acts as Tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two Pupils.

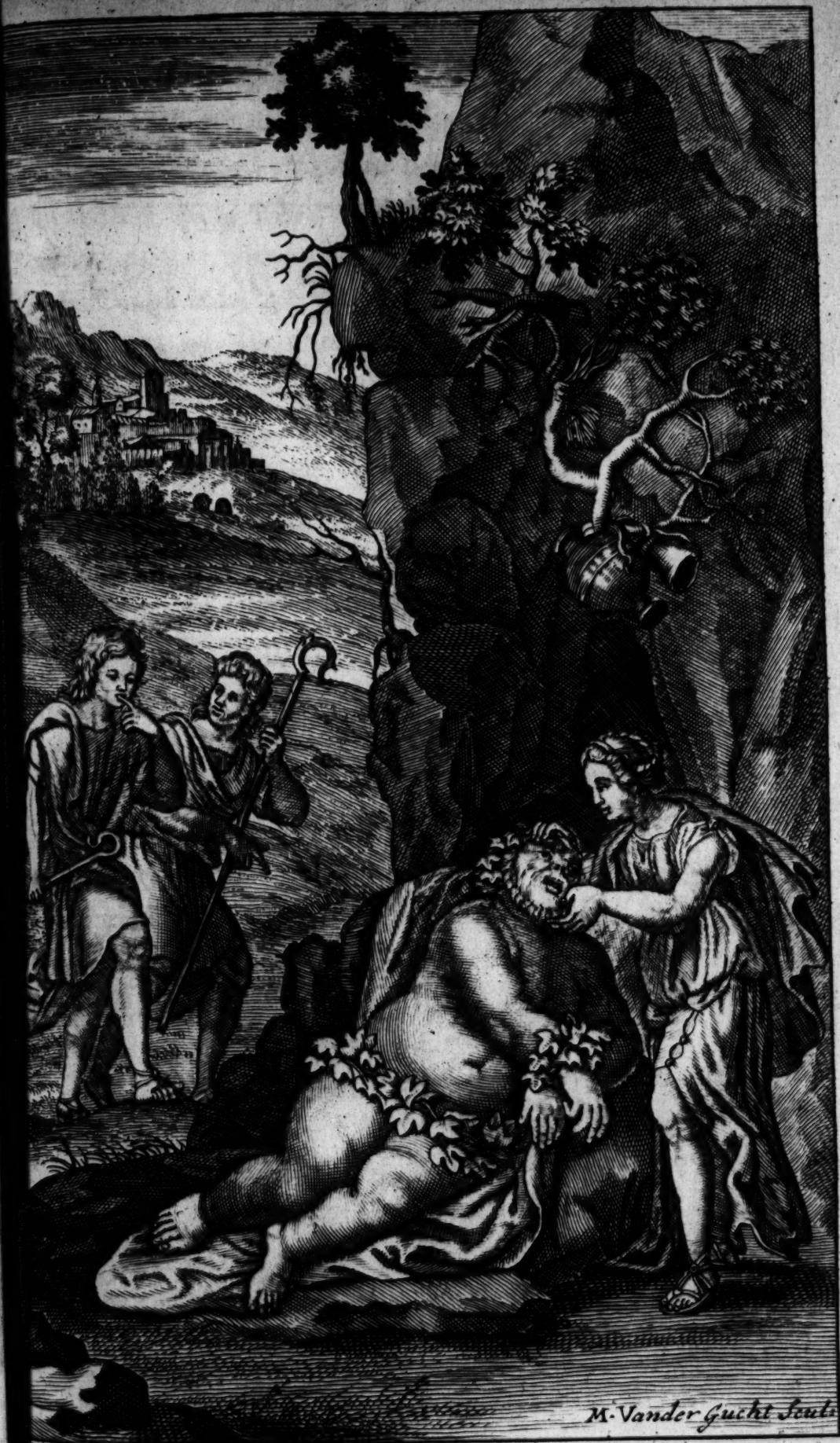


First transferr'd to Rome Sicilian Strains:
Nor blush'd the Dorick Muse to dwell
on Mantuan Plains.

But when I try'd her tender Voice, too
young,

And fighting Kings, and bloody Battels sung;

Apollo



M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

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Apollo check'd my Pride; and bade me feed
 My fatning Flocks, nor dare beyond the Reed.
 Admonish'd thus, while every Pen prepares
 To write thy Praises, *Varus*, and thy Wars,
 My Past'ral Muse her humble Tribute brings;
 And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings. 10
 For all who read, and reading, not disdain
 These rural Poems, and their lowly Strain,
 The name of *Varus*, oft inscrib'd shall see,
 In every Grove, and every vocal Tree;
 And all the Silvan reign shall sing of thee: 15 }
 Thy Name, to *Phæbus* and the Muses known;
 Shall in the front of every Page be shown;
 For he who sings thy Praise, secures his own. }
 Proceed, my Muse: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
 Stretch'd at his Ease, their Syre *Silenus* found. 20 }
 Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his Load,
 They found him snoring in his dark abode; }
 And seiz'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.
 His rosie Wreath was dropt not long before,
 Born by the tide of Wine, and floating on the floor. 25
 His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,
 Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
 Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
 His Garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
 For by the fraudulent God deluded long, 30
 They now resolve to have their promis'd Song.

Ægle came in, to make their Party good;
The fairest *Nais* of the Neighbouring Flood,
And, while he stares around, with stupid Eyes,
His Brows with Berries, and his Temples dies.
He finds the Fraud, and, with a Smile, demands
On what design the Boys had bound his Hands.
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas Impudence to find
A sleeping God, 'tis Sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd Poem I will pay;
The Nymph shall be rewarded in her way.
He rais'd his voice; and soon a num'rous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the Song.
And Sylvan Fauns, and Savage Beasts advanc'd,
And nodding Forests to the Numbers danc'd.
Not by *Hæmonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,
Nor awful *Phæbus* was on *Pindus* heard,
With deeper silence, or with more regard.
He sung the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame;
How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame,
Fell through the mighty Void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.
The tender Soil then stiffning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded Earth, the bounding Seas.
Then Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose;
And a new Sun to the new World arose.
And Mists condens'd to Clouds obscure the Sky;
And Clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply.

The rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace :
 The lofty Mountains feed the Savage Race,
 Yet few, and Strangers, in th' unpeopl'd Place. 60 }
 From thence the birth of Man the Song pursu'd,
 And how the World was lost, and how renew'd.
 The Reign of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age;
Prometheus Theft, and *Jove's* avenging Rage. 65
 The Cries of *Argonauts* for *Hylas* drown'd;
 With whose repeated Name the Shoars resound.
 Then mourns the madness of the *Cretan* Queen;
 Happy for her if Herds had never been.
 What fury, wretched Woman, seiz'd thy Breast! 70
 The Maids of *Argos* (tho' with rage possess'd,
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the Grove)
 Yet shun'd the guilt of thy prepost'rous Love.
 Nor sought the Youthful Husband of the Herd, 74 }
 Tho' lab'ring Yokes on their own Necks they fear'd;
 And felt for budding Horns on their smooth foreheads }
 rear'd. }
 Ah, wretched Queen! you range the pathless Wood;
 While on a flowry Bank he chaws the Cud:
 Or sleeps in Shades, or thro' the Forest roves;
 And roars with anguish for his absent Loves. 80
 Ye Nymphs, with toils, his Forest-walk surround;
 And trace his wandring Footsteps on the ground.
 But, ah! perhaps my Passion he disdains;
 And courts the milky Mothers of the Plains.

We search th' ungrateful Fugitive abroad; 85
 While they at home sustain his happy load.
 He sung the Lover's fraud; the longing Maid,
 With golden Fruit, like all the Sex, betray'd.
 The Sister's mourning for their Brother's loss;
 Their Bodies hid in Barks, and furr'd with Moss. 90
 How each a rising Alder now appears;
 And o'er the *Po* distils her Gummy Tears.
 Then Sung, how *Gallus* by a Muses hand,
 Was led and welcom'd to the sacred Strand.
 The Senate rising to salute their Guest; 95
 And *Linus* thus their gratitude express'd.
 Receive this Present, by the Muses made;
 The Pipe on which th' *Ascrean* Pastor play'd:
 With which of old he charm'd the Savage Train:
 And call'd the Mountain Ashes to the Plain. 100
 Sing thou on this, thy *Phœbus*; and the Wood
 Where once his Fane of *Parian* Marble stood.
 On this his ancient Oracles rehearse;
 And with new Numbers grace the God of Verse.
 Why shou'd I sing the double *Scylla's* Fate, 105
 The first by Love transform'd, the last by Hate.
 A beauteous Maid above, but Magick Arts,
 With barking Dogs deform'd her neather parts.
 What Vengeance on the passing Fleet she pour'd,
 The Master frighted, and the Mates devour'd. 110
 Then ravish'd *Philomel* the Song exprest;
 The Crime reveal'd; the Sisters cruel Feast;

And how in Fields the Lapwing *Tereus* reigns;
The warbling Nightingale in Woods complains.
While *Progne* makes on Chimney tops her moan; 115
And hovers o'er the Palace once her own,
Whatever Songs besides, the *Delphian* God
Had taught the Laurels, and the *Spartan* Flood,
Silenus sung: the Vales his Voice rebound;
And carry to the Skies the sacred Sound. 120
And now the setting Sun had warn'd the Swain
To call his counted Cattle from the Plain: }
Yet still th' unweary'd Syre pursues the tuneful Strain.
Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung: 124
And sudden Night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd Song.



The Seventh Pastoral.

OR,

MELIBOEUS.

The ARGUMENT:

Melibœus here gives us the Relation of a sharp Poetical Contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declar'd for Corydon.



Beneath a Holm, repair'd two jolly Swains;
Their Sheep and Goats together graz'd
the Plains.

Both young *Arcadians*, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the Song requir'd.

Daphnis, as Umpire, took the middle Seat;
And Fortune thether led my weary Feet.
For while I fenc'd my Myrtles from the Cold,
The Father of my Flock had wander'd from the Fold.
Of *Daphnis* I enquir'd; he, smiling, said,
Dismiss your Fear, and pointed where he fed. 10
And, if no greater Cares disturb your Mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the Wind.

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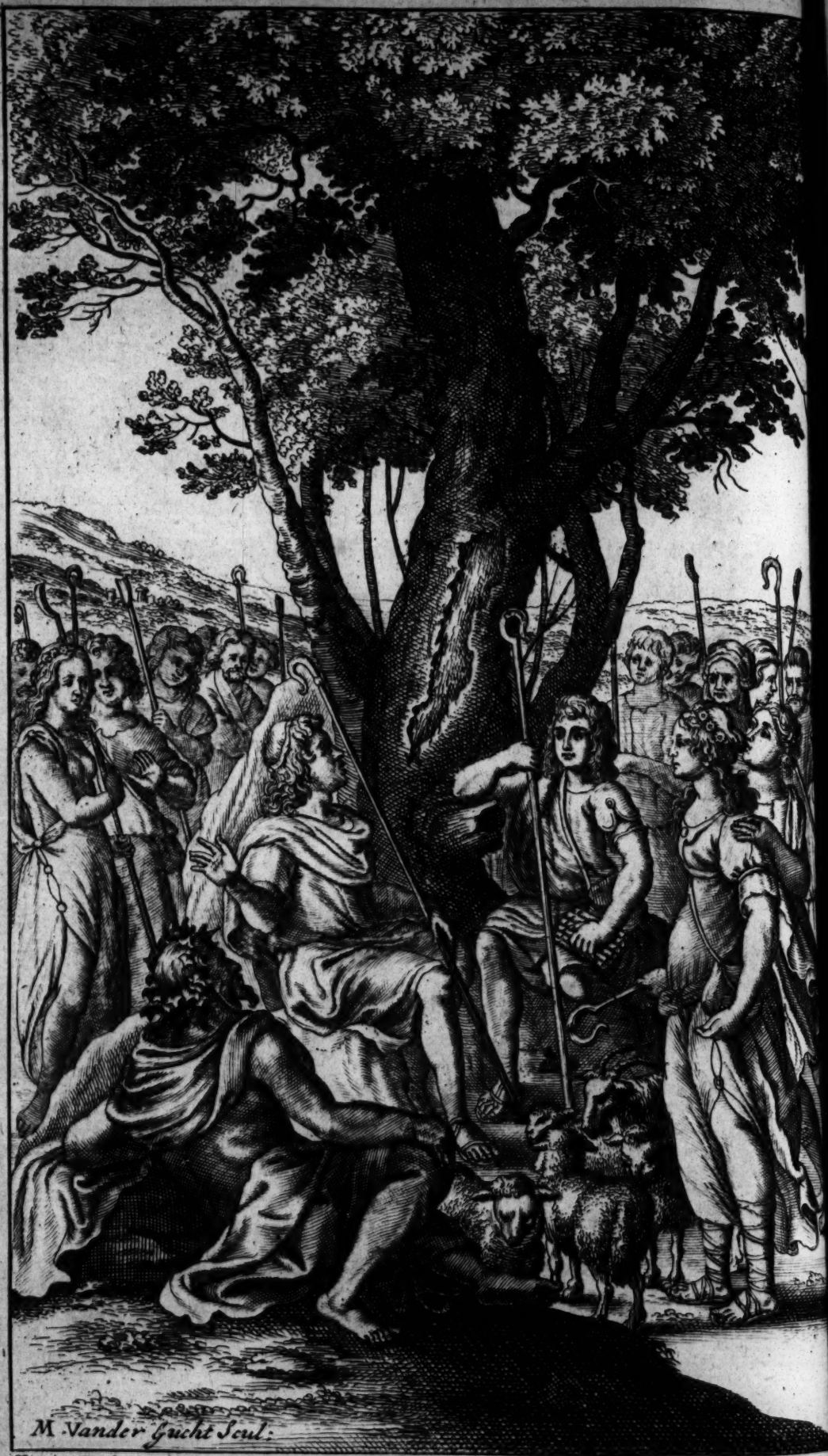
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Your lowing Heifers, of their own accord,
 At wat'ring time will seek the neighb'ring Ford.
 Here wanton *Mincius* windes along the Meads, 15
 And shades his happy Banks with bending Reeds:
 And see from yon old Oak, that mates the Skies,
 How black the Clouds of swarming Bees arise.
 What shou'd I do! nor was *Alcippe* nigh,
 Nor absent *Phillis* cou'd my care supply, 20
 To house, and feed by hand my weaning Lambs,
 And drain the strutting Udders of their Dams?
 Great was the strife betwixt the Singing Swains:
 And I preferr'd my Pleasure to my Gains.
 Alternate Rhime the ready Champions chose: 25
 These *Corydon* rehears'd, and *Thyrsis* those.

CORYDON.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
 Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song.
 With all my *Codrus* O inspire my Breast,
 For *Codrus* after *Phæbus* sings the best. 30
 Or if my Wishes have presum'd too high,
 And stretch'd their bounds beyond Mortality,
 The praise of artful Numbers I resign:
 And hang my Pipe upon the Sacred Pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian Swains, your Youthful Poet crown 35
 With Ivy Wreaths; tho' surly *Codrus* frown.
 Or if he blast my Muse with envious Praise,
 Then fence my Brows with *Amulets* of Bays.

Left his ill Arts or his malicious Tongue
Shou'd poison, or bewitch my growing Song.

40

CORYDON.

These Branches of a Stag, this tusky Boar
(The first essay of Arms untry'd before)

Young *Mycon* offers, *Delia*, to thy Shrine;
But speed his hunting with thy Pow'r divine,
Thy Statue then of *Parian* Stone shall stand;
Thy Legs in Buskins with a Purple Band.

45

THYRSIS.

This Bowl of Milk, these Cakes, (our Country Fare,) }
For thee, *Priapus*, yearly we prepare, }
Because a little Garden is thy care. }
But if the falling Lambs increase my Fold, }
Thy Marble Statue shall be turn'd to Gold. } 50

CORYDON.

Fair *Galatea*, with thy silver Feet,
O, whiter than the Swan, and more than *Hybla* sweet;
Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bole,
Come charm thy Shepherd, and restore my Soul. } 55
Come when my lated Sheep, at night return;
And crown the silent Hours, and stop the rosy Morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy sight,
As Sea-weed on the Shore, and black as Night:
Rough as a Bur, deform'd like him who chaws } 60
Sardinian Herbage to contract his Jaws;

Such and so monstrous let thy Swain appear,
 If one day's Absence looks not like a Year.
 Hence from the Field, for Shame: the Flock deserves
 No better Feeding, while the Shepherd starves. 65

CORYDON.

Ye mossy Springs, inviting easie Sleep,
 Ye Trees, whose leafy Shades those mossy Fountains keep,
 Defend my Flock, the Summer heats are near,
 And Blossoms on the swelling Vines appear.

THYRSIS.

With heapy Fires our chearful Hearth is crown'd; 70
 And Firs for Torches in the Woods abound:
 We fear not more the Winds, and wintry Cold,
 Than Streams the Banks, or Wolves the bleating Fold.

CORYDON.

Our Woods, with Juniper and Chesnuts crown'd,
 With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground; 75 }
 And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her Stores around.
 But if *Alexis* from our Mountains fly,
 Ev'n running Rivers leave their Channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the Plains, and frying is the Field,
 Nor with'ring Vines their juicy Vintage yield. 80
 But if returning *Phillis* bless the Plain,
 The Grass revives; the Woods are green again; }
 And *Jove* descends in Show'rs of kindly Rain. }

CORYDON.

The Poplar is by great *Alcides* worn:
 The Brows of *Phæbus* his own Bays adorn. 85

The branching Vine the jolly *Bacchus* loves;
 The *Cyprian* Queen delights in Myrtle Groves.
 With Hazle, *Phillis* crowns her flowing Hair;
 And while she loves that common Wreath to wear,
 Nor Bays, nor Myrtle Boughs, with Hazel shall
 compare.

90

THYRSIS.

The towring Ash is fairest in the Woods;
 In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods:
 But if my *Lycidas* will ease my Pains,
 And often visit our forsaken Plains;
 To him the tow'ring Ash shall yield in Woods;
 In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods.

95

MELIBOEUS.

These Rhymes I did to Memory commend,
 When Vanquish'd *Thyrsis* did in vain contend;
 Since when, 'tis *Corydon* among the Swains,
 Young *Corydon* without a Rival Reigns.

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The Eighth Pastoral.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral contains the Songs of Damon and Alphesiboeus. The first of 'em bewails the loss of his Mistress, and repines at the Success of his Rival Mopsus. The other repeats the Charms of some Enchantress, who endeavour'd by her Spells and Magic to make Daphnis in Love with her.



THE mournful Muse of two despairing Swains,
The Love rejected, and the Lover's pains;
To which the salvage Linxes listning stood,

The Rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running Flood;
The hungry Herd their needful Food refuse;
Of two despairing Swains, I sing the mournful Muse.

Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready Triumph of thy finish'd Wars,

Whither *Timavus* or th' *Illyrian* Coast,
 Whatever Land or Sea thy presence boast; 10
 Is there an hour in Fate reserv'd for me,
 To sing thy Deeds in Numbers worthy thee?
 In Numbers like to thine, cou'd I rehearse
 Thy lofty Tragick Scenes, thy labour'd Verse;
 The World another *Sophocles* in thee, 15
 Another *Homer* shou'd behold in me:
 Amidst thy Laurels let this Ivy twine,
 Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the World the Shades of Night with-
 drew;
 Scarce were the Flocks refresh'd with Morning Dew,
 When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Shade, 20
 And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
 Against the conscious Gods, and curs'd the cruel Maid.
 Star of the Morning, why dost thou delay?
 Come, *Lucifer*, drive on the lagging Day. 25
 While I my *Nisa's* perjur'd Faith deplore;
 Witness ye Pow'rs, by whom she falsly swore!
 The Gods, alas, are Witnesses in vain;
 Yet shall my dying Breath to Heav'n complain. 29
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænalian* Strain.

The Pines of *Mænalus*, the vocal Grove,
 Are ever full of Verse, and full of Love:

They hear the Hinds, they hear their God complain;
 Who suffer'd not the Reeds to rise in vain: 34
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænalian* Strain.

Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing Fair:
 When such is *Nisa's* choice, what Lover can despair!
 Now Griffons join with Mares; another Age
 Shall see the Hound and Hind their Thirst assuage,
 Promiscuous at the Spring: Prepare the Lights, 40
 O *Mopsus*! and perform the bridal Rites.
 Scatter thy Nuts among the scrambling Boys:
 Thine is the Night; and thine the Nuptial Joys.
 For thee the Sun declines: O happy Swain! 44
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænalian* Strain.

O, *Nisa*! Justly to thy Choice condemn'd,
 Who hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd!
 For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing Herd,
 Scorn'd my thick Eye-brows, and my shaggy Beard.
 Unhappy *Damon* sighs, and sings in vain: 50
 While *Nisa* thinks no God regards a Lover's pain.
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Mænalian* Strain.

I view'd thee first; how fatal was the View!
 And led thee where the ruddy Wildings grew, [Dew.
 High on the planted Hedge, and wet with Morning
 Then scarce the bending Branches I cou'd win; 56
 The callow Down began to cloath my Chin;

I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my Pain:
Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

I know thee, Love; in Desarts thou wert bred; 60
And at the Dugs of Salvage Tygers fed:
Alien of Birth, Usurper of the Plains:
Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strains.

Relentless Love the cruel Mother led,
The Blood of her unhappy Babes to shed: 65
Love lent the Sword; the Mother struck the blow;
Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou.
Alien of Birth, Usurper of the Plains:
Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strains.

Old doting Nature change thy Course anew: 70
And let the trembling Lamb the Wolf pursue:
Let Oaks now glitter with *Hesperian* Fruit,
And purple Daffodil from Alder shoot.
Fat Amber let the Tamarisk distil:
And hooting Owls contend with Swans in Skill. 75
Hoarse *Tity'rus* strive with *Orpheus* in the Woods:
And challenge fam'd *Arion* on the Floods.
Or, oh! let Nature cease; and *Chaos* reign:
Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

Let Earth be Sea; and let the whelming Tide, 80
The lifeless Limbs of luckless *Damon* hide:

Farewel, ye secret Woods, and shady Groves,
 Haunts of my Youth, and conscious of my Loves!
 From yon high Cliff I plunge into the Main;
 Take the last Present of thy dying Swain: 85 }
 And cease, my silent Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

Now take your Turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
 His Friend's Complaints; and mighty Magick Verse.
 Bring running Water; bind those Altars round
 With Fillets; and with Vervain strow the Ground:
 Make fat with Frankincense the sacred Fires; 91
 To re-inflame my *Daphnis* with Desires.
 'Tis done, we want but Verse. Restore, my Charms,
 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by Verse from Heav'n descends:
 And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulysses* Friends. 96
 Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake;
 And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake.
 Verse fires the frozen Veins: Restore, my Charms,
 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms. 100

Around his waxen Image first I wind
 Three woollen Fillets; of three Colours join'd:
 Thrice bind about his thrice devoted Head,
 Which round the sacred Altar thrice is led.
 Unequal Numbers please the Gods: my Charms, 105
 Restore my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Knit with three knots, the Fillets, knit 'em straight;
 Then say, These Knots to Love I consecrate.
 Haste, *Amaryllis*, haste; Restore, my Charms,
 My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms. 110

As Fire this Figure hardens, made of Clay;
 And this of Wax with Fire consumes away;
 Such let the Soul of cruel *Daphnis* be;
 Hard to the rest of Women; soft to me.
 Crumble the sacred Mole of Salt and Corn, 115
 Next in the Fire the Bays with Brimstone burn.
 And while it crackles in the Sulphur, say,
 This, I for *Daphnis* burn; thus *Daphnis* burn away.
 This Laurel is his Fate: Restore, my Charms,
 My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms. 120

As when the raging Heifer, through the Grove,
 Stung with Desire, pursues her wand'ring Love;
 Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy Pools,
 To quench her thirst, and on the Rushes rowls:
 Careless of Night, unmindful to return, 125
 Such fruitless Fires perfidious *Daphnis* burn.
 While I so scorn his Love; Restore, my Charms,
 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

These Garments once were his; and left to me;
 The Pledges of his promis'd Loyalty: 130
 Which

Which underneath my Threshold I bestow;
These Pawns, O sacred Earth! to me my *Daphnis* owe.
As these were his, so mine is he; my Charms,
Restore their lingring Lord to my deluded Arms.

These pois'nous Plants, for Magick use design'd, 135
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful Kind,)
Old *Maeris* brought me from the *Pontick* Strand:
And cull'd the Mischief of a bounteous Land.
Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices, on the Plain,
He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train: 140
And oft the mighty Negromancer boasts,
With these, to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts:
And from the roots to tear the standing Corn;
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant Fields is born.
Such is the strength of Spells; restore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms. 146

Bear out these Ashes; cast 'em in the Brook;
Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither Gods, nor Godlike Verse can move,
Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle smother'd Love.
Exert your utmost pow'r, my lingring Charms, 151
And force my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking Ashes rise, and round our Altars play!

Run to the Threshold, *Amaryllis*, hark,
 Our *Hylas* opens, and begins to bark.
 Good Heav'n! may Lovers what they wish believe;
 Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive!
 No more, my *Daphnis* comes; no more, my Charms;
 He comes, he runs, he leaps to my desiring Arms. 160





The Ninth Pastoral.

O R,

LYCIDAS and MOERIS.

The ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the Favour of Augustus, had recover'd his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take Possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurian, to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperor, in reward of his Service against Brutus and Cassius. This Pastoral therefore is fill'd with Complaints of his hard Usage; and the Persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of Virgil, Moeris, and his Friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.



O Moeris! whether on thy way so fast?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O Lycidas, at last

The Time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)
When the grim Captain in a surly Tone
Cries out, pack up ye Rascals, and be gone.

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Kick'd out, we set the best Face on't we cou'd,
 And these two Kids t'appease his angry Mood,
 I bear, of which the Furies give him good.

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LYCIDAS.

Your Country Friends were told another Tale;
 That from the sloaping Mountain to the Vale,
 And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs and Rhymes
 Prevail as much in these hard Iron Times, 16
 As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that rise
 Against an Eagle fousing from the Skies.
 And had not *Phæbus* warn'd me by the croak
 Of an old Raven, from a hollow Oak, 20
 'To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,
 And *Moeris* not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heav'n defend! cou'd barb'rous Rage induce
 The Brutal Son of *Mars*, t'insult the sacred Muse!
 Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse
 The Waters gliding in a smoother Verse! 26
 Or *Amaryllis* praise, that Heav'nly Lay,
 That shorten'd as we went, our tedious Way.
 O *Tity'rus*, tend my Herd, and see them fed;
 To Morning Pastures, Evening Waters led: 30
 And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfinish'd He to *Varus* read;

Thy Name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Pow'rs
 Preserve our Plains, and shield the *Mantuan* Tow'rs,
 Obnoxious by *Cremona's* neighb'ring Crime,) 35
 The Wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd Rhyme,
 Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
 Th' immortal Gift of Gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
 So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid: 40
 So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend,
 And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend.
 Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
 Me free, a Member of the tuneful trade:
 At least the Shepherds seem to like my Lays, 45
 But I discern their Flatt'ry from their Praise:
 I nor to *Cinna's* Ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire;
 But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like Quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my Mind:
 Nor are they Verses of a Vulgar Kind. 50
 Come, *Galatea*, come, the Seas forsake;
 What Pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse Murmurs
 See, on the Shore inhabits purple Spring; [make?
 Where Nightingales their Love-sick Ditty sing; 54
 See, Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the
 Ground,
 The Grottoes cool, with shady Poplars crown'd,
 And creeping Vines on Arbours weav'd around. }

Come then, and leave the Wayes tumultuous roar,
Let the wild Surges vainly beat the Shore.

LYCIDAS.

Or that sweet Song I heard with such delight; 60
The same you sung alone one starry Night;
The Tune I still retain, but not the Words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, dost thou search in old Records,
To know the Seasons when the Stars arise?
See *Cæsar's* Lamp is lighted in the Skies: 65
The Star, whose Rays the blushing Grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;
Thy Childrens Children shall enjoy the Fruit.
The rest I have forgot, for Cares and Time 70
Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhyme:
I cou'd have once sung down a Summer's Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
My Voice grows hoarse; I feel the Notes decay,
As if the Wolves had seen me first to Day. 75
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing

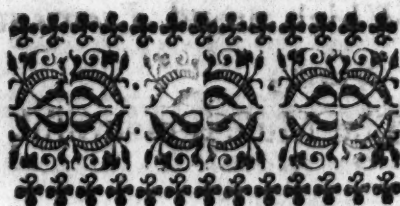
LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more;
And now the Waves rowl silent to the Shore.
Husht Winds the topmost Branches scarcely bend, 80
As if thy tuneful Song they did attend:

Already we have half our way o'ercome;
 Far off I can discern *Bianor's* Tomb;
 Here, where the Labourer's hands have form'd a Bow'r
 Of wreathing Trees, in Singing waste an Hour. 85
 Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
 We've Day before us yet, to reach the Town:
 Or if e'er Night the gath'ring Clouds we fear,
 A Song will help the beating Storm to bear.
 And that thou may'st not be too late abroad, 90
 Sing, and I'll ease thy Shoulders of thy Load.

MOERIS.

Cease to request me, let us mind our way;
 Another Song requires another Day.
 When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoice,
 And find a Friend at Court, I'll find a Voice. 95



The Tenth Pastoral.

O R,

G A L L U S.

The ARGUMENT.

Gallus a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in Love with one Citheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forsaken him for the Company of a Soldier. The Poet therefore supposes his Friend Gallus retir'd in his height of Melancholy into the Solitudes of Arcadia, (the celebrated Scene of Pastorals;) where he represents him in a very languishing Condition, with all the Rural Deities about him, pitying his hard Usage, and condoling his Misfortune.



HY sacred Succour, *Arethusa*, bring,
To crown my Labour: 'tis the last I sing.
Which proud *Lycoris* may with Pity
view;
The Muse is mournful, tho' the Num-
bers few.

Refuse me not a Verse, to Grief and *Gallus* due. 5
So may thy Silver Streams beneath the Tide,
Unmix'd with briny Seas, securely glide.



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Sing then, my *Gallus*, and his hopeless Vows;
 Sing, while my Cattle crop the tender Browze.
 The vocal Grove shall answer to the Sound, 10
 And Echo, from the Vales, the tuneful Voice rebound.
 What Lawns or Woods withheld you from his Aid,
 Ye Nymphs, when *Gallus* was to Love betray'd; }
 To Love, unpity'd by the cruel Maid? }
 Not steepy *Pindus* cou'd retard your Course, 15
 Nor cleft *Parnassus*, nor th' *Aonian* Source:
 Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend
 Your Aid to *Gallus*, *Gallus* is their Friend.
 For him the lofty Laurel stands in Tears. 19
 And hung with humid Pearls the lowly Shrub appears.
Menalian Pines the Godlike Swain bemoan;
 When spread beneath a Rock he sigh'd alone; }
 And cold *Lyceus* wept from every dropping Stone. }
 The Sheep surround their Shepherd, as he lyes:
 Blush not, sweet Poet, nor the name despise: 25
 Along the Streams his Flock *Adonis* fed;
 And yet the Queen of Beauty blest his Bed.
 The Swains and tardy Neat-herds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating Winter Mast. 29
 Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy Flame;
 Yet, more amaz'd, thy own *Apollo* came.
 Flush'd were his Cheeks, and glowing were his Eyes:
 Is she thy Care, is she thy Care, he cries?
 Thy false *Lycoris* flies thy Love and thee;
 And for thy Rival tempts the raging Sea, 35 }
 The Forms of horrid War, and Heav'ns Inclemency. }

Sylvanus came: his Brows a Country Crown
 Of Fennel, and of nodding Lillies, drown.
 Great *Pan* arriv'd; and we beheld him too,
 His Cheeks and Temples of Vermilion Hue.
 Why, *Gallus*, this immod'rate Grief, he cry'd:
 Think'st thou that Love with Tears is satisfy'd?
 The Meads are sooner drunk with Morning Dews;
 The Bees with flow'ry Shrubs, the Goats with Brouze.
 Unmov'd, and with dejected Eyes, he mourn'd:
 He paus'd, and then these broken Words return'd.
 'Tis past; and pity gives me no Relief:
 But you, *Arcadian* Swains, shall sing my Grief:
 And on your Hills, my last Complaints renew;
 So sad a Song is only worthy you.
 How light wou'd lye the Turf upon my Breast,
 If you my Suff'rings in your Songs exprest?
 Ah! that your Birth and Bus'ness had been mine;
 To penn the Sheep, and press the swelling Vine!
 Had *Phyllis* or *Amyntas* caus'd my Pain,
 Or any Nymph, or Shepherd on the Plain,
 Tho' *Phyllis* brown, tho' black *Amyntas* were,
 Are Violets not sweet, because not fair?
 Beneath the Sallows, and the shady Vine,
 My Loves had mix'd their pliant Limbs with mine;
Phyllis with Myrtle Wreaths had crown'd my Hair,
 And soft *Amyntas* sung away my Care.
 Come, see what Pleasures in our Plains abound;
 The Woods, the Fountains, and the flow'ry ground.

As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
Here cou'd I live, and love, and dye with only you.

65

Now I to fighting Fields am sent afar,
And strive in Winter Camps with toils of War;
While you, (alas, that I thould find it so!)

To shun my fight, your Native Soil forego,
And climb the frozen *Alps*, and tread th' eternal Snow. } 70

Ye Frosts and Snows her tender Body spare,
Those are not Limbs for Ysicles to tear.

For me, the Wilds and Desarts are my Choice;
The Muses, once my Care; my once harmonious Voice.
There will I sing, forsaken and alone, 76

The Rocks and hollow Caves shall echo to my Moan.
The Rind of ev'ry Plant her Name shall know;
And as the Rind extends, the Love shall grow.

Then on *Arcadian* Mountains will I chase 80
(Mix'd with the Woodland Nymphs) the Savage Race.

Nor Cold shall hinder me, with Horns and Hounds,
To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds.

And now methinks o'er steepy Rocks I go;

And rush through sounding Woods, and bend the *Par-*
thian Bow: 85

As if with Sports my Sufferings I could ease,
Or by my Pains the God of Love appease.

My Frenzy changes, I delight no more

On Mountain tops, to chace the tusky Boar;

No Game but hopeless Love my thoughts pursue: 90

Once more ye Nymphs, and Songs, and sounding
Woods adieu.

Love alters not for us, his hard Decrees,
 Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* Clime we freeze;
 Or *Italy's* indulgent Heav'n forego;
 And in mid-Winter tread *Sithonian* Snow. 95
 Or when the Barks of Elms are scorch'd, we keep
 On *Meroes* burning Plains the *Lybian* Sheep.
 In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
 Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love.
 My Muses, here your sacred Raptures end: 100
 The Verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring Friend.
 This while I sung, my Sorrows I deceiv'd,
 And bending Osiers into Baskets weav'd.
 The Song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine:
 And *Gallus* will approve, because 'tis mine. 105
Gallus, for whom my holy Flames renew,
 Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view:
 As Alders, in the Spring, their Boles extend;
 And heave so fiercely, that the Bark they rend.
 Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades 110
 The Singer's Voice, who sings beneath the Shades.
 From Juniper, unwholsom Dews distill, [kill;
 That blast the sooty Corn; the with'ring Herbage
 Away, my Goats, away: for you have browz'd your
 fill.



VIRGIL's Georgics;

Dedicated to the

EARL of Chesterfield.

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VIRGIL's Georgics;

Dedicated to the

EARL of Chesterfield.

ARGLL'S Georgics;

Dedicated to the

EARL of Chesham

To the Right Honourable
Philip Earl of Chesterfield, &c.

My Lord,



*Cannot begin my Address to
 your Lordship, better than in
 the words of Virgil,*

— *Quod optanti, Divum pro-*
mittere Nemo
Auderit, volvenda Dies, en, attulit ultrò.

*Seven Years together I have conceal'd the
 longing which I had to appear before you:
 A time as tedious as Æneas pass'd in his
 wandring Voyage, before he reach'd the pro-
 mis'd Italy. But I consider'd, that nothing
 which my meanness cou'd produce, was wor-
 thy of your Patronage. At last this happy
 Occasion offer'd, of Presenting to you the
 best Poem of the best Poet. If I balk'd this
 opportunity, I was in despair of finding such
 another; and if I took it, I was still uncer-
 tain whether you wou'd vouchsafe to accept*

To the Right Honourable

it from my hands. 'Twas a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy Labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes: And you have been pleas'd not to suffer an Old Man to go discontented out of the World, for want of that protection, of which he had been so long Ambitious. I have known a Gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before King Charles the Second, tho' he much desir'd it: At length he took the Confidence to attend a fair Lady to the Court, and told his Majesty, that under her protection he had presum'd to wait on him. With the same humble Confidence I present my self before your Lordship, and attending on Virgil hope a gracious reception. The Gentleman succeeded, because the powerful Lady was his Friend; but I have too much injur'd my great Author, to expect he should intercede for me. I wou'd have Translated him, but according to the litteral French and Italian Phrases, I fear I have traduc'd him. 'Tis the fault of many a well-meaning Man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavour'd to do a service. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his Age, when his Judgment was at the height, and before his Fancy was declining. He had, (according to our homely Saying) his full swing at
this

this Poem, beginning it about the Age of Thirty Five; and scarce concluding it before he arriv'd at Forty. 'Tis observ'd both of him, and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great Poets; that though they wrote before with a certain heat of Genius which inspir'd them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is requir'd a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and Noblest Fruits. Thus Horace in his First and Second Book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his Meridian till the Third. After which his Judgment was an overpoize to his Imagination: He grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he descended in his Fourth by slow degrees, and in his Satires and Epistles, was more a Philosopher and a Critick than a Poet. In the beginning of Summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the Diurnal Motion of the Sun partakes more of a Right Line, than of a Spiral. The same is the Method of Nature in the frame of Man. He seems at Forty to be fully in his Summer Tropick; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his Soul but small increases or decays. From Fifty to Threescore the Ballance generally holds even, in our colder Clymates: For he loses not much in Fancy, and Judgment, which is the effect of Observation, still en-

creases: His succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own Harvest: Yet if his Constitution be healthful, his Mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the Gleanings of that Ephraim, in Comparison with others, will surpass the Vintage of Abiezer. I have call'd this somewhere by a bold Metaphor, a green Old Age; but Virgil has given me his Authority for the Figure.

Jam Senior; fed Cruda Deo, viridisq; Senectus.

Amongst those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter Spring, your Lordship is a rare Example: Who being now arriv'd at your great Clymaeterique, yet give no proof of the least decay of your Excellent Judgment, and comprehension of all things, which are within the compass of Humane Understanding. Your Conversation is as easie as it is instructive, and I cou'd never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said: but a natural unaffected Modesty, full of good sense, and well digested. A clearness of Notion, express'd in ready and unstudied words. No man has complain'd, or ever can, that you have discours'd too long on any Subject: for you leave us in an eagerness of Learning more; pleas'd with what we hear, but not satisfy'd, because

you will not speak so much as we cou'd wish. I dare not excuse your Lordship from this fault; for though 'tis none in you, 'tis one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess the Criticks make it one of Virgil's Beauties, that having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the Imagination of his Readers to supply: That they might gratifie their fancies, by finding more, in what he had written, than at first they cou'd; and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there before-hand, and he only sav'd himself the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your Lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty Curse to him who invented Ceremonies in the World, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing, when it was my interest as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your Lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your Youth. For too much of heat is requir'd at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A Prodigal Fire is only capable of large remains: And yours, my Lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The Blaze is not so fierce as at the first, but the Smoak is wholly vanish'd; and your Friends who stand about you, are not only

sensible of a chearful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small Observations of Mankind, I have ever found, that such as are not rather too full of Spirit when they are young, degenerate to dulness in their Age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the Principles are only Phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish Matter, but an insipid Manhood, and a stupid old Infancy; Discretion in Leading-strings, and a confirm'd Ignorance on Crutches? Virgil in his Third Georgic, when he describes a Colt, who promises a Courser for the Race, or for the Field of Battel, shews him the first to pass the Bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the Flood. His beginnings must be in rashness; a Noble Fault: But Time and Experience will correct that Errour, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weigh'd Courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your Lordship is a Man of Honour, not only so unstain'd, but so unquestion'd, that you are the living Standard of that Heroick Vertue; so truly such, that if I wou'd flatter you, I cou'd not. It takes not from you, that you were born with Principles of Generosity and Probity: But it adds to you, that you have cultivated Nature, and made those Principles, the

Rule and Measure of all your Actions. The World knows this, without my telling: Yet Poets have a right of Recording it to all Posterity.

Dignum Laude Virum, Musa vetat Mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteem'd the worse Commanders, for having made Philosophy, and the Liberal Arts their Study. Cicero might have been their Equal, but that he wanted Courage. To have both these Vertues, and to have improv'd them both, with a softness of Manners, and a sweetness of Conversation, few of our Nobility can fill that Character: One there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

Digito monstrari, & dicier Hic est.

To be Nobly Born, and of an Ancient Family, is in the extreams of Fortune, either good or bad; for Virtue and Descent are no Inheritance. A long Series of Ancestours shews the Native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his Line, the least Spot is visible on Ermine. But to preserve this whiteness in its Original Purity, you, my Lord, have, like that Ermine, forsaken the common Track of Business,

which is not always clean: You have chosen for your self a private Greatness, and will not be polluted with Ambition. It has been observ'd in former times, that none have been so greedy of Employments, and of managing the Publick, as they who have least deserv'd their Stations. But such only merit to be call'd Patriots, under whom we see their Country Flourish. I have laugh'd sometimes (for who wou'd always be a Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those Men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the World. I have seen many Successions of them; some bolting out upon the Stage with vast applause, and others hiss'd off, and quitting it with disgrace. But while they were in action, I have constantly observ'd, that they seem'd desirous to retreat from Business: Greatness they said was nauseous, and a Crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their Ambition. Some few of them I believe said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their Age with ease: They saw the Happiness of a private Life, and promis'd to themselves a Blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferr'd it, and linger'd still at Court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy: They wou'd have more, and laid in to make their

Solitude Luxurious. A wretched Philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his Garden: They lov'd the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession; they wou'd first be Old, and made as sure of Health and Life, as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of a present choice, and they preferr'd continuance in Power: Like the Wretch who call'd Death to his assistance, but refus'd it when he came. The Great Scipio was not of their Opinion, who indeed sought Honours in his Youth, and indur'd the Fatigues with which he purchas'd them. He serv'd his Country when it was in need of his Courage and Conduct, 'till he thought it was time to serve himself: But dismounted from the Saddle, when he found the Beast which bore him, began to grow restiff and ungovernable. But your Lordship has given us a better Example of Moderation. You saw betimes that Ingratitude is not confin'd to Commonwealths; and therefore though you were form'd alike, for the greatest of Civil Employments, and Military Commands, yet you push'd not your Fortune to rise in either; but contented your self with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your Country with your Sword, or assisting it with your Counsel, when you were call'd. For the rest, the re-

spect and love which was paid you, not only in the Province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise Exchange, for the Honours of the Court: A place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well deservers. 'Tis necessary for the polishing of Manners, to have breath'd that Air, but 'tis infectious even to the best Morals to live always in it. 'Tis a dangerous Commerce, where an honest Man is sure at the first of being Cheated; and he recovers not his Losses, but by learning to Cheat others. The undermining Smile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plausible Conversation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet 'tis good to have been a looker on, without venturing to play; that a Man may know false Dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a Court, but him who forsakes it because he knows it. A young Man deserves no praise, who out of melancholy Zeal leaves the World before he has well try'd it, and runs headlong into Religion. He who carries a Maidenhead into a Cloyster, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his Repentance. He only is like to endure Austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of Pleasures. For almost every Man will be making Ex-

periments in one part or another of his Life: And the danger is the less when we are young: For having try'd it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your Lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a Retreat; and not to have chosen it 'till you had maturely weigh'd the advantages of rising higher with the hazards of the fall. *Res non parva labore, sed relictâ*, was thought by a Poet, to be one of the requisites to a happy Life. Why shou'd a reasonable Man put it into the Power of Fortune to make him miserable, when his Ancestours have taken care to release him from her? Let him venture, says Horace, *Qui Zonam perdidit*. He who has nothing, plays securely, for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful Estate, and is Ambitious of Offices at Court, sets a stake to Fortune, which she can seldom answer: If he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In short, however he succeeds, 'tis Covetousness that induc'd him first to play, and Covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom. The Odds are against him that he loses, and one loss may be of more

consequence to him, than all his former winnings. 'Tis like the present War of the Christians against the Turk ; every year they gain a Victory, and by that a Town ; but if they are once defeated, they lose a Province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole Empire. You, my Lord, enjoy your quiet in a Garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your Mind. A good Conscience is a Port which is Land-lock'd on every side, and where no Winds can possibly invade, no Tempests can arise. There a Man may stand upon the Shore, and not only see his own Image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturb'd and silent waters. Reason was intended for a Blessing, and such it is to Men of Honour and Integrity ; who desire no more, than what they are able to give themselves ; like the happy Old Corycian, whom my Author describes in his Fourth Georgic ; whose Fruits and Salads on which he liv'd contented, were all of his own growth, and his own Plantation. Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a Country Life are not compleat, without an improvement of Knowledge by Contemplation and Reading.

O Fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint
Agricolas!

'Tis but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: A foundation of good Sense, and a cultivation of Learning, are requir'd to give a seasoning to Retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestow'd on your Lordship the first of these, and you have bestow'd on your self the second. Eden was not made for Beasts, though they were suffer'd to live in it, but for their Master, who studied God in the Works of his Creation. Neither cou'd the Devil have been happy there with all his Knowledge, for he wanted Innocence to make him so. He brought Envy, Malice, and Ambition into Paradise, which sour'd to him the sweetness of the Place. Wherever inordinate Affections are, 'tis Hell. Such only can enjoy the Country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their Passions behind them in the Town. Then they are prepar'd for Solitude; and in that Solitude is prepar'd for them

Et secura quies, & nescia fallere vita.

As I began this Dedication with a Verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another. The

76 To the Right Honourable, &c.

*continuance of your Health, to enjoy that
Happiness which you so well deserve, and
which you have provided for your self, is the
sincere and earnest Wish of*

Your Lordship's most Devoted,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
G E O R G I C S.



VIRGIL may be reckon'd the first who introduc'd three new kinds of Poetry among the *Romans*, which he Copied after three the Greatest Masters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homer* have still disputed for the advantage over him in *Pastoral* and *Heroicks*, but I think all are Unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Hesiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the Sweetness and Rusticity of a *Pastoral* cannot be so well exprest in any other Tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixt and qualified with the *Doric* Dialect; nor can the Majesty of an Heroick Poem any where appear so well as in this Language, which has a Natural

greatness in it, and can be often render'd more deep and sonorous by the Pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the middle Stile, where the Writers in both Tongues are on a Level: we see how far *Virgil* has excell'd all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of Criticism spent on *Virgil's Pastorals* and *Aeneids*, but the *Georgics* are a Subject which none of the *Criticks* have sufficiently taken into their Consideration; most of 'em passing it over in Silence, or casting it under the same head with *Pastoral*; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the Stile of a Husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic* as that of a Shepherd is in *Pastoral*. But tho' the Scene of both these Poems lies in the same place; the Speakers in them are of a quite different Character, since the Precepts of Husbandry are not to be deliver'd with the simplicity of a Plow-man, but with the address of a Poet. No Rules therefore that relate to *Pastoral*, can any way effect the *Georgics*, which fall under that Class of Poetry which consists in giving plain and direct Instructions to the Reader; whether they be Moral Duties, as those of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or Philosophical Speculations, as those of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or

Rules of Practice, as those of *Hesiod* and *Virgil*. Among these different kinds of Subjects, that which the *Georgics* goes upon, is I think the meanest and the least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of Morality, besides the Natural Corruption of our Tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from Ideas of Sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those Beautiful Descriptions and Images which are the Spirit and Life of Poetry. Natural Philosophy has indeed sensible Objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the Reader with the Intricacy of its Notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its Disputes. But this kind of Poetry I am now speaking of, addresses it self wholly to the Imagination: It is altogether Conversant among the Fields and Woods, and has the most delightful part of Nature for its Province. It raises in our Minds a pleasing variety of Scenes and Landships, whilst it teaches us: and makes the dryest of its Precepts look like a Description. *A Georgic therefore is some part of the Science of Husbandry put into a pleasing Dress, and set off with all the Beauties and Embellishments of Poetry.* Now since this Science of Husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet shews his Skill in singling out such Precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time

most capable of Ornament. *Virgil* was so well acquainted with this Secret, that to set off his first *Georgic*, he has run into a set of Precepts, which are almost foreign to his Subject, in that Beautiful account he gives us of the Signs in Nature, which precede the Changes of the Weather.

And if there be so much Art in the choice of fit Precepts, there is much more requir'd in the Treating of 'em; that they may fall in after each other by a Natural unforc'd Method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous Light. They shou'd all be so finely wrought together in the same Piece, that no course Seam may discover where they join; as in a curious Brede of Needle-work, one Colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this Body of Precepts into a clear and easie Method, unless they are deliver'd to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: For there are several ways of conveying the same Truth to the Mind of Man, and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes Poetry from Prose, and makes *Virgil's* Rules of Husbandry pleasanter to read than *Varro's*. Where the Prose-writer
tells

tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals the Precept in a description, and represents his Country-man performing the Action in which he wou'd instruct his Reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the Truth, which he wou'd communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing Circumstance of this Truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the Understanding. I shall give one Instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the Reader may see the different ways *Virgil* has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of Expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it wou'd have been. It is in the Second *Georgic* where he tells us what Trees will bear Grafting on each other.

*Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus,
Vertere in alterius, mutatamq; insita mala
Ferre pyrum, & prunis lapidosa rubescere
cornu.*

*—Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,
Cistaneæ fagos, ornusq; incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemq; fues fregere sub
ulmis.*

*—Nec longum tempus: & ingens
Exijt ad Cælum ramis felicibus arbor;
Miraturq; novas frondes & non sua poma.*

Here we see the Poet consider'd all the Effects of this Union between Trees of different kinds, and took notice of that Effect which had the most surprize, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of Writing is every where much in use among the Poets, and is particularly practis'd by *Virgil*, who loves to suggest a Truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it: To let us see just so much as will naturally lead the Imagination into all the parts that lie conceal'd. This is wonderfully diverting to the Understanding, thus to receive a Precept, that enters as it were through a By-way, and to apprehend an Idea that draws a whole train after it: For here the Mind, which is always delighted with its own Discoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own Faculties.

But since the inculcating Precept upon Precept, will at length prove tiresome to the Reader, if he meets with no other Entertainment, the Poet must take care not to encumber his Poem with too much Business; but sometimes to relieve the Subject with a Moral Reflection, or let it rest a while for

the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the *Georgic*: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the Subject, that so the whole Poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We shou'd never quite lose sight of the Country, tho' we are sometimes entertain'd with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil's* Descriptions of the Original of *Agriculture*, of the Fruitfulness of *Italy*, of a Country Life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal Argument and Design of the Poem. I know no one digression in the *Georgics* that may seem to contradict this Observation, besides that in the latter end of the First Book, where the Poet launches out into a discourse of the Battel of *Pharsalia*, and the Actions of *Augustus*: But it's worth while to consider how admirably he has turn'd the course of his narration into its proper Channel, and made his Husbandman concern'd even in what relates to the Battel, in those inimitable Lines,

*Scilicet & tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola in curvo terram molitus aratro,*

84 *An ESSAY on the Georgics.*

*Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaq; effossis mirabiter ossa sepulchris.*

And afterwards speaking of *Augustus's* Actions, he still remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole Poem:

— *Non ullus Aratro*

*Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in Ensem.*

We now come to the *Stile* which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present it self, and rise up to the Reader's View. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his Subject debase his *Stile*, and betray him into a meanness of Expression, but every where to keep up his Verse in all the Pomp of Numbers, and Dignity of Words.

I think nothing which is a Phrase or Saying in common talk, shou'd be admitted into a serious Poem: because it takes off from the Solemnity of the expression; and gives it too great a turn of Familiarity: much less ought

the low Phrases and Terms of Art, that are adapted to Husbandry, have any place in such a Work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its Subject, but in the pleasantest Dress that Poetry can bestow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of Words, wou'd not make use of *Tempore* but *Sidere* in his first Verse, and every where else abounds with *Metaphors*, *Grecisms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his Verse the greater Pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a *Plebeian* Stile. And herein consists *Virgil's* Master-piece, who has not only excell'd all other Poets, but even himself in the language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more strong and lively *Ideas* of things from his words, than we cou'd have done from the Objects themselves: and find our Imaginations more affected by his Descriptions, than they wou'd have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short Scheme of Rules, consider the different success that *Hesiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of Poetry, which may give us some further Notion of the Excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Hesiod*; If we may guess at his Character from his Writings, he had much

more of the Husbandman than the Poet in his Temper: He was wonderfully Grave, Discreet, and Frugal, he liv'd altogether in the Country, and was probably for his great Prudence the Oracle of the whole Neighbourhood. These Principles of good Husbandry ran through his Works, and directed him to the choice of Tillage and Merchandise, for the Subject of that which is the most Celebrated of them. He is every where bent on Instruction, avoids all manner of Digressions, and does not stir out of the Field once in the whole *Georgic*. His Method in describing Month after Month with its proper Seasons and Employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprize and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern Almanack in Verse. The Reader is carried through a course of Weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with Snow or Rain, Clouds or Sunshine in the next Description. His Descriptions indeed have abundance of Nature in them, but then it is Nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of *January*; the Wild-Beasts, says he, run shivering through the Woods with their Heads stooping to the Ground, and their Tails clapt between their Legs; the Goats and Oxen are almost dead with Cold; but

it is not so bad with the Sheep, because they have a thick Coat of Wooll about 'em. The Old Men too are bitterly pinch'd with the Weather, but the young Girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their Mothers by a warm Fire-side. Thus does the Old Gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of Tattle, rather than endeavour after a just Poetical Description. Nor has he shewn more of Art or Judgment in the Precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often so minute and full of Circumstances, that they weaken and un-nerve his Verse. But after all, we are beholding to him for the first rough *sketch* of a *Georgic*: where we may still discover something venerable in the Antickness of the Work; but if we wou'd see the Design enlarg'd, the Figures reform'd, the Colouring laid on, and the whole Piece finish'd, we must expect it from a greater Master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the Rules of Tillage and Planting into two Books, which *Hesiod* has dispatch'd in half a one; but has so rais'd the natural rudeness and simplicity of his Subject with such a significancy of Expression, such a Pomp of Verse, such variety of Transitions, and such a solemn Air in his Reflecti-

ons, that if we look on both Poets together we see in one the plainness of a down-right, Country-Man, and in the other, something of a rustick Majesty, like that of a *Roman* Dictator at the Plow-Tail. He delivers the meanest of his Precepts with a kind of Grandeur, he breaks the Clods and tosses the Dung about with an air of gracefulness. His Prognostications of the Weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his Husbandman's Observation; how he has enforc'd the Expression, and heighten'd the Images which he found in the Original.

The Second Book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its Metaphors than any of the rest. The Poet with a great Beauty applies Oblivion, Ignorance, Wonder, Desire and the like to his Trees. The last *Georgic* has indeed as many Metaphors, but not so daring as this; for Humane Thoughts and Passions may be more naturally ascrib'd to a Bee, than to an inanimate Plant. He who reads over the Pleasures of a Country Life, as they are describ'd by *Virgil* in the latter end of this Book, can scarce be of *Virgil's* Mind in preferring even the Life of a Philosopher to it.

We may I think read the Poet's Clime in his Description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the Writing of it.

—O *Quis me gelidis sub Montibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!*

And is every where mentioning among his chief Pleasures, the coolness of his Shades and Rivers, Vales and Grottos, which a more Northern Poet wou'd have omitted for the description of a Sunny Hill, and Fire-side.

The Third *Georgic* seems to be the most labour'd of 'em all; there is a wonderful Vigour and Spirit in the description of the Horse and Chariot-Race. The force of Love is represented in Noble Instances, and very Sublime Expressions. The *Scythian* Winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the Eye, that a Man can scarce look on it without shivering. The Murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the Poet strain'd hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the description of his Plague; and if the Reader wou'd see what success he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* seems no where so well pleas'd, as when he is got among his Bees in the Fourth

Georgic: And Ennobles the Actions of so trivial a Creature, with Metaphors drawn from the most important Concerns of Mankind. His Verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the Battles of *Aeneas* and *Turnus*, than in the Engagement of two Swarms. And as in his *Aeneis* he compares the Labours of his *Trojans* to those of Bees and Pismires, here he compares the Labours of the Bees to those of the *Cyclops*. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good Prelude to the *Aeneis*; and very well shew'd what the Poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the Mock-grandeur of an Insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little Platform of a Garden, which he gives us about the middle of this Book, than in all the spacious Walks and Water-works of *Rapine's*. The Speech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admir'd, and was indeed very fit to conclude so Divine a Work.

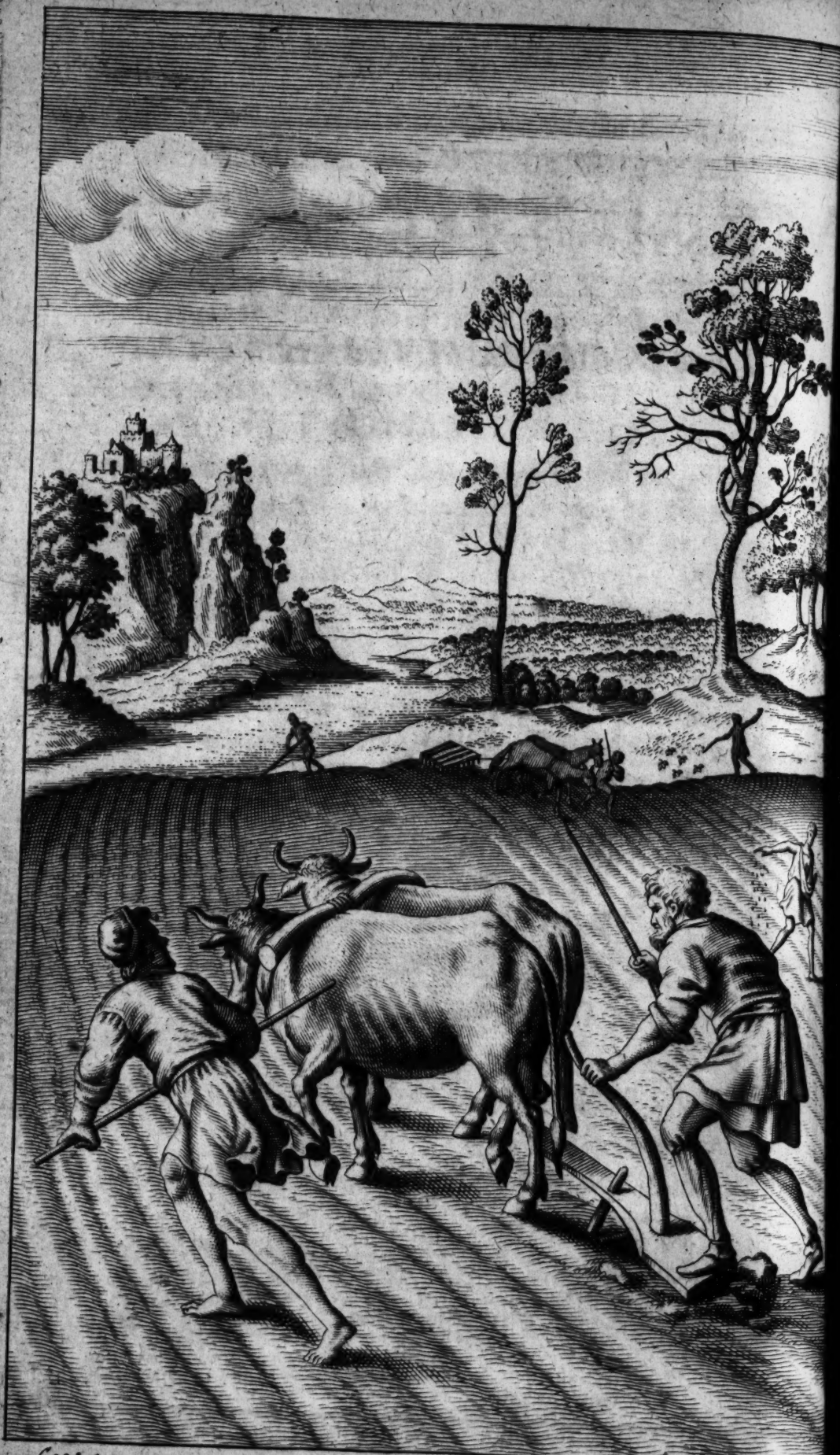
After this particular account of the Beauties in the *Georgics*, I shou'd in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But tho' I think there are some few parts in it that are not so Beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own Judgment,

than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay so long under *Virgil's* Correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first *Georgic* was probably Burlesqu'd in the Author's Life-time; for we still find in the Scholiasts a Verse that ridicules part of a Line Translated from *Hesiod*. *Nudus Ara, sere Nudus*——And we may easily guess at the Judgment of this extraordinary Critick, whoever he was, from his Censuring this particular Precept. We may be sure *Virgil* wou'd not have Translated it from *Hesiod*, had he not discover'd some Beauty in it; and indeed the Beauty of it is what I have before observ'd to be frequently met with in *Virgil*, the delivering the Precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of Sowing and Plowing naked, to suggest to us that these Employments are proper only in the hot Season of the Year.

I shall not here compare the Stile of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the Reader may see already done in the Preface to the Second Volume of *Miscellany Poems*; but shall conclude this Poem to be the most Compleat, Elaborate, and finisht Piece of all Antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a Nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety

of Beauties in it, but those of the *Georgic* are more exquisite. In short, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greatest Poet in the Flower of his Age, when his Invention was ready, his Imagination warm, his Judgment settled, and all his Faculties in their full Vigour and Maturity.





VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

The First Book of the Georgics:

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general Design of each Georgic: And after a solemn Invocation of all the Gods who are any way related to his Subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he complements with Divinity; and after strikes into his Business. He shews the different kinds of Tillage proper to different Soils, traces out the Original of Agriculture, gives a Catalogue of the Husbandman's Tools, specifies the Employments peculiar to each Season, describes the changes of the Weather, with the Signs in Heaven and Earth that fore-bode them. Instances many of the Prodigies that hapen'd near the time of Julius Cæsar's Death. And shuts up all with a Supplication to the Gods for the Safety of Augustus, and the Preservation of Rome.



WHAT makes a plenteous Harvest, when
to turn

The fruitful Soil, and when to sow
the Corn;

The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine;

And how to raise on Elms the teeming Vine:

The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,

5

I sing, *Mecænas*, and I sing to thee.

Ye Deities! who Fields and Plains protect,
 Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct;
Bacchus and fost'ring *Ceres*, Pow'rs Divine,
 Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine: 10
 Ye Fawns, propitious to the Rural Swains,
 Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,
 Join in my Work, and to my Numbers bring
 Your needful Succour, for your Gifts I sing.
 And thou, whose Trident struck the teeming Earth,
 And made a Passage for the Coursers Birth. 16
 And thou, for whom the *Cæan* Shore sustains
 Thy Milky Herds, that graze the Flow'ry Plains.
 And thou, the Shepherds tutelary God,
 Leave, for a while, O *Pan*! thy lov'd Abode: 20
 And, if *Arcadian* Fleeces be thy Care,
 From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.
 Inventor, *Pallas*, of the fat'ning Oyl,
 Thou Founder of the Plough and Plough-man's Toyl;
 And thou, whose Hands the Shrowd-like Cypress rear;
 Come all ye Gods and Goddesses, that wear 26 }
 The rural Honours, and increase the Year.
 You, who supply the Ground with Seeds of Grain;
 And you, who swell those Seeds with kindly Rain:
 And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd State 30
 Is yet the Business of the Gods Debate:
 Whether in after Times to be declar'd
 The Patron of the World, and *Rome's* peculiar Guard,

Or o'er the Fruits and Seasons to preside,
And the round Circuit of the Year to guide. 35

Pow'rful of Blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy Goddess Mother's Myrtle crown'd.

Or wilt thou, *Cæsar*, chuse the watry Reign,
To smoothe the Surges, and correct the Main?

Then Mariners, in Storms, to thee shall pray, 40

Ev'n utmost *Thule* shall thy Pow'r obey;

And *Neptune* shall resign the Fasces of the Sea.

The wat'ry Virgins for thy Bed shall strive,

And *Tethys* all her Waves in Dowry give. }

Or wilt thou bless our Summers with thy Rays, 45

And seated near the Ballance, poise the Days :

Where in the Void of Heav'n a Space is free,

Betwixt the *Scorpion* and the *Maid* for thee.

The *Scorpion* ready to receive thy Laws,

Yields half his Region, and contracts his Claws. 50

Whatever part of Heav'n thou shalt obtain,

For let not Hell presume of such a Reign;

Nor let so dire a Thirst of Empire move

Thy Mind, to leave thy Kindred Gods above:

Tho' *Greece* admires *Elysium*'s blest Retreat, 55

Tho' *Proserpine* affects her silent Seat,

And importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,

Prefers the Fields below to those above.

But thou, propitious *Cæsar*, guide my Course,

And to my bold Endeavours add thy Force. 60

Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's Cares,
 Int'rest thy Greatness in our mean Affairs,
 And use thy self betimes to hear and grant our Pray'rs.

While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
 Her frozen Bosom to the Western Winds; 65

While Mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,
 And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.

Ev'n in this early Dawning of the Year,
 Produce the Plough, and yoke the sturdy Steer,
 And goad him till he groans beneath his Toil, 70
 Till the bright Share is bury'd in the Soil.

That Crop rewards the greedy Peasant's Pains,
 Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,
 And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd
 But e'er we stir the yet unbroken Ground, 75

The various Course of Seasons must be found;
 The Weather, and the setting of the Winds,
 The Culture suiting to the sev'ral Kinds
 Of Seeds and Plants; and what will thrive and rise,
 And what the Genius of the Soil denies. 80

This ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* suits:
 That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.
 A fourth with Grass, unbidden, decks the Ground:

Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow Saffron crown'd:
India, black Ebon and white Ivory bears: 85
 And soft *Idume* weeps her od'rous Tears.

Thus *Pontus* sends her Beaver Stones from far;
 And naked *Spanyards* temper Steel for War.

Epirus

Epirus for th' *Elean* Chariot breeds,
(In hopes of Palms,) a Race of running Steeds. 90
This is the Orig'nal Contract; these the Laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,
On sundry Places, when *Deucalian* hurl'd
His Mother's Entrails on the desert World:
Whence Men, a hard laborious Kind, were born.
Then borrow part of Winter for thy Corn; 96 }
And early with thy Team the Gleebe in Furrows turn. }
That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,
Succeeding Suns may bake the Mellow Ground.
But if the Soil be barren, only scar 100
The Surface, and but lightly print the Share,
When cold *Arcturus* rises with the Sun:
Left wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run
In watry Soils; or left the barren Sand
Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land. 105
Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears,
And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Years:
That the spent Earth may gather heart again;
And, better'd by Cessation, bear the Grain.
At least where Vetches, Pulse, and Tares have stood,
And Stalks of Lupines grew (a stubborn Wood:) 111
Th' ensuing Season, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the Golden Year.
For Flax and Oats will burn the tender Field,
And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield. 115

But sweet Vicissitudes of Rest and Toyl
 Make easie labour, and renew the Soil.
 Yet sprinkle sordid Ashes all around,
 And load with fat'ning Dung thy fallow Ground.
 Thus change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best; 120
 And Earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,
 With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;
 When the light Stubble, to the Flames resign'd,
 Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind. 125
 Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth
 Is warm'd with secret Strength for better Birth;
 Or when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,
 Redundant Humours thro' the Pores expire; 129
 Or that the Warmth distends the Chinks, and makes
 New Breathings, whence new Nourishment she takes;
 Or that the Heat the gaping Ground constrains,
 New Knits the Surface, and new Strings the Veins;
 Left soaking Show'rs shou'd pierce her secret Seat,
 Or freezing *Boreas* chill her genial Heat; 135
 Or scorching Suns too violently beat.

Nor is the Profit small, the Peasant makes;
 Who smooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes
 The crumbling Clods: Nor *Ceres* from on high
 Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye; 140
 Nor his, who plows across the furrow'd Grounds,
 And on the Back of Earth inflicts new Wounds:

For he with frequent Exercise Commands
Th' unwilling Soil, and tames the stubborn Lands.

Ye Swains, invoke the Pow'rs who rule the Sky,
For a moist Summer, and a Winter dry: 146

For Winter drouth rewards the Peasant's Pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.

Hence *Myfia* boasts her Harvests, and the tops
Of *Gargarus* admire their happy Crops. 150

When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed:

So fenc'd from Cold; the plyant Furrows break,
Before the surly Clod resists the Rake.

And call the Floods from high, to rush amain 155
With pregnant Streams, to swell the teeming Grain.

Then when the fiery Suns too fiercely play,

And shrivell'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay,

The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,

Undams his watry Stores, huge Torrents flow; 160

And, ratling down the Rocks, large moisture yield,

Temp'ring the thirsty Fever of the Field.

And lest the Stem, too feeble for the freight,

Shou'd scarce sustain the head's unweildy weight,

Sends in his feeding Flocks betimes t'invade 165

The rising bulk of the luxuriant Blade;

E'er yet th' aspiring Off-spring of the Grain

O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd Plain:

And drains the standing Waters, when they yield

Too large a Bev'rage to the drunken Field. 170

But most in Autumn, and the show'ry Spring,
 When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring;
 When Fountains open, when impetuous Rain
 Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain;
 When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o're, 175
 Or hollow places spue their wat'ry Store.
 Nor yet the Ploughman, nor the lab'ring Steer,
 Sustain alone the hazards of the Year:
 But glutton Geese, and the *Strymonian* Crane,
 With foreign Troops, invade the tender Grain: 180
 And tow'ring Weeds malignant Shadows yield;
 And spreading *Succ'ry* choaks the rising Field.
 The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,
 Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Ease:
 And wills that Mortal Men, inur'd to toil, 185
 Shou'd exercise, with pains, the grudging Soil.
 Himself invented first the shining Share,
 And whetted Humane Industry by Care:
 Himself did Handy-Crafts and Arts ordain;
 Nor suffer'd Sloath to rust his active Reign. 190
 E'er this, no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground;
 Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:
 No Fences parted Fields, nor Marks nor Bounds
 Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds:
 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth 195
 Was free to give her unexacted Birth.
Jove added Venom to the Viper's Brood,
 And swell'd, with raging Storms, the peaceful Flood:

Commission'd hungry Wolves t'infest the Fold,
And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold. 200
Remov'd from Humane reach the chearful Fire,
And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire:

That studious Need might useful Arts explore;
From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store:
And force the Veins of clashing Flints t'expire 205
The lurking Seeds of their Cœlestial Fire.

Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam;
Then Sailers quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wandring Star:
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the Northern Car. 210

Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,
And deep-mouth Dogs did Forrest Walks surround:
And casting Nets were spread in shallow Brooks,
Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks.
Then Saws were tooth'd, and sounding Axes made; 215
(For Wedges first did yielding Wood invade.)

And various Arts in order did succeed,
(What cannot endless Labour urg'd by need?)

First *Ceres* taught, the Ground with Grain to sow,
And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough; 220
When now *Dodonian* Oaks no more supply'd
Their Mast, and Trees their Forrest-fruit deny'd.

Soon was his Labour doubl'd to the Swain,
And blasting Mildews blackned all his Grain. 224
Tough Thistles choak'd the Fields, and kill'd the Corn,
And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds was born.

Then Burrs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew
 Of graceless Guests, th' unhappy Field subdue:
 And Oats unblest, and Darnel domineers,
 And shoots its head above the shining Ears. 230
 So that unless the Land with daily Care
 Is exercis'd, and with an Iron War,
 Of Rakes and Harrows, the proud Foes expell'd,
 And Birds with clamours frighted from the Field;
 Unless the Boughs are lopp'd that shade the Plain, 235
 And Heav'n invok'd with Vows for fruitful Rain,
 On other Crops you may with envy look,
 And shake for Food the long abandon'd Oak.
 Nor must we pass untold what Arms they wield,
 Who labour Tillage and the furrow'd Field: 240
 Without whose aid the Ground her Corn denys,
 And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
 The crooked Plough, the Share, the tow'ring height
 Of Waggon, and the Cart's unweildy weight;
 The Sled, the Tumbril, Hurdles and the Flail, 245
 The Fan of *Bacchus*, with the flying Sail.
 These all must be prepar'd, if Ploughmen hope
 The promis'd Blessing of a Bounteous Crop.
 Young Elms with early force in Copses bow,
 Fit for the Figure of the crooked Plough. 250
 Of eight Foot long a fastned Beam prepare,
 On either side the Head produce an Ear,
 And sink a Socket for the shining Share. }



Of Beech the Plough-tail, and the bending Yoke;
Or softer Linden harden'd in the Smoke. 255

I cou'd be long in Precepts, but I fear
So mean a Subject might offend your Ear.

Delve of convenient Depth your thrashing Floor;
With temper'd Clay, then fill and face it o'er:
And let the weighty Rowler run the round, 260

To smoothe the Surface of th' unequal Ground;
Left crack'd with Summer Heats the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and thro' the Crannies Weeds arise.

For sundry Foes the Rural Realm surround:
The Field-Mouse builds her Garner under ground, 265
For gather'd Grain the blind laborious Mole,
In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole.

In hollow Caverns Vermine make abode,
The hissing Serpent, and the swelling Toad:
The Corn-devouring Weezel here abides, 270
And the wise Ant her wintry Store provides.

Mark well the flowering Almonds in the Wood;
If od'rous Blooms the bearing Branches load,
The Glebe will answer to the Sylvan Reign,
Great Heats will follow, and large Crops of Grain. 275
But if a Wood of Leaves o'ershade the Tree,
Such and so barren will thy Harvest be:

In vain the Hind shall vex the thrashing Floor,
For empty Chaff and Straw will be thy Store.
Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil 280
With vigorous Nitre, and with Lees of Oyl,

O'er gentle Fires; th' exuberant Juice to drain,
 And swell the flatt'ring Husks with fruitful Grain.
 Yet is not the Success for Years assur'd,
 Tho' chosen is the Seed, and fully cur'd; 285
 Unless the Peasant, with his Annual Pain,
 Renews his Choice, and culls the largest Grain.
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,
 Or Fates Decree, degen'rate still to worse.
 So the Boats brawny Crew the Current stem, 290
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream:
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the Flood with headlong haste they drive.
 Nor must the Ploughman less observe the Skies,
 When the *Kidds*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* rise, 295
 Than Saylor's homeward bent, who cut their Way
 Thro' *Helle's* stormy Streights, and Oyster-breeding Sea.
 But when *Astrea's* Ballance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky,
 Then Yoke your Oxen, sow your Winter Grain; 300
 Till cold *December* comes with driving Rain.
 Linesced and fruitful Poppy bury warm,
 In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.
 Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soil,
 And Millet rising from your Annual Toil; 305
 When with his Golden Horns, in full Cariere,
 The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year;
 And *Argos* and the *Dog* forsake the Northern Sphere. }

But if your Care to Wheat alone extend,
Let *Maja* with her Sisters first descend, 310 }
And the bright *Gnosian* Diadem downward bend:
Before you trust in Earth your future Hope;
Or else expect a listless lazy Crop.
Some Swains have sown before, but most have found
A husky Harvest, from the grudging Ground. 315
Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean,
The Growth of *Egypt*, or the Kidney-bean!
Begin when the slow Waggoner descends;
Nor cease your sowing till Mid-winter ends:
For this, thro' twelve bright Signs *Apollo* guides 320
The Year, and Earth in sev'ral Climes divides.
Five Girdles bind the Skies, the torrid Zone
Glows with the passing and repassing Sun.
Far on the right and left, th' extreams of Heav'n,
To Frosts and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n. 325
Betwixt the midst and these, the Gods assign'd
Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind:
And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve Signs in beauteous order sway.
Two Poles turn round the Globe; one seen to rise 330
O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Lybian* Skies.
The first sublime in Heav'n, the last is whirl'd
Below the Regions of the nether World.
Around our Pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding Stream the Bears divides; 335

The less and greater, who by Fates Decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea:
 There, as they say, perpetual Night is found
 In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere, 340
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,
 Red *Vesper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night.
 From hence uncertain Seasons we may know;
 And when to reap the Grain, and when to sow: 345
 Or when to fell the Furzes, when 'tis meet
 To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet.
 Observe what Stars arise or disappear;
 And the four Quarters of the rolling Year.
 But when cold Weather and continu'd Rain, 350
 The lab'ring Husband in his House restrain:
 Let him forecast his Work with timely care,
 Which else is huddl'd, when the Skies are fair: [Share. }
 Then let him mark the Sheep, or whet the shining }
 Or hollow Trees for Boats, or number o're 355
 His Sacks, or measure his increasing Store:
 Or sharpen Stakes, or head the Forks, or twine
 The Sallow Twigs to tye the stragling Vine:
 Or wicker Baskets weave, or aire the Corn,
 Or grinded Grain betwixt two Marbles turn. 360
 No Laws, Divine or Humane, can restrain
 From necessary Works, the lab'ring Swain.

Ev'n Holy-days and Feasts permission yield,
To float the Meadows, or to fence the Field,
To fire the Brambles, snare the Birds, and steep 365
In wholsom Water-falls the woolly Sheep.
And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n, with Toyl,
To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl:
Returning late, and loaden home with Gain
Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain. 370
The lucky Days, in each revolving Moon,
For Labour chuse: The Fifth be sure to shun;
That gave the Furies and pale *Pluto* Birth,
And arm'd, against the Skies, the Sons of Earth.
With Mountains pil'd on Mountains, thrice they strove
To scale the steepy Battlements of *Jove*: 375
And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid.
The Sev'nth is, next the Tenth, the best to join
Young Oxen to the Yoke, and plant the Vine. 380
Then Weavers stretch your Stays upon the West:
The Ninth is good for Travel, bad for Theft.
Some Works in dead of Night are better done;
Or when the Morning Dew prevents the Sun.
Parch'd Meads and Stubble mow, by *Phæbe's* Light;
Which both require the Coolness of the Night; 386
For Moisture then abounds, and Pearly Rains
Descend in Silence to refresh the Plains.
The Wife and Husband equally conspire,
To work by Night, and rake the Winter Fire: 390

He sharpens Torches in the glim'ring Room,
She shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom:
Or boils in Kettles Must of Wine, and skims
With Leaves, the Dregs that overflow the Brims.
And till the watchful Cock awakes the Day, 395
She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm Weather, when the Skies are clear,
By Daylight reap the Product of the Year:
And in the Sun your golden Grain display,
And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day. 400
Plough naked, Swain, and naked sow the Land,
For lazy Winter numbs the lab'ring Hand.
In Genial Winter, Swains enjoy their Store,
Forget their Hardships, and recruit for more.
The Farmer to full Bowls invites his Friends, 405
And what he got with Pains, with Pleasure spends.
So Saylor, when escap'd from stormy Seas,
First crown their Vessels, then indulge their Ease.
Yet that's the proper Time to thrash the Wood
For Mast of Oak, your Fathers homely Food. 410
To gather Laurel-berries, and the Spoil
Of bloody Myrtles, and to press your Oyl.
For stalking Cranes to set the guileful Snare,
T'inclose the Stags in Toyls, and Hunt the Hare.
With *Balearick* Slings, or *Gnossian* Bow, 415
To persecute from far the flying Doe.
Then, when the Fleecy Skies new cloath the Wood,
And cakes of rustling Ice come rolling down the Flood.

Now sing we stormy Stars, when Autumn weighs
The Year, and adds to Nights, and shortens Days;
And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays: 421

What Cares must then attend the toiling Swain;
Or when the low'ring Spring, with lavish Rain,
Beats down the slender Stem and bearded Grain:
While yet the Head is green, or lightly swell'd 425
With Milky-moisture, over-looks the Field.

Ev'n when the Farmer, now secure of Fear,
Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year:
Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden Sheafs in brittle bands: 430

Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise,
From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies:
The heavy Harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born;
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n; 435
And such a Winter wears the face of Heav'n:

And oft whole sheets descend of flucy Rain,
Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main:
The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown. 440

The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising Rivers float the nether ground; [bound. }
And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boiling Seas re- }
The Father of the Gods his Glory shrowds,
Involy'd in Tempests, and a Night of Clouds.

And from the middle Darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod;
And flying Beasts in Forests seek abode: 450
Deep horror seizes ev'ry Humane Breast,
Their Pride is humbled, and their Fear confess'd:
While he from high his rowling Thunder throws,
And fires the Mountains with repeated blows:
The Rocks are from their old Foundations rent; 455
The Winds redouble, and the Rains augment:
The Waves on heaps are dash'd against the Shoar,
And now the Woods, and now the Billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the starry Signs,
Where *Saturn* houses, and where *Hermes* joins. 460
But first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,
And Annual Gifts on *Ceres* Altars lay.
When Winter's rage abates, when chearful Hours
Awake the Spring, the Spring awakes the Flow'rs,
On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display, 465
And celebrate the mighty Mother's day.
For then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground:
With milder Beams the Sun securely shines;
Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines. 470
Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r Divine,
And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:

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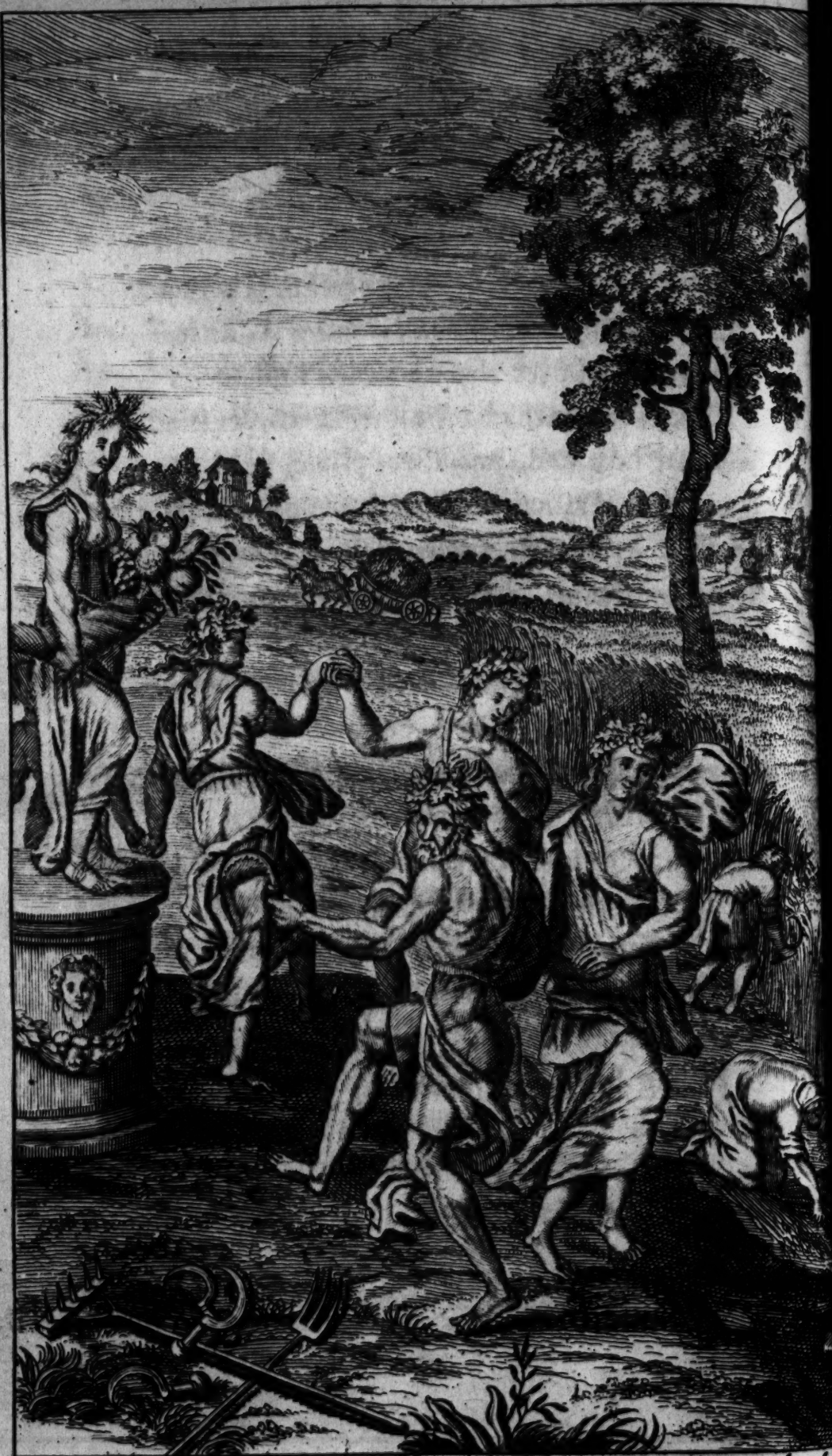
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Let all the Choir of Clowns attend the Show,
In long Processions, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores, 475
Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors.

Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,
Before the Sickles touch the ripening Wheat,
On *Ceres* call; and let the lab'ring Hind
With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind: 480
On *Ceres* let him call, and *Ceres* praise,
With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays.

And that by certain signs we may presage
Of Heats and Rains, and Wind's impetuous rage,
The Sov'reign of the Heav'ns has set on high 485
The Moon, to mark the Changes of the Sky:
When Southern blasts shou'd cease, and when the Swain
Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flocks restrain.

For e'er the rising Winds begin to roar,
The working Seas advance to wash the Shoar: 490
Soft whispers run along the leavy Woods,
And Mountains whistle to the murm'ring Floods:

Ev'n then the doubtful Billows scarce abstain
From the toss'd Vessel on the troubled Main:
When crying Cormorants forsake the Sea, 495
And stretching to the Covert wing their way:

When sportful Coots run skimming o'er the Strand;
When watchful Herons leave their watry Stand,
And mounting upward, with erected flight,
Gain on the Skies, and soar above the sight. 500

And oft before tempest'ous Winds arise,
 The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies;
 And, shooting through the darkness, gild the Night
 With sweeping Glories, and long trails of Light:
 And Chaff with eddy Winds is whirl'd around, 505
 And dancing Leaves are lifted from the Ground;
 And floating Feathers on the Waters play.
 But when the winged Thunder takes his way
 From the cold North, and East and West ingage,
 And at their Frontiers meet with equal rage, 510
 The Clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd Rain
 The hollow Ditches fills, and floats the Plain,
 And Sailors furl their dropping Sheets amain. }
 Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
 So plain the Signs, such Prophets are the Skies: 515
 The wary Crane foresees it first, and fails
 Above the Storm, and leaves the lowly Vales:
 The Cow looks up, and from afar can find
 The change of Heav'n, and snuffs it in the Wind.
 The Swallow skims the River's watry Face, 520
 The Frogs renew the Croaks of their loquacious Race.
 The careful Ant her secret Cell forsakes,
 And drags her Eggs along the narrow Tracks.
 At either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood,
 Huge Flocks of rising Rooks forsake their Food, 525 }
 And, crying, seek the Shelter of the Wood.
 Besides, the sev'ral sorts of wat'ry Fowls,
 That swim the Seas, or haunt the standing Pools:

The

The Swans that sail along the Silver Flood, 529
And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food;
Then lave their Backs with sprinkling Dews in vain,
And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain.
The Crow with clam'rous Cries the Show'r demands,
And single stalks along the Desert Sands.
The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel she plies. 535
Foresees the Storm impending in the Skies,
When sparkling Lamps their sputt'ring Light advance,
And in the Sockets Oily Bubbles dance.

Then after Show'rs, 'tis easie to descry
Returning Suns, and a serener Sky: 540
The Stars shine smarter, and the Moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd Beams, her sharpen'd Horns.
The filmy *Gossamer* now flitts no more,
Nor *Halcyons* bask on the short Sunny Shore:
Their Litter is not tofs'd by Sows unclean, 545
But a blue drouthy Mist descends upon the Plain.
And Owls, that mark the setting Sun, declare
A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.
Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Nifus* flies,
While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies. 550
Where ever frighted *Scylla* flies away,
Swift *Nifus* follows, and pursues his Prey.
Where injur'd *Nifus* takes his Airy Course,
Thence trembling *Scylla* flies and shuns his Force.
This punishment pursues th' unhappy Maid, 555
And thus the purple Hair is dearly paid.

Then, thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air,
And croaking Notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then, round their Airy Palaces they fly,
To greet the Sun; and seisd with secret Joy, 566
When Storms are over-blown, with Food repair
To their forsaken Nests, and callow Care.
Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls
Inspir'd, as Man, who Destiny controls.
But with the changeful Temper of the Skies, 569
As Rains condense, and Sun-shine rarifies;
So turn the Species in their alter'd Minds,
Compos'd by Calms, and discompos'd by Winds.
From hence proceeds the Birds harmonious Voice:
From hence the Cows exult, and frisking Lambs rejoice.
Observe the daily Circle of the Sun, 571
And the short Year of each revolving Moon:
By them thou shalt foresee the following day;
Nor shall a starry Night thy Hopes betray.
When first the Moon appears, if then she shrouds 574
Her silver Crescent, tip'd with sable Clouds;
Conclude she bodes a Tempest on the Main,
And brews for Fields impetuous Floods of Rain.
Or if her Face with fiery Flushing glow,
Expect the ratling Winds aloft to blow. 580
But four Nights old, (for that's the surest Sign,)
With sharpen'd Horns if glorious then she shine:
Next Day, nor only that, but all the Moon,
Till her revolving Race be wholly run;

Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea, 585
And Saylors in the Port their promis'd Vow shall pay.

Above the rest, the Sun, who never lies;
Foretels the change of Weather in the Skies:

For if he rise, unwilling to his Race,
Clouds on his Brow, and Spots upon his Face; 590

Or if thro' Mists he shoots his sullen Beams,
Frugal of Light, in loose and stragling Streams:

Suspect a drizzling Day, with Southern Rain,
Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks, and promis'd Grain.

Or if *Aurora*, with half open'd Eyes, 595
And a pale sickly Cheek, salute the Skies;

How shall the Vine, with tender Leaves, defend
Her teeming Clusters, when the Storms descend?

When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail,
To barr the Ruin of the ratling Hail. 600

But more than all, the setting Sun survey,
When down the steep of Heav'n he drives the Day.

For oft we find him finishing his Race,
With various Colours erring on his Face;

If fiery red his glowing Globe descends, 605
High Winds and furious Tempests he portends:

But if his Cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet Weather by his watry Hue:

If dusky Spots are vary'd on his Brow,
And, streak'd with red, a troubl'd Colour show; 610

That sullen Mixture shall at once declare
Winds, Rain, and Storms, and Elemental War.

What desp'rate Madman then wou'd venture o'er
 The *Frith*, or haul his Cables from the Shoar?
 But if with purple Rays he brings the Light,
 And a pure Heav'n resigns to quiet Night;
 No rising Winds, or falling Storms, are nigh:
 But Northern Breezes through the Forest fly:
 And drive the rack, and purge the ruff'd Sky.
 Th' unerring Sun by certain Signs declares,
 What the late Ev'n, or early Morn prepares:
 And when the South projects a stormy Day,
 And when the clearing North will puff the Clouds away.

The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky;
 And who dares give the Source of Light the Lye?
 The change of Empires often he declares,
 Fierce Tumults, hidden Treasons, open Wars.
 He first the Fate of *Cæsar* did foretel,
 And pity'd *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell.
 In Iron Clouds conceal'd the Publick Light:
 And Impious Mortals fear'd Eternal Night.

Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone:
 Nature her self stood forth, and seconded the Sun.
 Earth, Air, and Seas, with Prodigies were sign'd,
 And Birds obscene, and howling Dogs divin'd.
 What Rocks did *Ætna's* bellowing Mouth expire
 From her torn Entrails! and what Floods of Fire!
 What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar,
 Of Arms and Armies, rushing to the War!



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Dire Earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below, 640
 And from their Summits shook th' Eternal Snow.
 Pale Specters in the close of Night were seen;
 And Voices heard of more than Mortal Men.
 In silent Groves, dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,
 And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forsook: 645
 The yawning Earth disclos'd th' Abyfs of Hell:
 The weeping Statues did the Wars foretel;
 And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell. }
 Then rising in his Might, the King of Floods,
 Rusht thro' the Forests, tore the lofty Woods; 650
 And rowling onward, with a sweepy Sway,
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.
 Blood sprang from Wells, Wolves howl'd in Towns by
 And boding Victims did the Priests affright. [Night,
 Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high, 655
 Nor fork'y Light'nings flash'd from such a fullen Sky.
 Red Meteors ran a-cross th' Etherial Space;
 Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their place.
 For this, th' *Emathian* Plains once more were strow'd,
 With *Roman* Bodies, and just Heav'n thought good }
 To fatten twice those Fields with *Roman* Blood. 661
 Then, after length of Time, the lab'ring Swains,
 Who turn the Turfs of those unhappy Plains,
 Shall rusty Piles from the plough'd Furrows take,
 And over empty Helmets pass the Rake. 665
 Amaz'd at Antick Titles on the Stones,
 And mighty Relicks of Gygantick Bones.

Ye home-born Deities, of Mortal Birth!
 Thou Father *Romulus*, and Mother Earth,
 Goddess unmov'd! whose Guardian Arms extend 670
 O'er *Thuscan Tiber's* Course, and *Roman* Tow'rs defend;
 With youthful *Cæsar* your joint Pow'rs ingage,
 Nor hinder him to save the sinking Age.
 O! let the Blood, already split, atone
 For the past Crimes of curst *Laomedon*! 675
 Heav'n wants thee there, and long the Gods, we know,
 Have grudg'd thee, *Cæsar*, to the World below.
 Where Fraud and Rapine, Right and Wrong con-
 found;
 Where impious Arms from ev'ry part resound,
 And monstrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd. 680
 The peaceful Peasant to the Wars is prest;
 The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Rest.
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords,
 The crooked Scythes are streightned into Swords:
 And there *Euphrates* her soft Off-spring Arms, 685
 And here the *Rhine* rebellows with Alarms:
 The neighb'ring Cities range on sev'ral sides,
 Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides.
 So four fierce Coursers starting to the Race, 690
 Scow'r thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:
 Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,
 But force along the trembling Charioteer.



Geor: 2 L. 1.

The Second Book of the
G E O R G I C S.

The ARGUMENT:

The Subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which Argument, the Poet shews all the different Methods of raising Trees: Describes their Variety; and gives Rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the Soils in which the several Plants thrive best: And thence takes occasion to run out into the Praises of Italy. After which he gives some Directions for discovering the Nature of every Soil; prescribes Rules for dressing of Vines, Olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a Panegyric on a Country Life.



HUS far of Tillage, and of Heav'nly
Signs;

Now sing my Muse the growth of gen'-
rous Vines:

The shady Groves, the Woodland Pro-
geny,

And the slow Product of Minerva's Tree.

Great Father Bacchus! to my Song repair;
For clustring Grapes are thy peculiar Care:

For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine,
 And the last Blessings of the Year are thine.
 To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
 When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows. 10
 Come strip with me, my God, come drench all o'er
 Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.

Some Trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe:
 For some without the pains of Planting grow.
 With Ofiers thus the Banks of Brooks abound, 15
 Sprung from the watry Genius of the Ground:
 From the same Principles grey Willows come;
Herculean Poplar, and the tender Broom.
 But some from Seeds inclos'd in Earth arise:
 For thus the mastful Chesnut mates the Skies. 20
 Hence rise the branching Beech and vocal Oke,
 Where *Jove* of Old Oraculously spoke.
 Some from the Root a rising Wood disclose;
 Thus Elms, and thus the salvage Cherry grows.
 Thus the green Bays, that binds the Poet's Brows, 25
 Shoots and is shelter'd by the Mother's Boughs.

These ways of Planting, Nature did ordain,
 For Trees and Shrubs, and all the Sylvan Reign.
 Others there are, by late Experience found:
 Some cut the Shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground: 30
 Some cover rooted Stalks in deeper Mold:
 Some cloven Stakes, and (wond'rous to behold,)
 Their sharpen'd ends in Earth their footing place,
 And the dry Poles produce a living Race.

Some bowe their Vines, which bury'd in the Plain, 35
Their tops in distant Arches rise again.

Others no Root require, the Lab'rer cuts

Young Slips, and in the Soil securely puts.

Ev'n Stumps of Olives, bar'd of Leaves, and dead,

Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head. 40

Tis usual now, an Inmate Graff to see,

With insolence invade a Foreign Tree:

Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come;

And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plum.

Then let the Learned Gard'ner mark with care 45

The Kinds of Stocks, and what those Kinds will bear:

Explore the Nature of each sev'ral Tree;

And known, improve with artful Industry:

And let no spot of idle Earth be found,

But cultivate the Genius of the Ground. 50

For open *Ifmarus* will *Bacchus* please;

Taburnus loves the shade of Olive Trees.

The Virtues of the sev'ral Soils I sing,

Mecenas, now thy needful Succour bring!

O thou! the better part of my Renown, 55

Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown:

Embarque with me, while I new Tracts explore,

With flying sails and breezes from the shore:

Not that my Song, in such a scanty space,

So large a Subject fully can embrace: 60

Not tho' I were supply'd with Iron Lungs,

A hundred Mouths, fill'd with as many Tongues:

But steer my Vessel with a steady hand,
 And coast along the Shore in sight of Land.
 Nor will I tire thy Patience with a train
 Of Preface, or what ancient Poets feign. 65
 The Trees, which of themselves advance in Air,
 Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair :
 Because the vigour of the Native Earth
 Maintains the Plant, and makes a Manly Birth. 70
 Yet these, receiving Graffs of other Kind,
 Or thence transplanted, change their salvage Mind :
 Their Wildness lose, and quitting Nature's part,
 Obey the Rules and Discipline of Art.
 The same do Trees, that, sprung from barren Roots 75
 In open fields, transplanted bear their Fruits.
 For where they grow the Native Energy
 Turns all into the Substance of the Tree,
 Starves and destroys the Fruit, is only made
 For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade. 80
 The Plant that shoots from Seed, a fullen Tree
 At leisure grows, for late Posterity ;
 The gen'rous flavour lost, the Fruits decay,
 And salvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble prey.
 Much labour is requir'd in Trees, to tame 85
 Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
 Well must the ground be dig'd, and better dress'd,
 New Soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
 Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive;
 By the same Methods *Paphian* Myrtles live : 90
 But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.

From Roots hard Hazles, and from Cyens rise
Tall Ash, and taller Oak that mates the Skies :
Palm, Poplar, Firr, descending from the Steep
Of Hills, to try the dangers of the Deep.

95

The thin-leav'd *Arbut*e, Hazle graffs receives,
And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves.
Thus Mastful Beech the bristly Chesnut bears,
And the wild Ash is white with blooming Pears.
And greedy Swine from grafted Elms are fed,
With falling Acorns, that on Oaks are bred.

100

But various are the ways to change the state
Of Plants, to Bud, to Graff, t'Inoculate.

For where the tender Rinds of Trees disclose
Their shooting Gems, a swelling Knot there grows;
Just in that space a narrow Slit we make,

106

Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take:

Inserted thus, the wounded Rind we close,
In whose moist Womb th'admitted Infant grows.

But when the smother Bole from Knots is free,

110

We make a deep Incision in the Tree;

And in the solid Wood the Slip inclose,

The bat'ning Bastard shoots again and grows:

And in short space the laden Boughs arise,

With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.

115

The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown,
Of Alien Trees, and Apples not her own.

Of vegetable Woods are various Kinds,
And the same Species are of sev'ral Minds.

Lotes, Willows, Elms, have diff'rent Forms allow'd,
 So fun'ral Cypress rising like a Shrowd. 121
 Fat Olive Trees of sundry Sorts appear:
 Of sundry Shapes their unctuous Berries bear.
Radij long Olives, *Orchit's* round produce,
 And bitter *Pausia*, pounded for the Juice. 125
Alcinous Orchard various Apples bears:
 Unlike are Bergamotes and pounder Pears.
 Nor our *Italian* Vines produce the Shape,
 Or Taft, or Flavour of the *Lesbian* Grape.
 The *Thafian* Vines in richer Soils abound, 130
 The *Mareotique* grow in barren Ground.
 The *Psythian* Grape we dry: *Lagean* Juice,
 Will flamm'ring Tongues, and stagg'ring Feet produce.
 Rathe ripe are some, and some of later kind,
 Of Golden some, and some of Purple Rind. 135
 How shall I praise the *Rathean* Grape divine,
 Which yet contends not with *Falernian* Wine!
 Th' *Aminean* many a Consulship survives,
 And longer than the *Lydian* Vintage lives,
 Or high *Phanæus* King of *Chian* growth: 140
 But for large quantities, and lasting both,
 The less *Argitis* bears the Prize away.
 The *Rhodian*, sacred to the Solemn Day,
 In second Services is pour'd to *Jove*;
 And best accepted by the Gods above. 145
 Nor must *Bumastus* his old Honours lose,
 In length and largeness like the Dugs of Cows.



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I pass the rest, whose ev'ry Race and Name,
And Kinds, are less material to my Theme.
Which who wou'd learn, as soon may tell the Sands,
Driv'n by the Western Wind on *Lybian* Lands. 151
Or number, when the blust'ring *Eurus* roars,
The Billows beating on *Ionian* Shoars.

Nor ev'ry Plant on ev'ry Soil will grow;
The Sallow loves the watry Ground, and low. 155
The Marshes, Alders; Nature seems t'ordain
The rocky Cliff for the wild Ashe's reign:
The baleful Yeugh to Northern Blasts assigns;
To Shores the Myrtles, and to Mounts the Vines.

Regard th'extremest cultivated Coast, 160
From hot *Arabia* to the *Scythian* Frost:
All sort of Trees their sev'ral Countries know;
Black Ebon only will in *India* grow: }
And od'rous Frankincense on the *Sabeen* Bough. }
Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding Veins 165
Of happy Shrubs, in *Idumean* Plains.

The green *Egyptian* Thorn, for Med'cine good;
With *Ethiops* hoary Trees and woolly Wood,
Let others tell: and how the *Seres* spin
Their fleecy Forests in a slender Twine. 170

With mighty Trunks of Trees on *Indian* shoars,
Whose height above the feather'd Arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest Bow; and by the Brawn
Of expert Archers, with vast Vigour drawn.

Sharp tasted Citrons *Median* Climes produce: 175

Bitter the Rind; but gen'rous is the Juice:

A cordial Fruit, a present Antidote

Against the direful Stepdam's deadly Draught:

Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words impure,

The Fate of envy'd Orphans wou'd procure: 180

Large is the Plant, and like a Laurel grows,

And did it not a diff'rent Scent disclose,

A Laurel were: the fragrant Flow'rs condemn

The stormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem.

With this the *Medes*, to lab'ring Age, bequeath 185

New Lungs, and cure the sourness of the Breath.

But neither *Median* Woods, (a plenteous Land,)

Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling Golden Sand

Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* Fields,

Nor all the Gummy Stores *Arabia* yields; 190

Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,

Can with sweet *Italy* contend in Fame. }

No Bulls whose Nostrils breath a living Flame,

Have turn'd our Turf, no Teeth of Serpents here

Were sown, an armed Host, and Iron Crop to bear.

But fruitful Vines, and the fat Olives freight, 196

And Harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,

Adorn our Fields; and on the chearful Green,

The grazing Flocks and lowing Herds are seen.

The Warrior Horse here bred, is taught to train, 200

There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain;

Whose Waves, for Triumphs after prosp'rous War,
The Victim Ox, and snowy Sheep prepare.

Perpetual Spring our happy Climate sees,

Twice breed the Cattle, and twice bear the Trees;

And Summer Suns recede by slow degrees. 206

Our Land is from the Land of Tygers freed,

Nor nourishes the Lyon's angry Seed;

Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd,

Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd. 210

Nor in so vast a length our Serpents glide,

Or rais'd on such a spiry Volume ride.

Next add our Cities of Illustrious Name,

Their costly Labour and stupend'ous Frame:

Our Forts on steepy Hills, that far below

215

See wanton Streams, in winding Valleys flow.

Our twofold Seas, that washing either side,

A rich Recruit of Foreign Stores provide.

Our Spacious Lakes; thee, *Larius*, first; and next

Benacus, with tempest'ous Billows vex.

220

Or shall I praise thy Ports, or mention make

Of the vast Mound, that binds the *Lucrine* Lake.

Or the disdainful Sea, that, shut from thence,

Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence.

There, where secure the *Julian* Waters glide,

225

Or where *Avernus* Jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* Tide.

Our Quarries deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,

For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.

Th' Inhabitants themselves, their Country grace;
Hence rose the *Marsian* and *Sabellian* Race:

230

Strong limb'd and stout, and to the Wars inclin'd,
And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious Kind.

And *Volsians* arm'd with Iron-headed Darts.

Besides an Off-spring of undaunted Hearts,

The *Decij*, *Marij*, great *Camillus* came

235

From hence, and greater *Scipio*'s double Name:

And mighty *Cæsar*, whose victorious Arms,

To farthest *Asia*, carry fierce Alarms:

Avert unwarlike *Indians* from his *Rome*;

Triumph abroad, secure our Peace at home.

240

Hail, sweet *Saturnian* Soil! of fruitful Grain
Great Parent, greater of Illustrious Men.

For thee my tuneful Accents will I raise;

And treat of Arts disclos'd in Ancient Days:

Once more unlock for thee the sacred Spring,

245

And old *Ascræan* Verse in *Roman* Cities sing.

The Nature of their sev'ral Soils now see,
Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility:

And first for Heath, and barren hilly Ground,

Where meagre Clay and flinty Stones abound;

250

Where the poor Soil all Succour seems to want,

Yet this suffices the *Palladian* Plant.

Undoubted Signs of such a Soil are found,

For here wild Olive-shoots o'erspread the ground,

And heaps of Berries strew the Fields around.

255

But

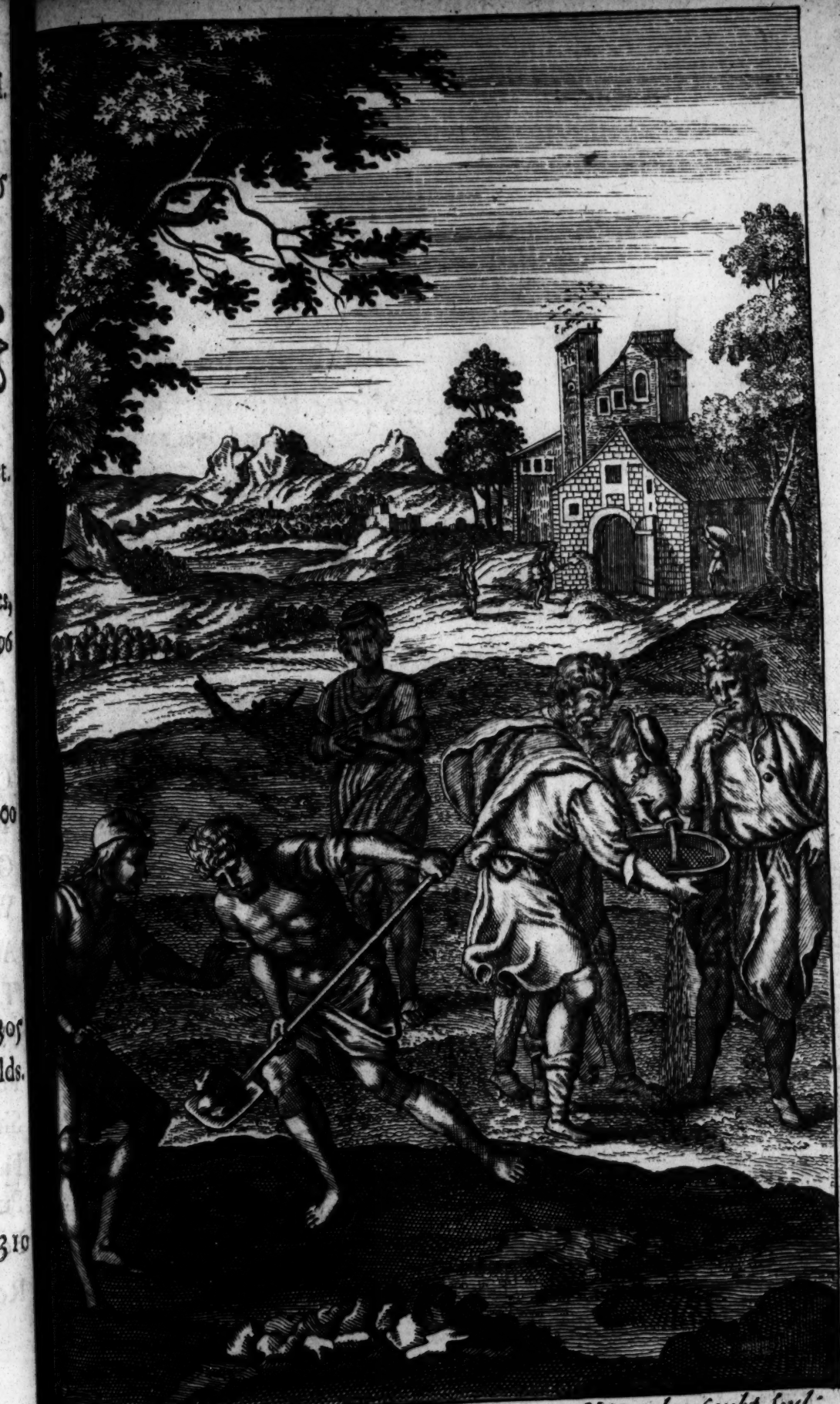
But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moisture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with Grass, and fruitful to be till'd:
Such as in chearful Vales we view from high;
Which dripping Rocks with rowling Streams supply,
And feed with Ooze; where rising Hillocks run 260
In length, and open to the Southern Sun;
Where Fern succeeds, ungrateful to the Plough,
That gentle ground to gen'rous Grapes allow.
Strong Stocks of Vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the Vats with friendly Juice. 265
Such as our Priests in golden Goblets pour
To Gods, the Givers of the chearful hour.
Then when the bloated *Thuscan* blows his Horn,
And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.

If Herds or fleecy Flocks be more thy Care, 270
Or Goats that graze the Field, and burn it bare:
Then seek *Tarentum's* Lawns, and farthest Coast,
Or such a Field as hapless *Mantua* lost:
Where Silver Swans sail down the wat'ry Rode,
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood. 275
There Crystal Streams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor Food nor Springs are wanting to thy Sheep.
For what the Day devours, the nightly Dew
Shall to the Morn in Pearly Drops renew.

Fat crumbling Earth is fitter for the Plough, 280
Putrid and loose above, and black below:
For Ploughing is an imitative Toil,
Resembling Nature in an easie Soil.

No Land for Seed like this, no Fields afford
So large an Income to the Village Lord: 285
No toiling Teams from Harvest-labour come
So late at Night, so heavy laden home.
The like of Forrest Land is understood,
From whence the surly Ploughman grubs the Wood, }
Which had for length of Ages idle stood. 290
Then Birds forsake the Ruines of their Seat,
And flying from their Nests their Callow Young forget.
The course lean Gravel, on the Mountain sides,
Scarce dewy Bev'rage for the Bees provides:
Nor Chalk nor crumbling Stones, the food of Snakes,
That work in hollow Earth their winding Tracks. 296
The Soil exhaling Clouds of subtile Dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews;
Which rusts not Iron, and whose Mold is clean,
Well cloath'd with chearful Grass, and ever green, 300
Is good for Olives, and aspiring Vines;
Embracing Husband Elms in am'rous twines,
Is fit for feeding Cattle, fit to sowe,
And equal to the Pasture and the Plough.
Such is the Soil of fat *Campanian* Fields, 305
Such large increase the Land that joins *Vesuvius* yields.
And such a Country cou'd *Acerra* boast,
Till *Clanius* overflow'd th' unhappy Coast.

I teach thee next the diff'ring Soils to know;
The light for Vines, the heavier for the Plough. 310



Chuse first a place for such a purpose fit,
There dig the solid Earth, and sink a Pit:
Next fill the hole with its own Earth agen,
And trample with thy Feet, and tread it in:
Then if it rise not to the former height 415
Of superfice, conclude that Soil is light;
A proper Ground for Pasturage and Vines.
But if the fullen Earth, so press'd, repines
Within its native Mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy Mire; 320
Tis good for Arable, a Glebe that asks
Tough Teams of Oxen, and laborious Tasks.

Salt Earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd or mended with the Plough.
Sweet Grapes degen'rate there, and Fruits declin'd 325
From their first flav'rous Taste, renounce their Kind.
This Truth by sure Experiment is try'd;
For first an Oser Colendar provide
Of Twigs thick wrought, (such toiling Peasants twine,
When thro' streight Passages they strain their Wine;) 330
In this close Vessel place that Earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholsom Water first;
Then run it through, the Drops will rope around,
And by the bitter Taste disclose the Ground.
The fatter Earth by handling we may find, 335
With Ease distinguish'd from the meagre Kind:
Poor Soil will crumble into Dust, the Rich
Will to the Fingers cleave like clammy Pitch.

Moist Earth produces Corn and Grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their Growth: 340
Let not my Land so large a Promise boast,
Lest the lank Ears in length of Stem be lost.
The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poising Hand is weigh'd:
Tis easy to distinguish by the Sight 345
The Colour of the Soil, and black from white.
But the cold Ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the Plants that prosper there, will show;
Black Ivy, Pitch Trees, and the baleful Yeugh. }
These Rules consider'd well, with early Care, 350
The Vineyard destin'd for thy Vines prepare:
But, long before the Planting, dig the Ground,
With Furrows deep that cast a rising Mound:
The Clods, expos'd to Winter Winds, will bake:
For putrid Earth will best in Vineyards take, 355
And hoary Frosts, after the painful Toil
Of delving Hinds, will rot the Mellow Soil.

Some Peasants, not t'omit the nicest Care,
Of the same Soil their Nursery prepare,
With that of their Plantation; lest the Tree 360
Translated, should not with the Soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The Heav'ns four Quarters on the tender Bark;
And to the North or South restore the Side,
Which at their Birth did Heat or Cold abide. 365

So strong is Custom; such Effects can Use
In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce.

Chuse next a Province, for thy Vineyards Reign,
On Hills above, or in the lowly Plain;
If fertile Fields or Valleys be thy Choice, 370
Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice

In close Plantations there: But if the Vine
On rising Ground be plac'd, or Hills supine,
Extend thy loose Battalions largely wide,
Opening thy Ranks and Files on either Side: 375

But marshall'd all in order as they stand,
And let no Soldier straggle from his Band.
As Legions in the Field their Front display,
To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day,
And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace, 380

Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space;
Before the Battel joins, while from afar
The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War,
And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune, and the dint of Sword; 385

So let thy Vines in Intervals be set,
But not their Rural Discipline forget:
Indulge their Width, and add a roomy Space,
That their extreamest Lines may scarce embrace:
Nor this alone t'indulge a vain Delight, 390

And make a pleasing Prospect for the Sight:
But, for the Ground it self this only Way,
Can equal Vigour to the Plants convey; [display. }
Which crowded, want the room, their Branches to }

How deep they must be planted, woud'st thou know?
In shallow Furrows Vines securely grow. 396

Not so the rest of Plants; for *Jove's* own Tree,
That holds the Woods in awful Sov'raignty,
Requires a depth of Lodging in the Ground;
And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound: 400

High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend.
Therefore, nor Winds, nor Winters Rage o'erthrows
His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows.

For length of Ages lasts his happy Reign, 405
And Lives of Mortal Man contend in vain.

Full in the midst of his own Strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny Arms, and leafy Hands;
His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills
commands. }

The hurtful Hazle in thy Vineyard shun; 410
Nor plant it to receive the setting Sun:
Nor break the topmost Branches from the Tree;
Nor prune, with blunted Knife, the Progeny.

Root up wild Olives from thy labour'd Lands:
For sparkling Fire, from Hinds unwary Hands, 415
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging Winds.

For first the smouldring Flame the Trunk receives,
Ascending thence, it crackles in the Leaves:
At length victorious to the Top aspires, 420
Involving all the Wood in smoky Fires,

But most, when driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm,
Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form.
In Ashes then th' unhappy Vineyard lyes,
Nor will the blasted Plants from Ruin rise: 425
Nor will the wither'd Stock be green again, [Plain.
But the wild Olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful
Be not seduc'd with Wisdom's empty Shows,
To stir the peaceful Ground when *Boreas* blows.
When Winter Frosts constrain the Field with Cold,
The fainty Root can take no steady hold. 431
But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year,
And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear:
That Season deem the best to plant thy Vines.
Next that, is when Autumnal Warmth declines: 435
E'er Heat is quite decay'd, or Cold begun,
Or *Capricorn* admits the Winter Sun.

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves; .
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives.
For then Almighty *Jove* descends, and pours 440
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs.
And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
Her Births with kindly Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love. 445
Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,
And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,
Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose. }

With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
 The Grass securely springs above the Ground; 450
 The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
 The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
 Unhurt by Southern Show'rs or Northern Hail.
 They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share:
 And boldly trust their Buds in open Air. 456
 In this soft Season (Let me dare to sing,)
 The World was hatch'd by Heav'ns Imperial King: }
 In prime of all the Year, and Holydays of Spring. }
 Then did the new Creation first appear; 460
 Nor other was the Tenour of the Year:
 When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
 And Eastern Winds their Wintry Breath suspend:
 Then Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields;
 And salvage Beasts were sent to Stock the Wilds: 465
 And Golden Stars flew up to Light the Skies,
 And Man's relentless Race, from Stony Quarries rise.
 Nor cou'd the tender, new Creation, bear
 Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year:
 But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd, 470
 The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.
 When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,
 And Heav'ns Indulgence brooded on the Ground.
 For what remains, in depth of Earth secure
 Thy cover'd Plants, and dung with hot Manure; 475

And Shells and Gravel in the Ground inclose;
For thro' their hollow Chinks the Water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns into misty Dews,
And steeming up, the rising Plant renews.
Some Husbandmen, of late, have found the Way,
A hilly Heap of Stones above to lay 481 }
And press the Plants with Sherds of Potters Clay. }
This Fence against immod'rate Rain they found:
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty Ground.
Be mindful when thou hast intomb'd the Shoot, 485
With Store of Earth around to feed the Root;
With Iron Teeth of Rakes and Prongs, to move
The crusted Earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy Steers to plough
Betwixt thy Vines, and teach thy feeble Row 490
To mount on Reeds, and Wands, and, upward led,
On Ashen Poles to raise their forky Head.
On these new Crutches let them learn to walk,
Till swerving upwards, with a stronger Stalk,
They brave the Winds, and, clinging to their Guide,
On tops of Elms at length triumphant ride. 496
But in their tender Nonage, while they spread
Their Springing Leafs, and lift their Infant Head,
And upward while they shoot in open Air,
Indulge their Child-hood, and the Nurseling spare. 500
Nor exercise thy Rage on new-born Life,
But let thy Hand supply the Pruning-knife;

And crop luxuriant Straglers, nor be loath
 To strip the Branches of their leafy Growth:
 But when the rooted Vines, with steady Hold, 505
 Can clasp their Elms, then Husbandman be bold
 To lop the disobedient Boughs, that stray'd
 Beyond their Ranks: let crooked Steel invade
 The lawless Troops, which Discipline disclaim,
 And their superfluous Growth with Rigour tame. 510
 Next, fenc'd with Hedges and deep Ditches round,
 Exclude th' ineroaching Cattle from thy Ground,
 While yet the tender Gems but just appear,
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain Year;
 Whose Leaves are not alone foul Winter's Prey, 515
 But oft by Summer Suns are scorch'd away;
 And worse than both, become th' unworthy Browze
 Of Buffalo's, salt Goats, and hungry Cows. }
 For not *December's* Frost that burns the Boughs,
 Nor Dog-days parching Heat that splits the Rocks, }
 Are half so harmful as the greedy Flocks: 521 }
 Their venom'd Bite, and Scars indented on the Stocks.
 For this the Malefactor Goat was laid
 On *Bacchus's* Altar, and his forfeit paid.
 At *Athens* thus old Comedy began, 525
 When round the Streets the reeling Actors ran;
 In Country Villages, and crossing ways,
 Contending for the Prizes of their Plays:
 And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the grassie Soil,
 Leapt o'er the Skins of Goats besmear'd with Oil. 530



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Thus *Roman* Youth deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,
In rude *Saturnian* Rhymes express their Joy:
With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience please,
Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees:

In jolly Hymns they praise the God of Wine, 535 }
Whose Earthen Images adorn the Pine; }

And there are hung on high, in honour of the Vine: }

A madness so devout the Vineyard fills.

In hollow Valleys and on rising Hills;

On what e'er side he turns his honest face, 540

And dances in the Wind, those Fields are in his grace.

To *Bacchus* therefore let us tune our Lays,

And in our Mother Tongue resound his Praise.

Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a Guilty Goat,

Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought; 545

Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,

And drip their Fatness from the Hazle Broach.

To dress thy Vines new labour is requir'd,

Nor must the painful Husbandman be tir'd:

For thrice, at least, in Compass of the Year, 550

Thy Vineyard must employ the sturdy Steer,

To turn the Glebe; besides thy daily pain

To break the Clods, and make the Surface plain:

T'unload the Branches or the Leaves to thin,

That suck the Vital Moisture of the Vine. 555

Thus in a Circle runs the Peasant's Pain,

And the Year rows within it self again.

Ev'n in the lowest Months, when Storms have shed
 From Vines the hairy Honours of their Head;
 Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends; 560
 But to the coming Year his Care extends:
 Ev'n then the naked Vine he persecutes;
 His Pruning Knife at once Reforms and Cuts.
 Be first to dig the Ground, be first to burn
 The Branches lopt, and first the Props return 565
 Into thy House, that bore the burden'd Vines;
 But last to reap the Vintage of thy Wines.
 Twice in the Year luxuriant Leaves o'ershade
 The incumber'd Vine; rough Brambles twice invade:
 Hard Labour both! commend the large excess 570
 Of spacious Vineyards; cultivate the less.
 Besides, in Woods the Shrubs of prickly Thorn,
 Sallows and Reeds, on Banks of Rivers born,
 Remain to cut; for Vineyards useful found,
 To stay thy Vines, and fence thy fruitful Ground. 575
 Nor when thy tender Trees at length are bound;
 When peaceful Vines from Pruning Hooks are free,
 When Husbands have survey'd the last degree,
 And utmost Files of Plants, and order'd ev'ry Tree;
 Ev'n when thy sing at ease in full Content, 580
 Insulting o'er the Toils they underwent;
 Yet still they find a future Task remain;
 To turn the Soil, and break the Clods again:
 And after all, their Joys are unsincere,
 While falling Rains on ripening Grapes they fear. 585

Quite opposite to these are Olives found,
No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
Nor Rakes nor Harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open Air, and unconcernedly grow.
The Soil it self due Nourishment supplies: 590
Plough but the Furrows, and the Fruits arise:
Content with small Endeavours, till they spring.
Soft Peace they figure, and sweet Plenty bring: }
Then Olives plant, and Hymns to *Pallas* sing. }

Thus Apple Trees, whose Trunks are strong to bear
Their spreading Boughs, exert themselves in Air: 596
Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting foreign Forces, but their own: [grean. }
Till with the ruddy freight the bending Branches }
Thus Trees of Nature, and each common Bush, 600
Uncultivated thrive, and with red Berries blush.
Vile Shrubs are shorn for Browze: the tow'ring height
Of unctuous Trees are Torches for the Night,
And shall we doubt, (indulging easie Sloath,)
To sow, to set, and to reform their growth? 605
To leave the lofty Plants; the lowly kind,
Are for the Shepherd, or the Sheep design'd.
Ev'n humble Broom and Osiers have their use,
And Shade for Sleep, and Food for Flocks produce;
Hedges for Corn, and Honey for the Bees: 610
Besides the pleasing Prospect of the Trees.
How goodly looks *Cytorus*, ever green
With Boxen Groves, with what delight are seen

Narycian Woods of Pitch, whose gloomy shade,
Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muses made! 615

But much more pleasing are those Fields to see,
That need not Ploughs, nor Human Industry.

Ev'n cold *Caucasean* Rocks and Trees are spread,
And wear green Forrests on their hilly Head.

Tho' bending from the blast of Eastern Storms, 620

Tho' shent their Leaves, and shatter'd are their Arms;

Yet Heav'n their various Plants for use designs:

For Houses Cedars, and for Shipping Pines.

Cypress provides for Spokes, and Wheels of Wains:

And all for Keels of Ships, that scour the watry Plains.

Willows in Twigs are fruitful, Elms in Leaves, 626

The War, from stubborn Myrtle Shafts receives:

From Cornels Jav'lins, and the tougher Yeugh

Receives the bending Figure of a Bow.

Nor Box, nor Limes, without their use are made,

Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade:

Which curious Hands may kerve, and Steel with

Ease invade.

Light Alder stems the Po's impetuous Tide,

And Bees in hollow Oaks their Honey hide.

Now ballance, with these Gifts, the fummy Joys 635

Of Wine, attended with eternal Noise.

Wine urg'd to lawless Lust the *Gentaur's* Train,

Thro' Wine they quarrell'd, and thro' Wine were slain.

Oh happy, if he knew his happy State!

The Swain, who, free from Business and Debate; 640

Receives his easie Food from Nature's Hand,
And just Returns of cultivated Land!
No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,
'T'admit the Tydes of early Visitants.
With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass, 645
The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Brass.
No Statues threaten, from high Pedestals;
No *Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls,
With Antick Vests; which thro' their shady fold,
Betray the Streaks of ill dissembl'd Gold. 650
He boasts no Wool, whose native white is dy'd
With Purple Poison of *Assyrian* Pride.
No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile,
With foreign Scents, the Sweetness of his Oil.
But easie Quiet, a secure Retreat,
A harmless Life that knows not how to cheat, 655
With homebred Plenty the rich Owner bless,
And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys: 660
Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the Flow'ry Pride
Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide;
And shady Groves that easie Sleep invite,
And after toilsome Days, a soft repose at Night.
Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound; 665
And Youth, of Labour patient, plough the Ground,
Inur'd to Hardship, and to homely Fare.
Nor venerable Age is wanting there,

In great Examples to the Youthful Train:
 Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rights prophane. 670
 From hence *Astrea* took her Flight, and here
 The Prints of her departing Steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses, with whose Beauty fir'd,
 My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd:
 Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear; 675
 Wou'd you your Poet's first Petition hear,
 Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know:
 The Depths of Heav'n above, and Earth below.
 Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun. 680
 Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
 And in what dark Recess they shrink again.
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.
 But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight 685
 Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height
 Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light:
 My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.

A Country Cottage near a Crystal Flood, 690
 A winding Valley, and a lofty Wood.
 Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,
 Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* Maids:
 Or lift me high to *Hemus* hilly Crown;
 Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down: 695

Or lead me to some solitary Place,
And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's Laws,
Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause.

His Mind possessing, in a quiet State, 700
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.

And happy too is he, who decks the Bow'rs
Of Sylvans, and adores the Rural Pow'rs:

Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see;
Their glitt'ring Baits, and Purple Slavery. 705

Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown,
Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown, }
Will set up one, or pull another down.

Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of Tumults and Descents, and distant War: 710

Nor with a Superstitious Fear is aw'd,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.

Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
Nor his own Peace disturbs, with Pity for the Poor.
He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own accord, 715
The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.

From his lov'd Home no Lucre him can draw;
The Senates mad Decrees he never saw; }
Nor heard, at bawling Bars, corrupted Law.

Some to the Seas, and some to Camps resort, 720
And some with impudence invade the Court.

In foreign Countries others seek Renown,
With Wars and Taxes others waste their own.

And Houses burn, and household Gods deface,
 To drink in Bowls which glitt'ring Gems enchase: 715
 To loll on Couches, rich with *Cytron* Steds,
 And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.
 This Wretch in Earth intombs his Golden Ore,
 Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.
 Some Patriot Fools to popular Praise aspire, 730
 Of Publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire.
 While from both Benches, with redoubl'd Sounds,
 Th' Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.
 Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,
 Have slain their Brothers, or their Country sold: 735
 And leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run
 To Lands that lye beneath another Sun.

The Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,
 With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills; }
 And the round Year with daily Labour fills. 740
 And hence the Country Markets are supply'd:
 Enough remains for household Charge beside;
 His Wife, and tender Children to sustain,
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train.
 Nor cease his Labours, till the Yellow Field 745
 A full return of bearded Harvest yield:
 A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load, [broad.
 O'ercome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Ricks a-
 Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd:
 Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd. 750



The yearning Ewes prevent the springing Year;
 The laded Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear,
 Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,
 Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.

The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast, 755
 For greedy Swine, provides a full repast.

Then Olives, ground in Mills, their fatness boast,
 And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.

His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of bliss,
 His little Children climbing for a Kiss, 760

Welcome their Father's late return at Night;
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste delight.

His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's hand.

His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd, 765
 Fight harmless Battels in his homely Yard:

Himself in Rustick Pomp, on Holy-days,

To Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays;

And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.

The Hearth is in the midst; the Herdsmen round 770

The chearful Fire, provoke his health in Goblets crown'd.

He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize;

The Groom his Fellow Groom at Buts defies;

And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.

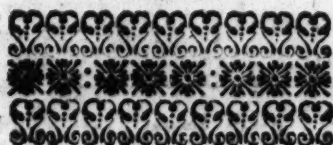
Or stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oyl,

And watches with a trip his Foe to foil. 776

Such was the life the frugal *Sabines* led;

So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:

From whom th' austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose,
And this rude-life our homely Fathers chose. 780
Old *Romé* from such a Race deriv'd her birth,
(The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth :)
Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the World contains.
E'er *Saturn's* Rebel Son usurp'd the Skies, 785
When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice:
While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her ancient Lord,
E'er sounding Hammers forg'd th' inhumane Sword:
E'er hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death; 790
The good old God his Hunger did assuage
With Roots and Herbs, and gave the Golden Age.
But over labour'd with so long a Course,
Tis time to set at ease the smoaking Horse.

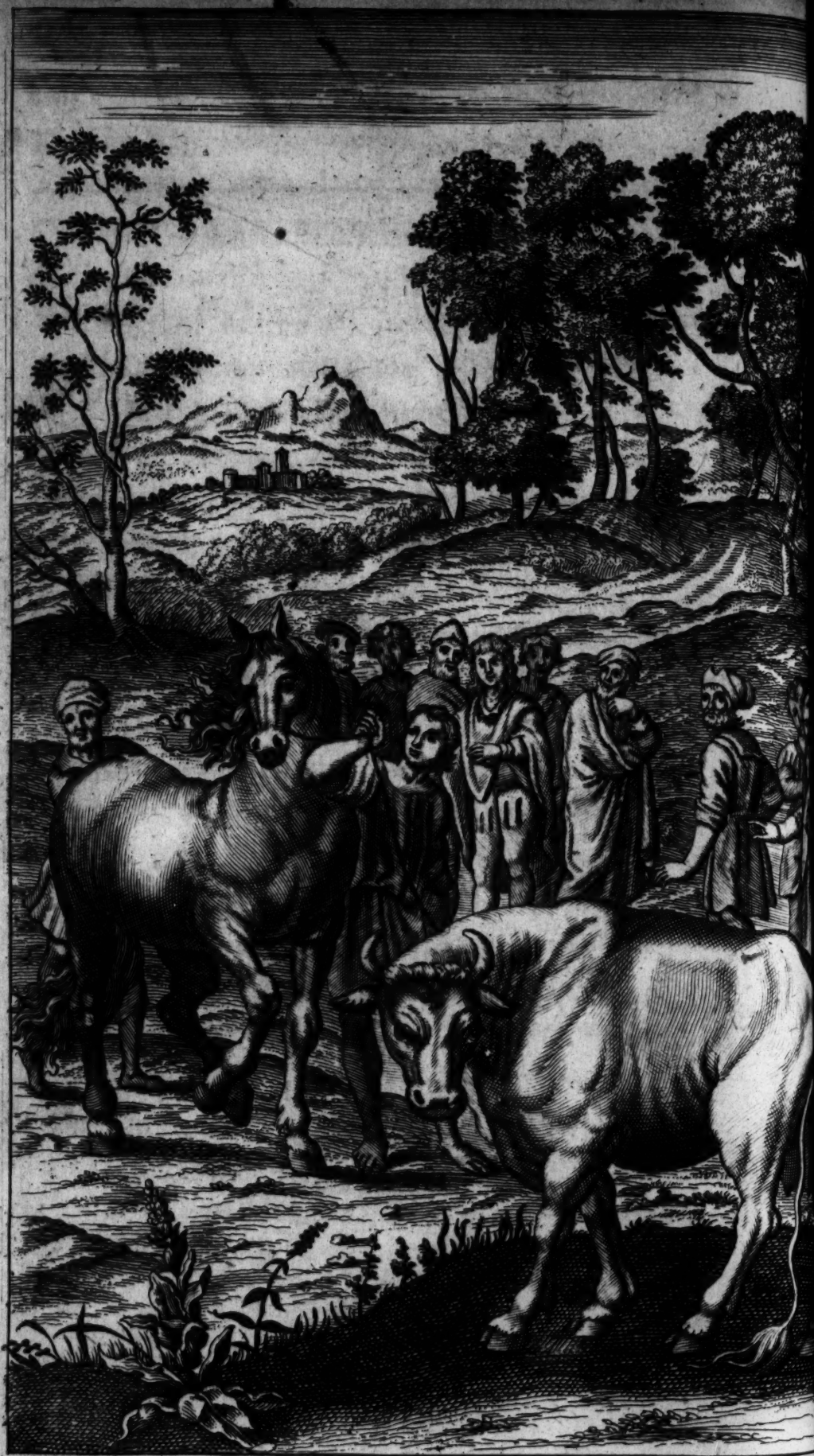


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The Third Book of the
G E O R G I C S.

The ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with an Invocation of some Rural Deities, and a Compliment to Augustus: After which Virgil directs himself to Mecænas, and enters on his Subject. He lays down Rules for the Breeding and Management of Horses, Oxen, Sheep, Goats, and Dogs: and interweaves several pleasant Descriptions of a Chariot-Race, of the Battel of the Bulls, of the Force of Love, and of the Scythian Winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the Diseases incident to Cattle; and ends with the Description of a fatal Murrain that formerly rag'd among the Alps.



HY Fields, propitious Pales, I reherse;
And sing thy Pastures in no vulgar Verse,
Amphrysian Shepherd; the *Lycean* Woods;
Arcadia's flow'ry Plains, and pleasing
Floods.

All other Themes, that careless Minds invite, 5
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.

Busiri's Altars, and the dire Decrees
Of hard *Euristheus*, ev'ry Reader sees:

Hylas the Boy, *Latona's* erring Isle,
 And *Pelops* Iv'ry Shoulder, and his Toil 10
 For fair *Hippodamé*, with all the rest
 Of *Grecian* Tales, by Poets are exprest;
 New ways I must attempt, my groveling Name
 To raise aloft, and wing my flight to Fame.

I, first of *Romans* shall in Triumph come 15
 From conquer'd *Greece*, and bring her Trophies home:
 With Foreign Spoils adorn my native place;
 And with *Idume's* Palms, my *Mantua* grace.
 Of *Parian* Stone a Temple will I raise,
 Where the slow *Mincius* through the Valley strays: 20
 Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink:
 And Reeds defend the winding Waters Brink.
 Full in the midst shall mighty *Cæsar* stand:
 Hold the chief Honours; and the Dome command.
 Then I, conspicuous in my *Tyrian* Gown, 25
 (Submitting to his Godhead my Renown)
 A hundred Coursers from the Goal will drive;
 The Rival Chariots in the Race shall strive.
 All *Greece* shall flock from far, my Games to see;
 The Whorlbat, and the rapid Race, shall be 30
 Reserv'd for *Cæsar*, and ordain'd by me.
 My self, with Olive crown'd, the Gifts will bear:
 Ev'n now methinks the publick shouts I hear:
 The passing Pageants, and the Poms appear.
 I, to the Temple will conduct the Crew: 35
 The Sacrifice and Sacrificers view;

From thence return, attended with my Train,
Where the proud Theatres disclose the Scene:
Which interwoven *Britains* seem to raise,
And shew the *Triumph* which their *Shame* displays. 40
High o'er the Gate, in Elephant and Gold,
The Crowd shall *Cæsar's Indian War* behold;
The *Nile* shall flow beneath; and on the side,
His shatter'd Ships on Brazen Pillars ride.
Next him *Niphates* with inverted Urn, 45
And dropping Sedge, shall his *Armenia* mourn;
And *Asian* Cities in our Triumph born.
With backward Bows the *Parthians* shall be there;
And, spurring from the Fight confess their Fear.
A double Wreath shall crown our *Cæsar's* Brows; 50
Two differing Trophies, from two different Foes.
Europe with *Africk* in his Fame shall join;
But neither Shoar his Conquest shall confine.
The *Parian* Marble, there, shall seem to move,
In breathing Statues, not unworthy *Jove*. 55
Resembling Heroes, whose *Ethereal* Root,
Is *Jove* himself, and *Cæsar* is the Fruit.
Tros and his Race the Sculptor shall employ;
And he the God, who built the Walls of *Troy*.
Envy her self at last, grown pale and dumb, 60
(By *Cæsar* combated and overcome)
Shall give her Hands; and fear the curling Snakes
Of lashing Furies, and the burning Lakes:

The Pains of famisht *Tantalus* shall feel;
 And *Sisyphus* that labours up the Hill
 The rowling Rock in vain; and curst *Ixion's* Wheel.

Mean time we must pursue the *Sylvan* Lands;
 (Th'abode of Nymphs,) untouch'd by former Hands:
 For such, *Mecænas*, are thy hard Commands.

Without thee nothing lofty can I sing;
 Come then, and with thy self thy Genius bring:
 With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay.

Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
 Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*, open and pursue their Prey.
 High *Epidaurus* urges on my speed,
 Fam'd for his Hills, and for his Horses breed:

From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound:
 For Echo hunts along; and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse,
 In *Cæsar's* Wars, a Nobler Theme shall chuse.
 And through more Ages bear my Sovereign's Praise;
 Than have from *Tithon* past to *Cæsar's* Days.

The Generous Youth, who studious of the Prize,
 The Race of running Coursers multiplies;
 Or to the Plough the sturdy Bullock breeds, [ceeds.
 May know that from the Dam the worth of each pro-
 The Mother Cow must wear a low'ring look,
 Sour headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the Yoke.
 Her double Dew-lap from her Chin descends;
 And at her Thighs the pondrous burthen ends.

Long are her Sides and large, her Limbs are great;
Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet.
Her Colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
She tosses from the Yoke; provokes the Fight:
She rises in her Gate, is free from Fears;

95

And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears:
Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd;
And with her length of Tail she sweeps the Ground.
The Bull's Insult at Four she may sustain;
But, after Ten, from Nuptial Rites refrain.

100

Six Seasons use; but then release the Cow,
Unfit for Love, and for the lab'ring Plough.

Now while their Youth is fill'd with kindly Fire,
Submit thy Females to the lusty Sire:

Watch the quick motions of the frisking Tail, 105
Then serve their fury with the rushing Male,
Indulging Pleasure lest the Breed should fail.

}

In Youth alone, unhappy Mortals live;

But, ah! the mighty Bliss is fugitive;

Discolour'd Sickness, anxious Labour come,

110

And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom.

Yearly thy Herds in vigour will impair;

Recruit and mend 'em with thy Yearly care:

Still propagate, for still they fall away,

Tis Prudence to prevent th' entire decay.

115

Like Diligence requires the Courser's Race;

In early Choice; and for a longer space.

The Colt, that for a Stallion is design'd,
By sure Presages shows his generous Kind,
Of able Body, sound of Limb and Wind. 120

Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight;
His Motions easie; prancing in his Gate.

The first to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood;
To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
Dauntless at empty Noises; lofty neck'd; [Wood.

Sharp headed, Barrel belly'd, broadly back'd. 126

Brawny his Chest, and deep, his Colour gray;
For Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay:

Faint white and dun will scarce the Rearing pay. 130

The fiery Courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly Trumpets, and the shouts of War,
Pricks up his Ears; and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd Fight.
On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed; and dances in the Wind. 135

His horny Hoofs are jetty black, and round;

His Chine is double; starting, with a bound
He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground. 140

Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow:
He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

Such was the Steed in *Græcian* Poets fam'd,

Proud *Cyllarus*, by *Spartan Pollux* tam'd:

Such Coursers bore to Fight the God of *Thrace*;

And such, *Achilles*, was thy warlike Race.

In such a Shape, grim *Saturn* did restrain
His Heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane.
When, half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The Leacher gallop'd from his Jealous Queen:
Ran up the Ridges of the Rocks amain; [Plain
And with shrill Neighings fill'd the Neighbouring

But worn with Years, when dire Diseases come,
Then hide his not Ignoble Age, at Home:
In Peace t'enjoy his former Palms and Pains;
And gratefully be kind to his Remains.

For when his Blood no Youthful Spirits move,
He languishes and labours in his Love.

And when the sprightly Seed shou'd swiftly come,
Dribling he drudges, and defrauds the Womb.

In vain he burns, like hasty Stubble Fires;

And in himself his former self requires. 160

His Age and Courage weigh: Nor those alone,

But note his Father's Virtues and his own;

Observe if he disdains to yield the Prize;

Of Loss impatient, proud of Victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the Goal they start, 165

The Youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,

Rush to the Race; and panting, scarcely bear

Th' extreams of feaverish Hope, and chilling Fear;

Stoop to the Reins, and lash with all their force;

The flying Chariot kindles in the Course: 170

And now a-low; and now aloft they fly,

As born through Air, and seem to touch the Sky.

No stop, no stay, but Clouds of Sand arise;
 Spurn'd, and cast backward on the Follower's Eyes.
 The hindmost blows the foam upon the first: 175
 Such is the love of Praise, an Honourable Thirst.

Bold *Eriethonius* was the first, who join'd
 Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd;
 And o'er the dusty Wheels presiding fate;
 The *Lapythæ* to Chariots, add the State 180
 Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound;
 To run the Ring, and trace the mazy round.
 To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know:
 T'obey the Rider; and to dare the Foe.

To chuse a Youthful Steed, with Courage fir'd; 185
 To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
 Experienc'd Masters; and in sundry Ways:
 Their Labours equal, and alike their Praise.
 But once again the batter'd Horse beware,
 The weak old Stallion will deceive thy care. 190
 Though Famous in his Youth for force and speed,
 Or was of *Argos* or *Epirian* breed,
 Or did from *Neptune's* Race, or from himself proceed. }

These things premis'd, when now the Nuptial time
 Approaches for the stately Steed to climb; 195
 With Food inable him, to make his Court;
 Distend his Chine, and pamper him for sport.
 Feed him with Herbs, whatever thou canst find,
 Of generous warmth; and of salacious kind.

Then Water him, and (drinking what he can) 200

Encourage him to thirst again, with Bran.

Instructed thus, produce him to the Faire;

And join in Wedlock to the longing Mare.

For if the Sire be faint, or out of case,

He will be copied in his famish'd Race : 205

And sink beneath the pleasing Task assign'd:

(For all's too little for the craving Kind.)

As for the Females, with industrious care

Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare;

When conscious of their past delight, and keen 210

To take the leap, and prove the sport agen;

With scanty measure then supply their food;

And, when athirst, restrain 'em from the flood:

Their Bodies harrafs, sink 'em when they run;

And fry their melting Marrow in the Sun. 215

Starve 'em, when Barns beneath their burthen groan;

And winnow'd Chaff, by Western Winds is blown.

For fear the rankness of the swelling Womb

Shou'd scant the passage, and confine the room.

Lest the fat Furrows shou'd the sense destroy 220

Of Genial Lust; and dull the Seat of Joy.

But let 'em suck the Seed with greedy force;

And close involve the Vigour of the Horse.

The Male has done; thy care must now proceed

To teeming Females; and the promis'd breed. 225

First let 'em run at large; and never know

The taming Yoak, or draw the crooked Plough.

Let 'em not leap the Ditch, or swim the Flood;
Or lumber o'er the Meads; or cross the Wood.
But range the Forrest, by the silver side 230
Of some cool Stream, where Nature shall provide
Green Grass and fat'ning Clover for their fare;
And Mossy Caverns for their Noontide lare: }
With Rocks above to shield the sharp Nocturnal Air. }
About th' *Alburnian* Groves, with Holly green, 235
Of winged Insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying Plague (to mark its quality;)
Oestros the *Grecians* call: *Asylus*, we:
A fierce loud buzzing Breez; their stings draw blood;
And drive the Cattle gadding through the Wood. 240
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his Channel dry.
This Curse the jealous *Juno* did invent;
And first imploy'd for *Io's* Punishment.
To shun this Ill, the cunning Leach ordains 245
In Summer's Sultry Heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the Females, e'er the Sun arise,
Or late at Night, when Stars adorn the Skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the Dam aside;
And for the tender Progeny provide. 250
Distinguish all betimes, with branding Fire;
To note the Tribe, the Lineage, and the Sire.
Whom to reserve for Husband of the Herd;
Or who shall be to Sacrifice preferr'd;

Or whom thou shalt to turn thy Glebe allow; 255
To smoothe the Furrows, and sustain the Plough:
The rest, for whom no Lot is yet decreed,
May run in Pastures, and at Pleasure feed.
The Calf, by Nature and by Genius made
To turn the Glebe, breed to the Rural Trade. 260
Set him betimes to School; and let him be
Instructed there in Rules of Husbandry:
While yet his Youth is flexible and green;
Nor bad Examples of the World has seen.
Early begin the stubborn Child to break; 265
For his soft Neck, a supple Collar make
Of bending Osiers; and (with time and care
Enur'd that easie Servitude to bear)
Thy flattering Method on the Youth pursue:
Join'd with his School-Fellows by two and two, 270
Perswade 'em first to lead an empty Wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise; or they can feel:
In length of Time produce the lab'ring Yoke
And shining Shares, that make the Furrow smoak.
E'er the licentious Youth be thus restrain'd, 275
Or Moral Precepts on their Minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of Leaves, and marshy Weed,
But with thy Sickle reap the rankest land:
And minister the blade, with bounteous hand. 280
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely Sires have done;

Who fill'd the Pail with Beestings of the Cow :
But all her Udder to the Calf allow.

If to the Warlike Steed thy Studies bend, 285
Or for the Prize in Chariots to contend;
Near *Pisa's* Flood the rapid Wheels to guide,
Or in *Olympian* Groves aloft to ride,

The generous Labours of the Courser, first [nurst:
Must be with sight of Arms and sounds of Trumpets
Inur'd the groaning Axle-tree to bear; 291

And let him clashing Whips in Stables hear.
Sooth him with Praise, and make him understand
The loud Applauses of his Master's Hand:

This from his Weaning, let him well be taught; 295
And then betimes in a soft Snaffle wrought:

Before his tender Joints with Nerves are knit;
Untry'd in Arms, and trembling at the Bit.

But when to four full Springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with Pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat; 301
To turn, to bound in measure; and Curvet.

Let him, to this, with easie pains be brought:
And seem to labour, when he labours not.

Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the Wind; 305
And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind:

He scours along the Field, with loosen'd Reins;
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the Plains.

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North: 310

The

The waving Harvest bends beneath his blast;
The Forrest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shoar.
Thus o'er th' *Elean* Plains, thy well-breath'd Horse 315
Impels the flying Carr, and wins the Course.
Or, bred to *Belgian* Waggons, leads the Way;
Untir'd at Night, and chearful all the Day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his Growth, and his gaunt sides supply. 320
Before his Training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout Stomach with his Food will grow;
The pamper'd Colt will Discipline disdain,
Impatient of the Lash, and restiff to the Rein.

Wou'dst thou their Courage and their Strength im-
prove, 325
Too soon they must not feel the stings of Love.
Whether the Bull or Courser be thy Care,
Let him not leap the Cow, or mount the Mare.
The youthful Bull must wander in the Wood;
Behind the Mountain, or beyond the Flood: 330
Or, in the Stall at home his Fodder find;
Far from the Charms of that alluring Kind.
With two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Rest;
Forsakes his Food, and pining for the Lass, 335
Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing Grass;

The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,
The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes.

A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred;
The stooping Warriors, aiming Head to Head, 346
Engage their clashing Horns; with dreadful Sound
The Forrest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.

They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.

Nor when the War is over, is it Peace; 348
Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release:

But feeding in his Breast his ancient Fires,
And cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.

Driv'n from his native Land, to foreign Grounds,
He with a gen'rous Rage resents his Wounds; 350
His ignominious Flight, the Victor's boast, [lost.

And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he
Often he turns his Eyes, and, with a Groan,
Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own.

And therefore to repair his Strength he tries: 355 }
Hardning his Limbs with painful Exercise,
And rough upon the flinty Rock he lyes. }

On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds,
Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds.

His Horns, yet sore, he tries against a Tree: 360
And meditates his absent Enemy.

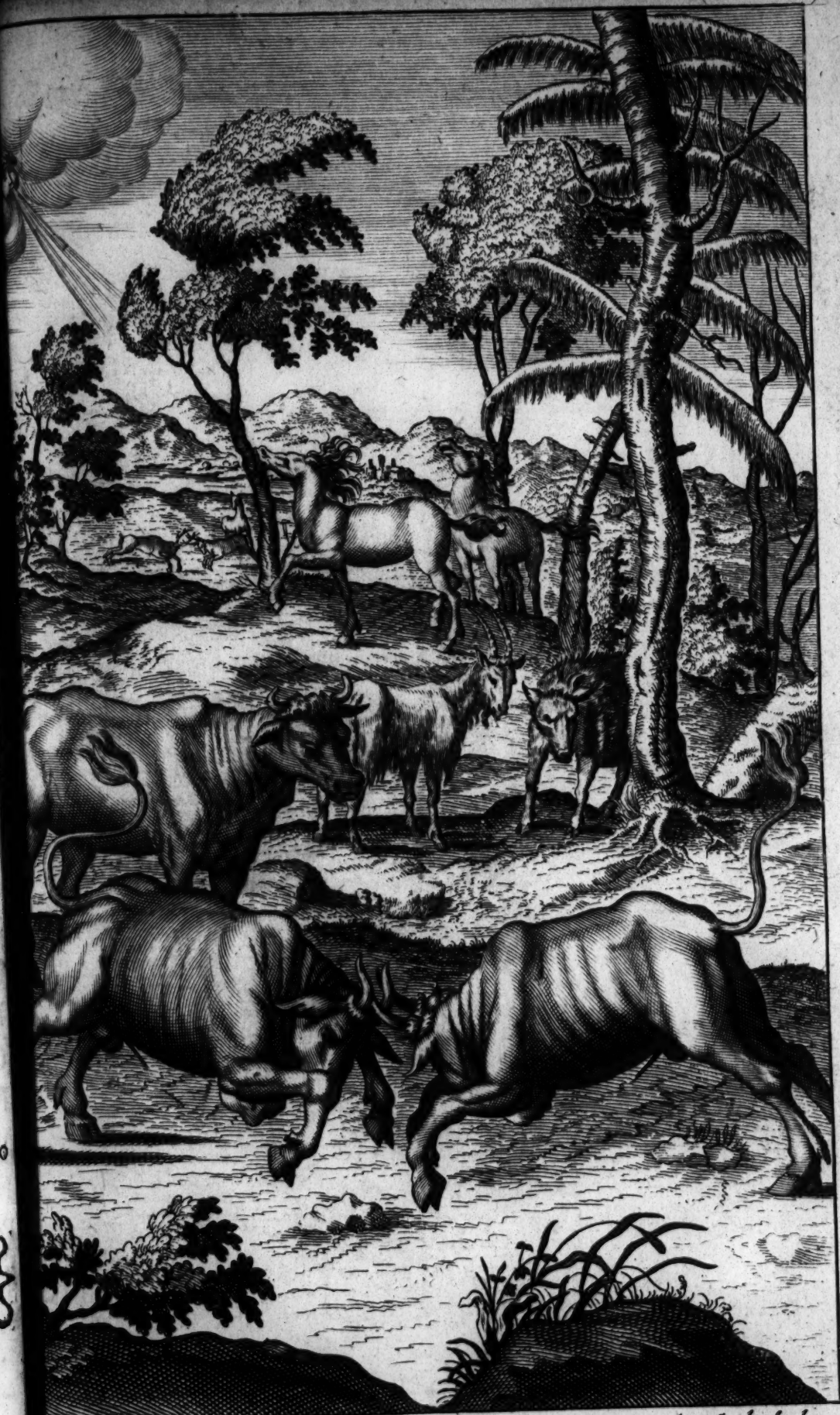
He snuffs the Wind, his heels the Sand excite;
But, when he stands collected in his might, }
He roars, and promises a more successful Fight. }

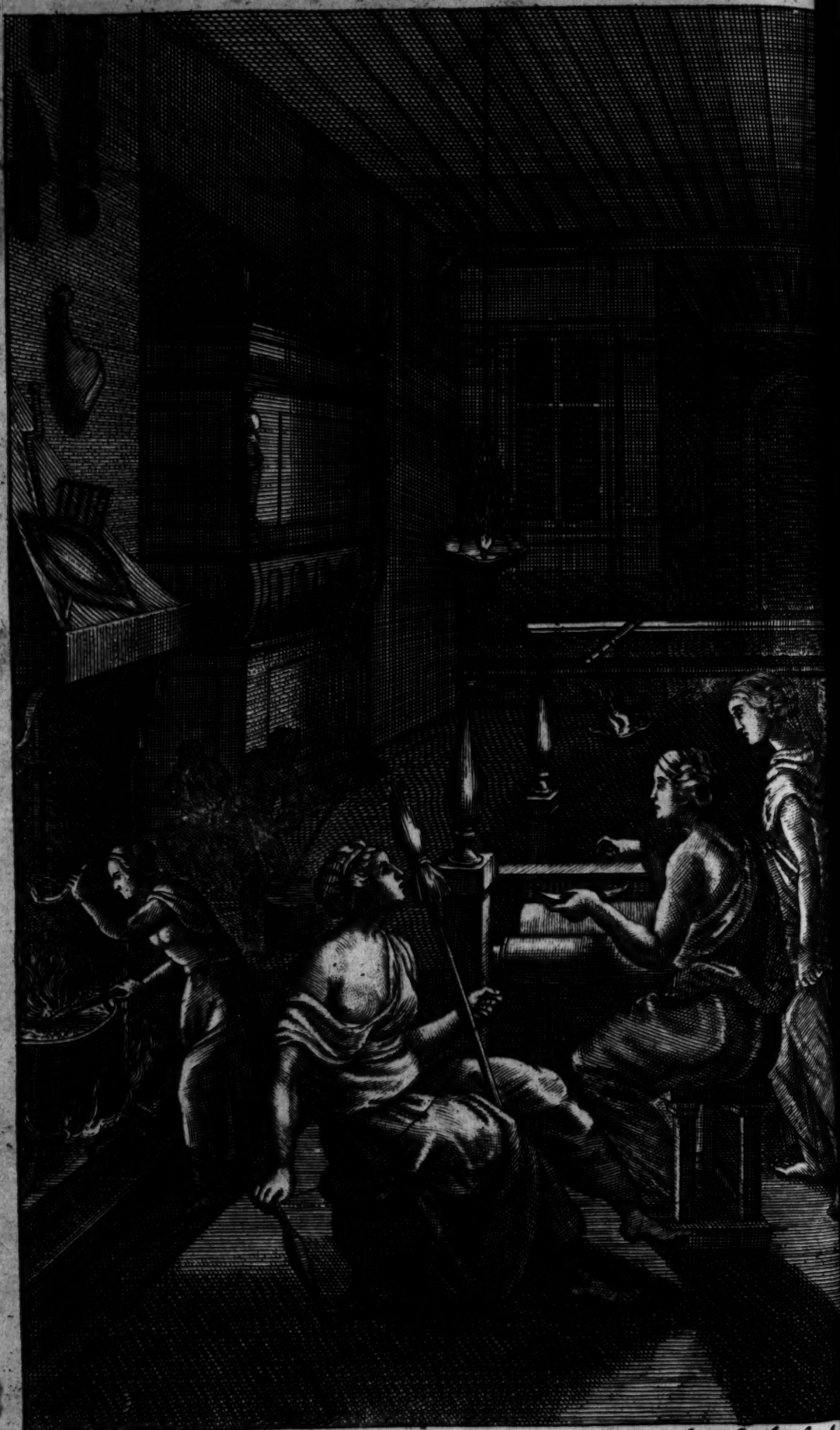
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Then, to redeem his Honour at a blow, 365
He moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe.
Not with more Madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy Waves proclaim the watry War.
And mounting upwards, with a mighty Roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky Shoar. 370
They mate the middle Region with their height;
And fall no less, than with a Mountain's weight;
The Waters boil, and belching from below
Black Sands, as from a forceful Engine throw.

Thus every Creature, and of every Kind, 375
The secret Joys of sweet Coition find:
Not only Man's Imperial Race; but they
That wing the liquid Air; or swim the Sea,
Or haunt the Desert, rush into the flame:
For Love is Lord of all; and is in all the same. 380

Tis with this rage, the Mother Lion stung,
Scours o'er the Plain; regardless of her young:
Demanding Rites of Love; she sternly stalks;
And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks.
Tis then the shapeless Bear his Den forsakes; 385
In Woods and Fields a wild destruction makes.
Boars whet their Tusks, to battle Tygers move;
Enrag'd with Hunger, more enrag'd with Love.
Then wo to him, that in the desert Land
Of *Lybia* travels, o'er the burning Sand. 390
The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent afar;
And snorts and trembles for the distant Mare;

Nor Bits nor Bridles can his Rage restrain;
 And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain:
 He makes his way o'er Mountains, and contemns 395
 Unruly Torrents, and unfoorded Streams.

The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,
 New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground.
 The sleepy Leacher shuts his little Eyes;
 About his churning Chaps the frothy bubbles rise: 400
 He rubs his sides against a Tree; prepares
 And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.

What did the *Youth*, when Love's unerring Dart
 Transfixt his Liver; and inflam'd his Heart?
 Alone, by Night, his watry way he took; 405
 About him, and above, the Billows broke:
 The Sluces of the Sky were open spread;
 And rowling Thunder rattl'd o'er his Head.
 The raging Tempest call'd him back in vain;
 And every boding Omen of the Main. 410

Nor cou'd his Kindred; nor the kindly Force
 Of weeping Parents, change his fatal Course.
 No, not the dying Maid, who must deplore
 His floating Carcass on the *Sestian* shore.

I pass the Wars that spotted *Linx's* make 415
 With their fierce Rivals, for the Females sake:
 The howling Wolves, the Mastiffs amorous rage;
 When ev'n the fearful Stag dares for his Hind engage.
 But far above the rest, the furious Mare,
 Barr'd from the Male, is frantick with despair. 420

For when her pouting Vent declares her pain,
She tears the Harness, and she rends the Rein;
For this; (when *Venus* gave them rage and pow'r)
Their Masters mangl'd Members they devour;
Of Love defrauded in their longing Hour. 425

For Love they force thro' Thickets of the Wood,
They climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood.

When at the Spring's approach their Marrow burns,
(For with the Spring their genial Warmth returns)

The Mares to Cliffs of rugged Rocks repair, 430
And with wide Nostrils snuff the Western Air:

When (wondrous to relate) the Parent Wind,
Without the Stallion, propagates the Kind.

Then fir'd with amorous rage, they take their Flight
Through Plains, and mount the Hills unequal height;
Nor to the North, nor to the Rising Sun, 436

Nor Southward to the Rainy Regions run,
But boring to the West, and hov'ring there,

With gaping Mouths, they draw prolifick Air:

With which impregnate, from their Groins they shed
A slimy Juice, by false Conception bred. 441

The Shepherd knows it well; and calls by Name
Hippomanes, to note the Mother's Flame.

This, gather'd in the Planetary Hour,

With noxious Weeds, and spell'd with Words of Pow'r,
Dire Stepdames in the Magick Bowl infuse; 446

And mix, for deadly Draughts, the pois'nous Juice.

But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing Path pursue;
Surveying Nature, with too nice a view.

450

Let this suffice for Herds: our following Care
Shall woolly Flocks, and shaggy Goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what Oyl I must bestow,
To raise my Subject from a Ground so low:
And the mean Matter which my Theme affords,
To embellish with Magnificence of Words.
But the commanding Muse my Chariot guides;
Which o'er the dubious Cliff securely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten Road to take:
But first the way to new Discov'ries make.

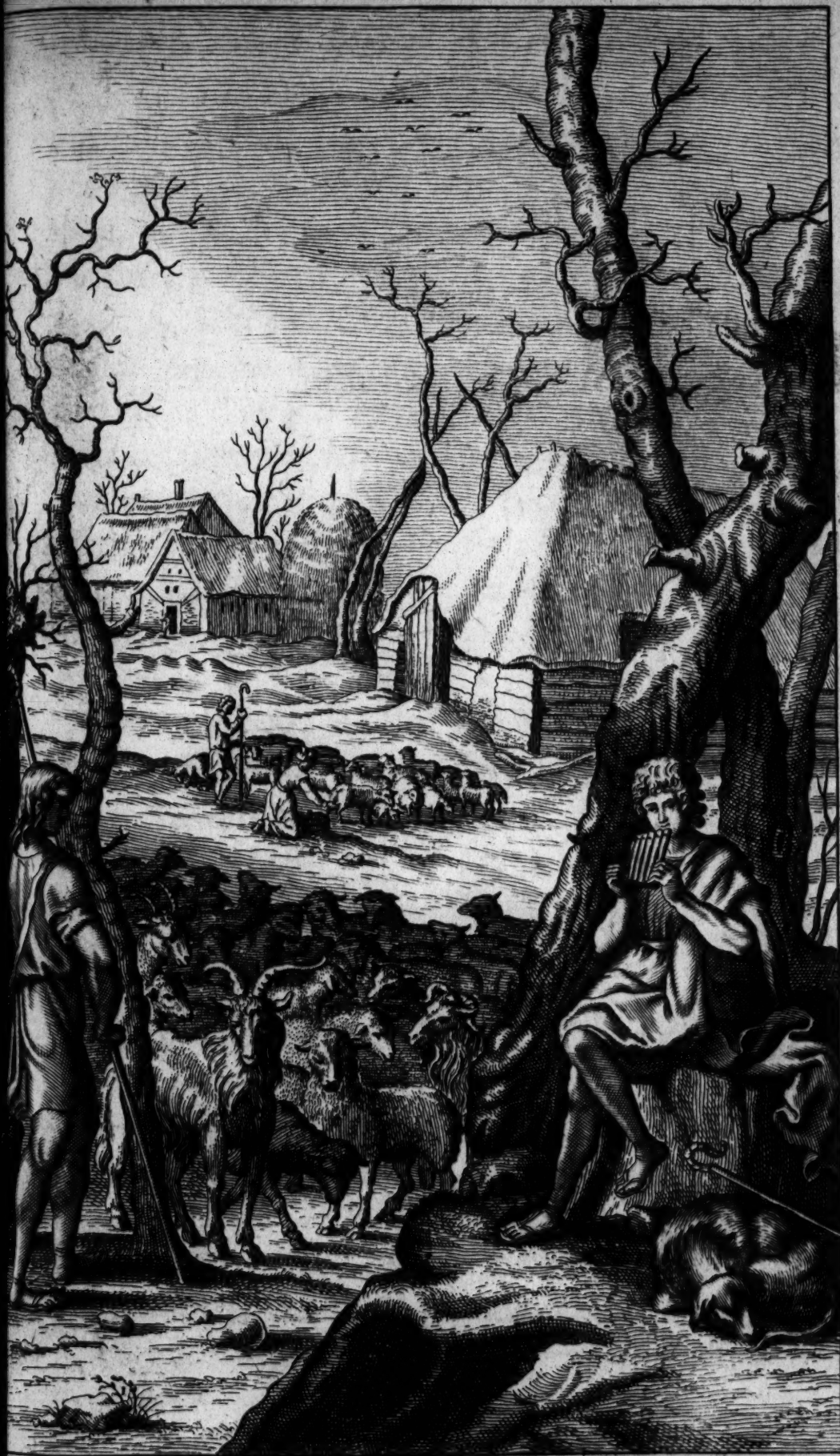
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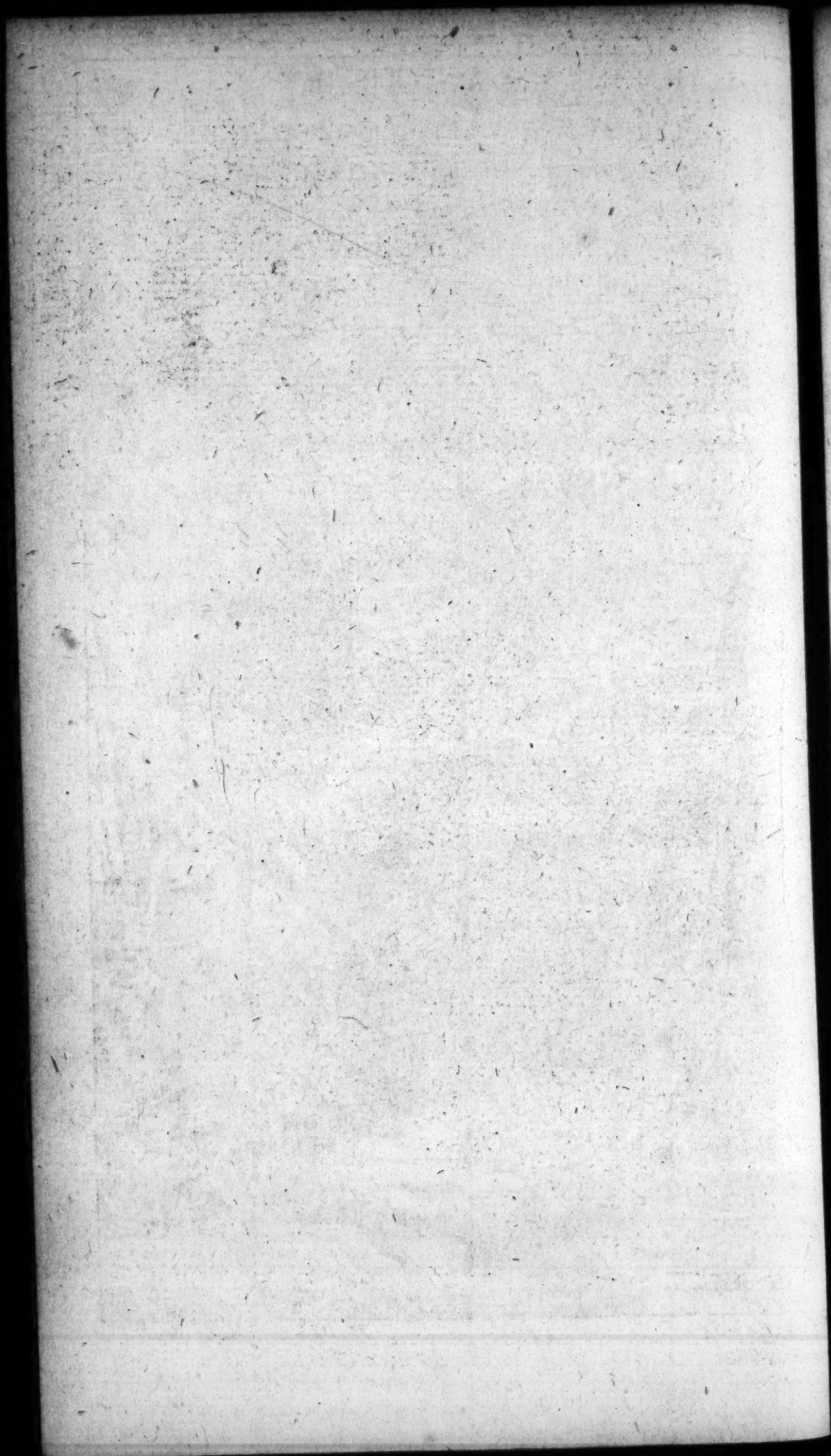
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Now, sacred *Pales*, in a lofty strain,
I sing the Rural Honours of thy Reign.
First with assiduous care, from Winter keep
Well fodder'd in the Stalls, thy tender Sheep
Then spread with Straw, the bedding of thy Fold;
With Fern beneath, to fend the bitter Cold.
That free from Gouts thou may'st preserve thy Care:
And clear from Scabs, produc'd by freezing Air.
Next let thy Goats officiously be nurs'd;
And led to living Streams; to quench their Thirst.
Feed 'em with Winter-browse, and for their lare
A Cote that opens to the South prepare:
Where basking in the Sun-shine they may lye,
And the short Remnants of his Heat enjoy.

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This during Winter's drisly Reign be done: 475
Till the new Ram receives th' exalted Sun:
For hairy Goats of equal profit are
With woolly Sheep, and ask an equal Care.
Tis true, the Fleece, when drunk with *Tyrian* Juice,
Is dearly sold; but not for needful use: 480
For the salacious Goat encreases more;
And twice as largely yields her milky Store.
The still distended Udders never fail;
But when they seem exhausted swell the Pail.
Mean time the Pastor shears their hoary Beards; 485
And eases of their Hair, the loaden Herds.
Their Camelots, warm in Tents, the Souldier hold;
And shield the shiv'ring Mariner from Cold.

On Shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky Top
Of rugged Hills, the thorny Bramble crop. 490
Attended with their bleating Kids they come
At Night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And scarce their swelling Bags the threshold over-
come. }

So much the more thy diligence bestow
In depth of Winter, to defend the Snow: 495
By how much less the tender helpless Kind,
For their own ills, can fit Provision find.
Then minister the browse, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy Stacks all Winter stand.
But when the Western Winds with vital pow'r 500
Call forth the tender Grass, and budding Flower;

Then, at the last, produce in open Air
 Both Flocks; and send 'em to their Summer fare.
 Before the Sun, while *Hesperus* appears;
 First let 'em sip from Herbs the pearly tears 505
 Of Morning Dews: and after break their Fast
 On Green-sword Ground; (a cool and grateful taste:)
 But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the Dews,
 And the Sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
 When creaking Grasshoppers on Shrubs complain, 510
 Then lead 'em to their wat'ring Troughs again,
 In Summer's heat, some bending Valley find,
 Clos'd from the Sun, but open to the Wind:
 Or seek some ancient Oak, whose Arms extend
 In ample breadth, thy Cattle to defend: 515
 Or solitary Grove, or gloomy Glade:
 To shield 'em with its venerable Shade.
 Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again
 When the low Sun is sinking to the Main.
 When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Dews; 520
 And the cool Evening-breeze the Meads renews:
 When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful sound,
 And hollow shoars the *Halcions* Voice rebound.
 Why shou'd my Muse enlarge on *Lybian* Swains;
 Their scatter'd Cottages, and ample Plains? 525
 Where oft the Flocks, without a Leader stray;
 Or through continu'd Desarts take their way;
 And, feeding, add the length of Night to Day. }

Whole Months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor Folds, nor hospitable Harbour know. 530

Such an extent of Plains, so vast a space
Of Wilds unknown, and of untasted Grass
Allures their Eyes: The Shepherd last appears,
And with him all his Patrimony bears:
His House and household Gods! his trade of War, 535
His Bow and Quiver; and his trusty Cur.

Thus, under heavy Arms, the Youth of *Rome*
Their long laborious Marches overcome;
Chearly their tedious Travels undergo:
And pitch their sudden Camp before the Foe. 540

Not so the *Scythian* Shepherd tends his Fold;
Nor he who bears in *Thrace* the bitter cold:
Nor he, who treads the bleak *Meotian* Strand;
Or where proud *Ister* rousls his yellow Sand.
Early they stall their Flocks and Herds; for there 545
No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forrests wear.

The frozen Earth lyes buried there, below
A hilly heap, sev'n Cubits deep in Snow:
And all the *Weste* Allies of stormy *Boreas* blow. }

The Sun from far, peeps with a sickly face; 550
Too weak the Clouds, and mighty Fogs to chace;
When up the Skies, he shoots his rosie Head;
Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.

Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd;
And studded Wheels are on its back sustain'd. 555

An Hoftry now for Waggon; which before
Tall Ships of burthen, on its Bosom bore.
The brazen Cauldrons, with the Frost are flaw'd;
The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd;
With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence 560
By weight, the solid portions they dispence.
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
Long Ificles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below. 565
The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls,
Huge Oxen stand inclos'd in wint'ry Walls
Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there
Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.
The dext'rous Huntsman wounds not these afar, 570
With Shafts, or Darts, or makes a distant War
With Dogs; or pitches Toils to stop the Flight:
But close engages in unequal Fight.
And while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of Snow, and pitifully bray; 575
Assaults with dint of Sword, or pointed Spears,
And homeward, on his Back, the joyful burthen bears.
The Men to subterranean Caves retire;
Secure from Cold; and crowd the chearful Fire:
With Trunks of Elms and Oaks, the Hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of Heav'n abroad. 580
Their jovial Nights, in frolicks and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away.

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And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets cheer,
Of windy Cider, and of barmy Beer. 585

Such are the cold *Ryphean* Race; and such
The savage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*.
Where Skins of Beasts, the rude *Barbarians* wear;
The spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.

Is Wool thy care? Let not thy Cattle go 590
Where Bushes are, where Burs and Thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a Pasture let 'em feed:
Then of the purest white select thy Breed.

Ev'n though a snowy Ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste, for Husband to thy Fold. 595
But search his Mouth; and if a swarthy Tongue
Is underneath his humid Pallat hung;
Reject him, lest he darken all the Flock;
And substitute another from thy Stock.

'Twas thus with Fleeces milky white (if we 600
May trust report,) *Pan* God of *Arcady*
Did bribe thee *Cynthia*; nor didst thou disdain
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a Lover's pain.

If Milk be thy design; with plenteous hand
Being Clover-grass; and from the marshy Land 605
Salt Herbage for the fodd'ring Rack provide;
To fill their Bags, and swell the milky Tide:
These raise their Thirst, and to the Taste restore
The savour of the Salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the Kids their Dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their soft Mouths restrain. 611

Their Morning Milk, the *Peasants* press at Night:
 Their Evening Meal, before the rising Light
 To Market bear: or sparingly they steep
 With seas'ning Salt, and stor'd, for Winter keep. 615

Nor last, forget thy faithful Dogs: but feed
 With fat'ning Whey the Mastiffs gen'rous breed;
 And *Spartan* Race: who for the Folds relief
 Will prosecute with Cries the nightly Thief:
 Repulse the prouling Wolf, and hold at Bay, 620
 The Mountain Robbers, rushing to the Prey.
 With cries of Hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
 Of flying Hares, and chace the fallow Deer;
 Rouze from their desert Dens, the brist'd Rage
 Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toils engage. 625

With smoak of burning Cedar scent thy Walls:
 And fume with stinking *Galbanum* thy Stalls:
 With that rank Odour from thy dwelling Place
 To drive the Viper's brood, and all the venom'd Race.
 For often under Stalls unmov'd, they lye, 630
 Obscure in shades, and shunning Heav'ns broad Eye.
 And Snakes, familiar, to the Hearth succeed,
 Disclose their Eggs, and near the Chimney breed.
 Whether, to rooify Houses they repair,
 Or Sun themselves abroad in open Air, 635
 In all abodes of pestilential Kind,
 To Sheep and Oxen, and the painful Hind.
 Take, Shepherd take, a plant of stubborn Oak;
 And labour him with many a sturdy stroak:

Or with hard Stones, demolish from a-far 640

His haughty Crest, the seat of all the War,

Invade his hissing Throat, and winding spires;

Till stretch'd in length, th' unfolded Foe retires.

He drags his Tail; and for his Head provides: 644

And in some secret cranny slowly glides; [Sides. }

But leaves expos'd to blows, his Back and batter'd }

In fair *Calabria's* Woods, a Snake is bred,

With curling Crest, and with advancing Head:

Waving he rolls, and makes a winding Track;

His Belly spotted, burnisht is his Back: 650

While Springs are broken, while the *Southern* Air

And dropping Heav'ns, the moisten'd Earth repair,

He lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,

He fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.

But when, in muddy Pools, the water sinks; 655

And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks;

He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground;

And hissing, rowls his glaring Eyes around.

With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats, 659

He rages in the Fields, and wide Destruction threats.

Oh let not Sleep, my closing Eyes invade,

In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,

When he, renew'd in all the speckl'd Pride

Of pompous Youth, has cast his slough aside:

And in his Summer Liv'ry rowls along: 665 }

Erect, and brandishing his forky Tongue, }

Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young; }

And thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of Poison, for the following Year.

The Causes and the Signs shall next be told, 670
Of ev'ry Sickness that infects the Fold.

A scabby Tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw Rain has pierc'd them to the quick :
Or searching Frosts, have eaten through the Skin,
Or burning Ificles are lodg'd within: 675

Or when the Fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty Veins :
When their defenceless Limbs, the Brambles tear ;
Short of their Wool, and naked from the Sheer. 679

Good Shepherds after sheering, drench their Sheep, }
And their Flocks Father (forc'd from high to leap) }
Swims down the Stream, and plunges in the deep. }
They oint their naked Limbs with mother'd Oyl,
Or from the Founts where living Sulphurs boil,
They mix a Med'cine to foment their Limbs ; 684
With Scum that on the molten Silver swims.

Fat Pitch, and black Bitumen, add to these, }
Besides, the waxen labour of the Bees : }
And *Hellebore*, and *Squills* deep rooted in the Seas. }

• Receits abound ; but searching all thy Store, 690

The best is still at hand, to launch the Sore :

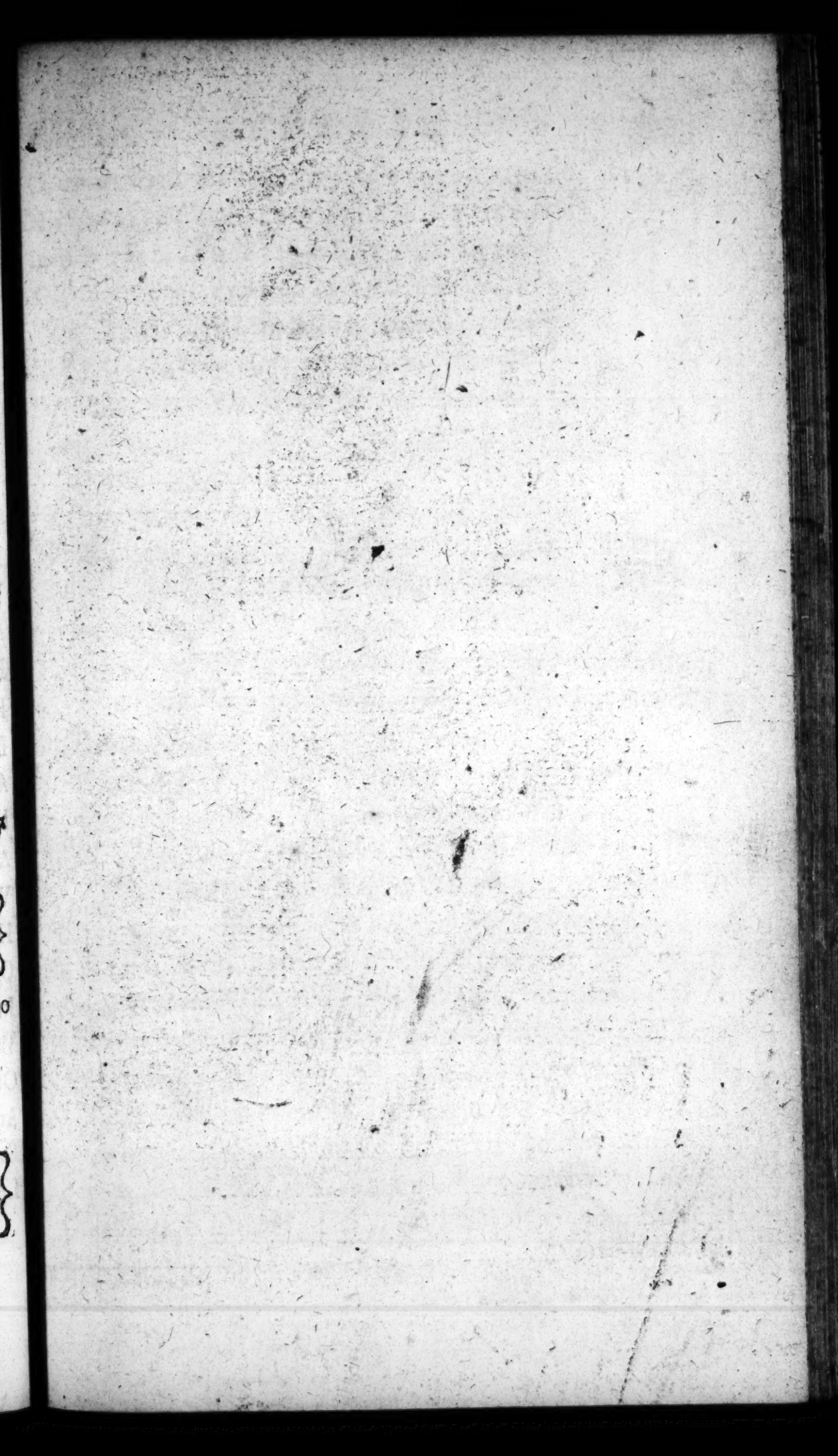
And cut the Head ; for till the Core be found,

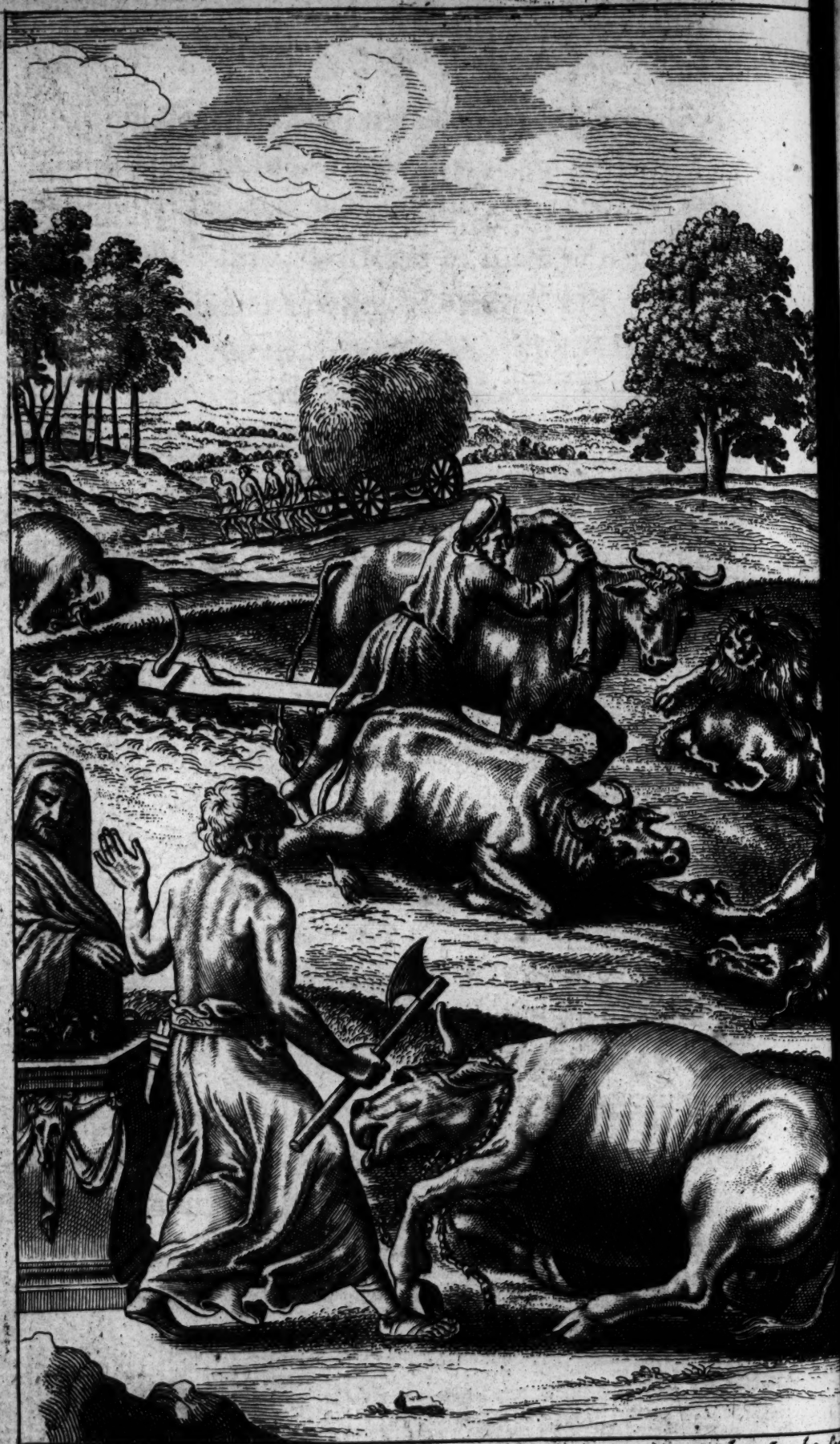
The secret Vice is fed, and gathers Ground :

While making fruitless Moan, the Shepherd stands, }

And, when the launching Knife requires his hand, 695 }

Vain help, with idle Pray'rs from Heav'n demands. }





Deep in their Bones when Feavers fix their seat,
And rack their Limbs; and lick the vital heat;
The ready Cure to cool the raging Pain,
Is underneath the Foot to breath a Vein. 700

This Remedy the *Scythian* Shepherds found:
Th' Inhabitants of *Thracia's* hilly Ground,
The *Gelons* use it; when for Drink and Food
They mix their cruddl'd Milk with Horses Blood.

But where thou seest a single Sheep remain 705
In Shades aloof, or couch'd upon the Plain;
Or listlessly to crop the tender Grass;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the Crime; and take the Traytor's head,
E'er in the faultless Flock the dire Contagion spread.

On Winter Seas we fewer Storms behold, 711
Than foul Diseases that infect the Fold.

Nor do those ills, on single Bodies prey;
But oft'ner bring the Nation to decay;
And sweep the present Stock, and future Hope away. }

A dire Example of this Truth appears: 716
When, after such a length of rowling Years,
We see the naked *Alps*, and thin Remains
Of scatter'd Cott's, and yet unpeopl'd Plains: [Reigns. }
Once fill'd with grazing Flocks, the Shepherds happy }

Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies, 721
A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise:
During th' Autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,
Tame Cattle, and the Beasts of Nature flew.

Pois'ning the Standing Lakes; and Pools Impure: 725
Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure.

Strange Death! For when the thirsty fire had drunk
Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were shrunk;
When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A wat'rish Humour swell'd and ooz'd agen: 730

Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.

The Victim Ox, that was for Altars prest,
Trim'd with white Ribbons, and with Garlands drest,
Sunk of himself, without the Gods Command: 735
Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand.

Or, by the holy Butcher, if he fell,
Th' inspected Entrails, cou'd no Fates foretel.
Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise; 739
But Clouds of smouldring Smoke, forbad the Sacrifice.
Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor.

The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forsake,
And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack.
The fawning Dog runs mad; the wheasing Swine 745
With Coughs is choak'd; and labours from the Chine:
The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood.

He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
A doubtful Sweat in clammy drops appears: 750 }
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.

Such

Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease;
But in time's process, when his pains encrease,
He roul's his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly Moans. 755
He heaves for Breath: which, from his Lungs supply'd,
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.
To his rough Palat, his dry Tongue succeeds;
And roapy Gore, he from his Nostrils bleeds.
A Drench of Wine has with success been us'd; 760
And through a Horn, the gen'rous Juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his closing Jaws;
But, if too late, the Patient's death did cause.
For the too vig'rous Dose, too fiercely wrought;
And added Fury to the Strength it brought. 765
Recruited into Rage, he grinds his Teeth
In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death.
Ye Gods, to better Fate, good Men dispose;
And turn that Impious Errour on our Foes!

The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow, 770
(Studious of Tillage; and the crooked Plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying spews a Flood
Of foamy Madness, mix'd with clotted Blood.
The Clown, who cursing Providence repines,
His Mournful Fellow from the Team disjoins: 775
With many a groan, forsakes his fruitless care;
And in th'unfinish'd Furrow leaves the Share.
The pineing Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
Nor flow'ry Meads can ease; nor Crystal Floods

Roul'd from the Rock: His flabby Flanks decrease;
His Eyes are settled in a stupid peace. 781

His bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown;
And his unweildy Neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving Toil
To turn the Glebe; or smooth the rugged Soil! 785

And yet he never sapt in solemn State,
Nor undigested Feasts did urge his Fate;
Nor Day, to Night, luxuriously did join;
Nor surfeited on rich *Campanian* Wine.

Simple his Bev'rage; homely was his Food; 790
The wholsom Herbage, and the running Flood:
No dreadful Dreams awak'd him with affright;
His Pains by Day, secur'd his Rest by Night.

Tw'as then that *Buffalo's*, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the Carr of *Jove's* Imperial Queen 795
For want of Oxen: and the lab'ring Swain
Scratch'd with a Rake, a Furrow for his Grain: }
And cover'd, with his hand, the shallow Seed again. }
He Yokes himself, and up the Hilly height, 799
With his own Shoulders, draws the Waggon's weight.

The nightly Wolf, that round th' Enclosure proul'd
To leap the Fence; now plots not on the Fold.
Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe
And flying Stag, amidst the Grey-Hounds go: [Foe. }
And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer }
The scaly Nations of the Sea profound, 806
Like Shipwreck'd Carcasses are driv'n aground:

And mighty *Phocæ*, never seen before
 In shallow Streams, are stranded on the Shore.
 The Viper dead, within her Hole is found: 810
 Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
 The water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,
 With staring Scales lyes poison'd in his Bed:
 To Birds their Native Heav'ns contagious prove,
 From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above. 815

Besides, to change their Pasture tis in vain:
 Or trust to Physick; Physick is their Bane.
 The Learned Leaches in despair depart:
 And shake their Heads, desponding of their Art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground, 820
 Majestically pale, now treads the round:
 Before her drives Diseases, and affright;
 And every moment rises to the sight: }

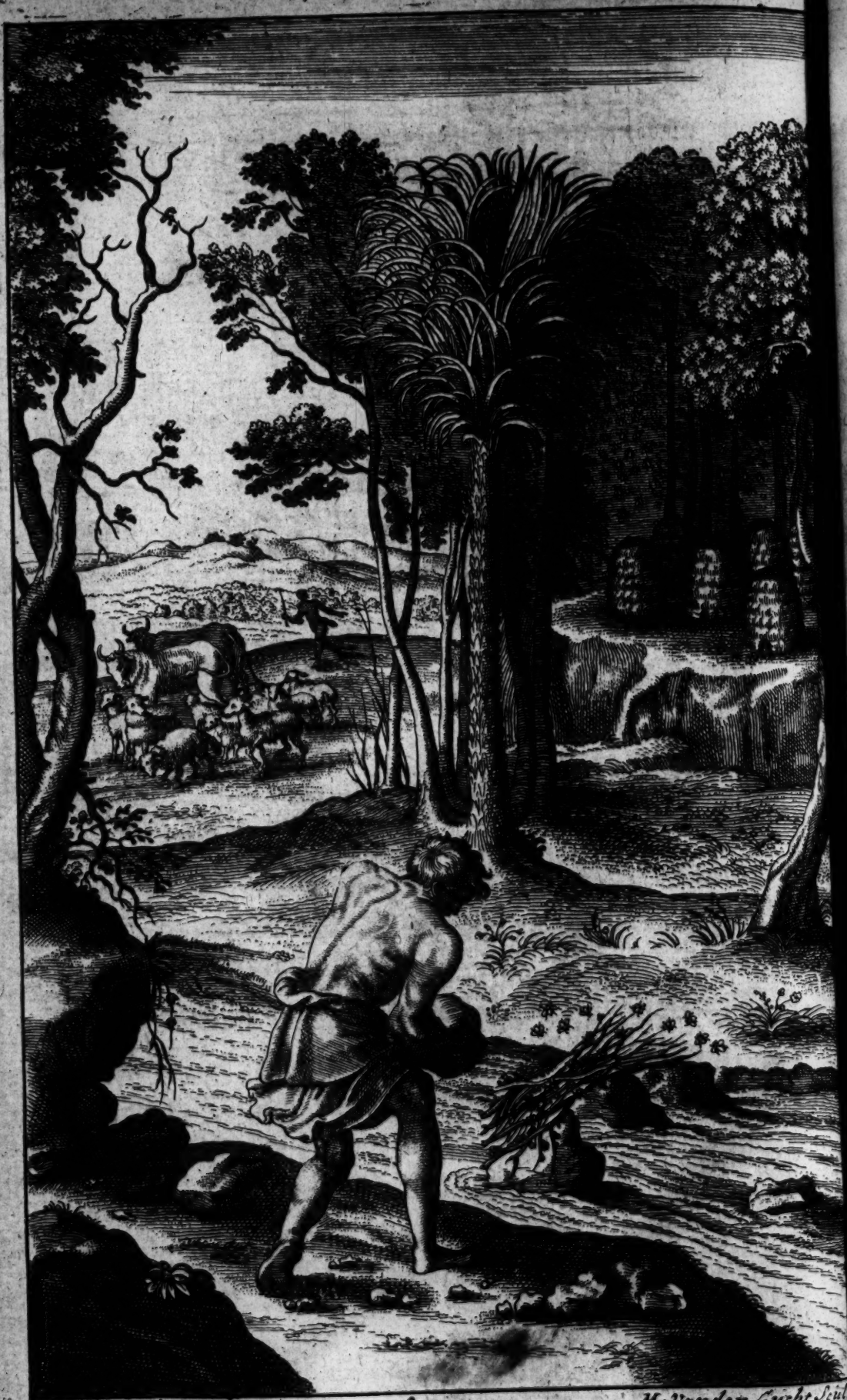
Aspiring to the Skies; encroaching on the light.
 The Rivers and their Banks, and Hills around, 825
 With lowings, and with dying Bleats resound.

At length, she strikes an Universal Blow;
 To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:
 Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
 The diff'ring Species in Confusion lye. 830

Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
 To lodge their loathsom Carrion under ground.
 For, useless to the Currier were their Hides:
 Nor cou'd their tainted Flesh with Ocean Tides

Be freed from Filth; nor cou'd *Vulcanian* Flame 835
The Stench abolish; or the Savour tame.
Nor safely cou'd they shear their fleecy Store;
(Made drunk with pois'nous Juice, and stiff with Gore :)
Or touch the Web: But if the Vest they wear,
Red Blisters rising on their Paps appear, 840
And flaming Carbuncles; and noisom Sweat,
And clammy Dews, that loathsom Lice beget:
Till the slow creeping Evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching Limbs; and makes the Life
his prey.





The Fourth Book of the
G E O R G I C S.

The ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the Subject of each Georgic: In the First he has only dead Matter on which to work. In the Second he just steps on the World of Life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in Vegetables. In the Third he advances to Animals. And in the Last, singles out the Bee, which may be reckon'd the most sagacious of 'em, for his Subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what Station is most proper for the Bees, and when they begin to gather Honey: How to call 'em home when they swarm; and how to part 'em when they are engag'd in Battel. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different Kinds; and, after an Excursion, relates their prudent and politick Administration of Affairs, and the several Diseases that often rage in their Hives, with the proper Symptoms and Remedies of each Disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their Kind, supposing their whole Breed lost; and gives at large the History of its Invention.



THE Gifts of Heav'n my foll'wing Song
pursues,

Aerial Honey, and Ambrosial Dews.

Mecænas, read this other part, that sings

Embattel'd Squadrons and advent'-

rous Kings:

A mighty Pomp, tho' made of little Things.

Their Arms, their Arts, their Manners I disclose,
 And how they War, and whence the People rose:
 Slight is the Subject, but the Praise not small,
 If Heav'n assist, and *Phœbus* hear my Call.

First, for thy Bees a quiet Station find, 10
 And lodge 'em under Covert of the Wind:
 For Winds, when homeward they return, will drive
 The loaded Carriers from their Ev'ning Hive.
 Far from the Cows and Goats insulting Crew, 14
 That trample down the Flow'rs, and brush the Dew:
 The painted Lizard, and the Birds of Prey,
 Foes of the frugal Kind, be far away.
 The Titmouse, and the Peckers hungry Brood,
 And *Progne*, with her Bosom stain'd in Blood:
 These rob the trading Citizens, and bear 20 }
 The trembling Captives thro' the liquid Air;
 And for their callow young a cruel Feast prepare.
 But near a living Stream their Mansion place,
 Edg'd round with Moss, and tufts of matted Grass:
 And plant (the Winds impetuous rage to stop,) 25
 Wild Olive Trees, or Palms, before the buisie Shop:
 That when the youthful Prince, with proud allarm,
 Calls out the vent'rous Colony to swarm;
 When first their way thro' yielding Air they wing,
 New to the Pleasures of their native Spring; 30
 The Banks of Brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw Souldiers from the scalding Heat:

And neighb'ring Trees, with friendly Shade invite
The Troops unus'd to long laborious Flight.
Then o'er the running Stream, or standing Lake, 35
A Passage for thy weary People make;
With Oſier Floats the ſtanding Water ſtrow;
Of maſſy Stones make Bridges, if it flow:
That basking in the Sun thy Bees may lye,
And reſting there, their flaggy Pinions dry: 40
When late returning home, the laden Hoſt,
By raging Winds is wreck'd upon the Coaſt.
Wild Thyme and Sav'ry ſet around their Cell,
Sweet to the taſte, and fragrant to the Smell:
Set rows of Roſemary with flow'ring Stem, 45
And let the purple Vi'lets drink the Stream.

Whether thou build the Palace of thy Bees
With twiſted Oſiers, or with Barks of Trees;
Make but a narrow Mouth: for as the Cold
Congeals into a Lump the liquid Gold; 50
So tis again diſſolv'd by Summer's heat,
And the ſweet Labours both Extreameſ defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th'induſtrious Kind
With dawby Wax and Flow'rs the Chinks have lin'd.
And, with their Stores of gather'd Glue, contrive 55
To ſtop the Vents, and Crannies of their Hive.
Not Birdlime, or *Idean* Pitch produce
A more tenacious Maſs of clammy Juice.

Nor Bees are lodg'd in Hives alone, but found
In Chambers of their own, beneath the Ground: 60

Their vaulted Roofs are hung in Pumices,
And in the rotten Trunks of hollow Trees.

But plaister thou the chinky Hives with Clay,
And leafy Branches o'er their Lodgings lay.

Nor place them where too deep a Water flows, 65 }
Or where the Yeugh their pois'nous Neighbour
grows: }

Nor rost red Crabs t'offend the niceness of their Nose.
Nor near the steaming Stench of muddy Ground;
Nor hollow Rocks that render back the Sound,
And doubled Images of Voice rebound. 70 }

For what remains, when Golden Suns appear,
And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year:
The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies,
And o'er the Plains, and shady Forrest flies:

Then stooping on the Meads and leafy Bow'rs; 75
They skim the Floods, and sip the purple Flow'rs.
Exalted hence, and drunk with secret Joy,

Their young Succession all their Cares employ:

They breed, they brood, instruct and educate,
And make Provision for the future State: 80

They work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,
And labour Honey to sustain their Lives.

But when thou seest a swarming Cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies: 84

The Motions of their hasty Flight attend; [bend.
And know to Floods, or Woods, their airy march they



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Then Melfoil beat, and Honey-suckles pound,
With these alluring Savours strew the Ground;
And mix with tinkling Brass, the Cymbals droning
Sound.

Streight to their ancient Cells, recall'd from Air, 90
The reconcil'd Deserters will repair.

But if intestine Broils allarm the Hive,
(For two Pretenders oft for Empire strive)

The Vulgar in divided Factions jar;
And murm'ring Sounds proclaim the Civil War. 95

Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Disdain,
Scarce can their Limbs, their mighty Souls contain.

With Shouts, the Cowards Courage they excite,
And martial Clangors call 'em out to fight:

With hoarse Allarms the hollow Camp rebounds, 100
That imitates the Trumpets angry Sounds:

Then to their common Standard they repair;

The nimble Horsemen scour the Fields of Air.

In form of Battel drawn, they issue forth,

And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth. 105

Prest for their Country's Honour, and their King's,

On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings;

And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings.

Full in the midst, the haughty Monarchs ride,

The trusty Guards come up, and close the Side; 110

With Shouts the daring Foe to Battel is defy'd.

Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,

To War they follow their undaunted King:

Crowd thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light,
The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight: 115
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of slaughter'd Soldiers bite the Ground.
Hard Hailstones lye not thicker on the Plain;
Nor shaken Oaks such Show'rs of Acorns rain.
With gorgeous Wings, the Marks of Sov'raign sway,
The two contending Princes make their way; 121
Intrepid thro' the midst of danger go;
Their Friends encourage, and amaze the Foe.
With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies prest,
They challenge, and encounter Breast to Breast; 125
So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or dye;
That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only Reign.)
Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray, 130
A cast of scatter'd Dust will soon alay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the Chiefs are fund'red from the Fight,
Then to the lawful King restore his Right.
And let the wastful Prodigal be slain, 135
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
With ease distinguish'd is the Regal Race,
One Monarch wears an honest open Face;
Shap'd to his Size, and Godlike to behold,
His Royal Body shines with specks of Gold, 140

And ruddy Scales ; for Empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a Nobler Kind.

That other looks like Nature in disgrace,

Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face :

144

And like their grizly Prince appears his gloomy Race :

Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train

That long have travell'd through a desert plain,

And spet from their dry Chaps the gather'd dust again.

The better Brood, unlike the Bastard Crew,

Are mark'd with Royal streaks of shining hue ;

150

Glitt'ring and ardent, though in Body less :

From these at pointed Seasons hope to press

Huge heavy Honey-Combs, of Golden Juice,

Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use :

T'allay the Strength and Hardness of the Wine,

155

And with old *Bacchus*, new *Metheglin* join.

But when the Swarms are eager of their play,

And loath their empty Hives, and idly stray,

Restrain the wanton Fugitives, and take

A timely Care to bring the Truants back.

160

The Task is easie : but to clip the Wings

Of their high-flying Arbitrary Kings :

At their Command, the People swarm away ;

Confine the Tyrant, and the Slaves will stay.

Sweet Gardens, full of Saffron Flow'rs, invite

165

The wandring Gluttons, and retard their Flight.

Besides, the God obscene, who frights away,

With his Lath Sword, the Thiefs and Birds of Prey,

With his own hand, the Guardian of the Bees, 169
 For Slips of Pines, may search the Mountain Trees:
 And with wild Thyme and Sav'ry, plant the Plain,
 Till his hard horny Fingers ake with Pain:
 And deck with fruitful Trees the Fields around,
 And with refreshing Waters drench the Ground.

Now, did I not so near my Labours end, 175 }
 Strike Sail, and hast'ning to the Harbour tend;
 My Song to Flow'ry Gardens might extend. }
 To teach the vegetable Arts, to sing
 The *Pæstan* Roses, and their double Spring:
 How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams, and how 180
 Green Beds of Parsley near the River grow;
 How Cucumers along the Surface creep,
 With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep.
 The late *Narcissus*, and the winding Trail
 Of Bears-foot, Myrtles green, and Ivy pale. 185
 For where with stately Tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,
 And deep *Galefus* soaks the yellow Sands,
 I chanc'd an Old *Corycian* Swain to know, }
 Lord of few Acres, and those barren too;
 Unfit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to sow: 190 }
 Yet lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,
 Some scatt'ring Potherbs here and there he found:
 Which cultivated with his daily Care,
 And bruis'd with Vervain, were his frugal Fare.
 Sometimes white Lyllies did their Leaves afford, 195
 With wholsom Poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely
 Board:

For late returning home he sup'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the Wealth of Monarchs less :
The little of his own, because his own, did please.
To quit his Care, he gather'd first of all 200
In Spring the Roses, Apples in the Fall :
And when cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,
And Ice the running Rivers did restrain,
He strip'd the Bears-foot of its leafy growth ; 204
And, calling Western Winds, accus'd the Spring of sloath.
He therefore first among the Swains was found,
To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,
And squeeze the Combs with Golden Liquor Crown'd.
His Limes were first in Flow'rs, his lofty Pines,
With friendly Shade, secur'd his tender Vines. 210
For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,
An Autumn Apple was by tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his Elms in even rows ;
For Fruit the grafted Peartree to dispose :
And tame to Plums, the sourness of the Sloes. 215
With spreading Planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good Fellows from the Summer's heat.
But streighten'd in my space, I must forsake
This Task ; for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the Nature of the Bees, 220
Bestow'd by *Jove* for secret Services :
When by the tinkling Sound of Timbrels led,
The King of Heav'n in *Cretan* Caves they fed.

Of all the Race of Animals, alone
The Bees have common Cities of their own: 225
And common Sons, beneath one Law they live,
And with one common Stock their Traffick drive.
Each has a certain home, a sev'ral Stall:
All is the States, the State provides for all.
Mindful of coming Cold, they share the Pain: 230
And hoard, for Winter's use, the Summer's gain.
Some o'er the Publick Magazines preside,
And some are sent new forrage to provide:
These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home
Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb, 235
With dew, *Narcissus* Leaves, and clammy Gum. }
To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrive:
Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive:
Sweet Honey some condense, some purge the Grout;
The rest, in Cells apart, the liquid *Nectar* shut. 240
All, with united Force, combine to drive
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive.
With Envy stung, they view each others Deeds:
With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.
As when the *Cyclops*, at th' Almighty Nod, 245
New Thunder hasten for their angry God:
Subdu'd in Fire the Stubborn Mettal lyes,
One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plyes;
And draws, and blows reciprocating Air:
Others to quench the hissing Mass prepare: 250

With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
And chime their sounding Hammers in a Row;
With labour'd Anvils *Aetna* groans below. }
Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flames expire,
With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.
If little things with great we may compare, 256
Such are the Bees, and such their buisie Care:
Studious of Honey, each in his Degree,
The youthful Swain, the grave experienc'd Bee:
That in the Field; this in Affairs of State, 260
Employ'd at home, abides within the Gate:
To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,
To prop the Ruins lest the Fabrick fall:
But late at Night, with weary Pinions come
The lab'ring Youth, and heavy laden home. 265
Plains, Meads, and Orchards all the Day he plies;
The gleans of yellow Thime distend his Thighs:
He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs, he sips the blues
Of Vi'lets, wilding Blooms, and Willow Dews.
Their Toil is common, common is their Sleep; 270
They shake their Wings when Morn begins to peep;
Rush through the City Gates without delay,
Nor ends their Work, but with declining Day:
Then having spent the last remains of Light,
They give their Bodies due repose at Night: 275
When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells,
Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll 'em to their Cells.

When once in Beds their weary Limbs they steep,
 No buzzing Sounds disturb their Golden Sleep.
 Tis sacred Silence all. Nor dare they stray, 280

When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day:
 But near the City Walls their Watring take,
 Nor Forrage far, but short Excursions make.

And as when empty Barks on Billows float,
 With sandy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat; 285
 So Bees bear Gravel Stones, whose poising Weight
 Steers thro' the whistling Winds their steddly Flight.

But what's more strange, their modest Appetites,
 Averse from *Venus*, fly the Nuptial Rites.

No lust enervates their Heroick Mind, 290
 Nor wafts their Strength on wanton Woman-Kind,
 But in their Mouths reside their Genial Pow'rs,
 They gather Children from the Leaves and Flow'rs.

Thus make they Kings to fill the Regal Seat;
 And thus their little Citizens create: 295 }
 And waxen Cities build, the Palaces of State.

And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the Burthens which they bear.
 Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats:

And such a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets. 300

Thus tho' the race of Life they quickly run;
 Which in the space of sev'n short Years is done;
 Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns,
 The Fortune of the Family remains: }

And Grandfires Grandsons the long List contains. 305 }

Besides,

Besides, not *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more
With servile Awe, their Idol King adore :
While he survives, in Concord and Content
The Commons live, by no Divisions rent ; [ment. }
But the great Monarch's Death dissolves the Govern- }
All goes to Ruin, they themselves contrive 311
To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive.
The King presides, his Subjects Toil surveys ;
The servile Rout their careful *Cæsar* praise :
Him they extol, they worship him alone, 315
They crowd his Levees, and support his Throne :
They raise him on their shoulders with a Shout :
And when their Sov'raign's Quarrel calls 'em out,
His Foes to mortal Combat they defie,
And think it honour at his feet to die. 320

Induc'd by such Examples, some have taught
That Bees have Portions of Etherial Thought :
Endu'd with Particles of Heavenly Fires :
For God the whole created Mass inspires ; 324
Thro' Heav'n, and Earth, and Oceans depth he throws
His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beasts, and Fowls
With Breath are quicken'd ; and attract their Souls.
Hence take the Forms his Prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again. 330
No room is left for Death, they mount the Sky,
And to their own congenial Planets fly.

Now when thou hast decreed to seize their Stores,
And by Prerogative to break their Doors:
With sprinkl'd Water first the City choak, 335
And then pursue the Citizens with Smoak.
Two Honey Harvests fall in ev'ry Year:
First, when the pleasing *Pleiades* appear,
And springing upward spurn the briny Seas:
Again, when their affrighted Quire surveys 340
The watry *Scorpion* mend his Pace behind,
With a black Train of Storms, and Winter Wind, }
They plunge into the Deep, and safe Protection find. }
Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,
When once provok'd assault th' Aggressor's Face: 345
And through the purple Veins a passage find;
There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind.

But if a pinching Winter thou foresee,
And would'st preserve thy famish'd Family ;
With fragrant Thyme the City fumigate, 350
And break the waxen Walls to save the State.
For lurking Lizards often lodge, by Stealth,
Within the Suburbs, and purloin their Wealth.
And Lizards shunning Light, a dark Retreat
Have found in Combs, and undermin'd the Seat. 355
Or lazy Drones, without their Share of Pain;
In Winter Quarters free, devour the Gain:
Or Wasps infest the Camp with loud Alarms,
And mix in Battel with unequal Arms:

Geor. IV. G E O R G I C S. 195

Or secret Moaths are there in Silence fed ; 360

Or Spiders in the Vault, their snary Webs have spread.

The more oppress'd by Foes, or Famine pin'd ;
The more increase thy Care to save the sinking Kind.

With Greens and Flow'rs recruit their empty Hives,
And seek fresh Forrage to sustain their Lives. 365

But since they share with Man one common Fate,
In Health and Sicknes, and in Turns of State,
Observe the Symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible Decay.

They change their Hue, with haggard Eyes they stare,
Lean are their Looks, and shagg'd is their Hair: 371

And Crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd Hives, in decent Pomp are born: }

Their Friends attend the Hearse, the next Relations
Mourn. }

The sick, for Air before the Portal gasp, 375
Their feeble Legs within each other clasp.

Or idle in their empty Hives remain,
Benumb'd with Cold, and listless of their Gain.
Soft Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,
As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stir'd. 380

Such stifled noise as the close Furnace hides,
Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.

This when thou seest, *Galbanean* Odours use,
And Honey in the sickly Hive infuse.

Thro' redden Pipes convey the Golden Flood, 385
T'invite the People to their wonted Food.

Mix it with thicken'd Juice of sodden Wines,
And Raisins from the Grapes of *Psythian* Vines:
To these add pounded Galls, and Roses dry,
And with *Cecropian* Thyme, strong scented Centaury: 390

A Flow'r there is that grows in Meadow Ground,
Amellus call'd, and easie to be found;
For from one Root the rising Stem bestows
A Wood of Leaves, and vi'let-purple Boughs:
The Flow'r it self is glorious to behold, 395
And shines on Altars like refulgent Gold:
Sharpe to the Taste, by Shepherds near the Stream
Of *Mella* found, and thence they gave the Name.

Boyl this restoring Root in gen'rous Wine,
And set beside the Door, the sickly Stock to dine. 400
But if the lab'ring Kind be wholly lost,
And not to be retriev'd with Care or Cost;
Tis time to touch the Precepts of an Art,
Th' *Arcadian* Master did of old impart:
And how he stock'd his empty Hives again; 405
Renew'd with putrid Gore of Oxen slain.

An ancient Legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal Spring.

For where with sev'n-fold Horns mysterious *Nile*
Surrounds the Skirts of *Egypt's* fruitful Isle, 410
And where in Pomp the Sun-burnt People ride
On painted Barges, o'er the teeming Tide,
Which pouring down from *Ethiopian* Lands,
Makes green the Soil with Slime, and black prolific Sands;

That length of Region, and large Tract of Ground, 415
In this one Art a sure relief have found.

First, in a place, by Nature close, they build
A narrow Flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.

In this, four Windows are contriv'd, that strike 419
To the four Winds oppos'd, their Beams oblique.

A Steer of two Years old they take, whose Head
Now first with burnish'd Horns begins to spread:

They stop his Nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breath free Air, and struggles with his Pain.

Knock'd down, he dyes: his Bowels bruish'd within,
Betray no Wound on his unbroken Skin. 426

Extended thus, in his obscene Abode,
They leave the Beast; but first sweet Flow'rs are strow'd

Beneath his Body, broken Boughs and Thyme,
And pleasing Cassia just renew'd in prime. 430

This must be done, e'er Spring makes equal Day,
When *Western* Winds on curling Waters play:

E'er painted Meads produce their Flow'ry Crops,
Or Swallows twitter on the Chimney Tops.

The tainted Blood, in this close Prison pent, 435
Begins to boyl and through the Bones ferment.

Then, wondrous to behold, new Creatures rise,
A moving Mass at first, and short of Thighs;

Till shooting out with Legs, and imp'd with Wings,
The Grubs proceed to Bees with pointed Stings: 440

And more and more affecting Air, they try
Their tender Pinions, and begin to fly:

At length, like Summer Storms from spreading Clouds,
 That burst at once, and pour impetuous Floods;
 Or Flights of Arrows from the *Parthian* Bows, 445
 When from afar they gaul embattel'd Foes;
 With such a Tempest thro' the Skies they Steer;
 And such a form the winged Squadrons bear.

What God, O Muse! this useful Science taught?
 Or by what Man's Experience was it brought? 450

Sad *Aristeus* from fair *Tempe* fled,
 His Bees with Famine, or Diseases dead: }
 On *Peneus*' Banks he stood, and near his holy Head. }
 And while his falling Tears the Stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his Mother Goddess cry'd. 455

Mother *Cyrene*, Mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal Flood:
 What boots it, that from *Phæbus*' Loins I spring,
 The third by him and thee, from Heav'n's high King?
 O! Where is all thy boasted Pity gone, 460
 And Promise of the Skies to thy deluded Son?

Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
 Odious to Gods, and born to bitter Fate.

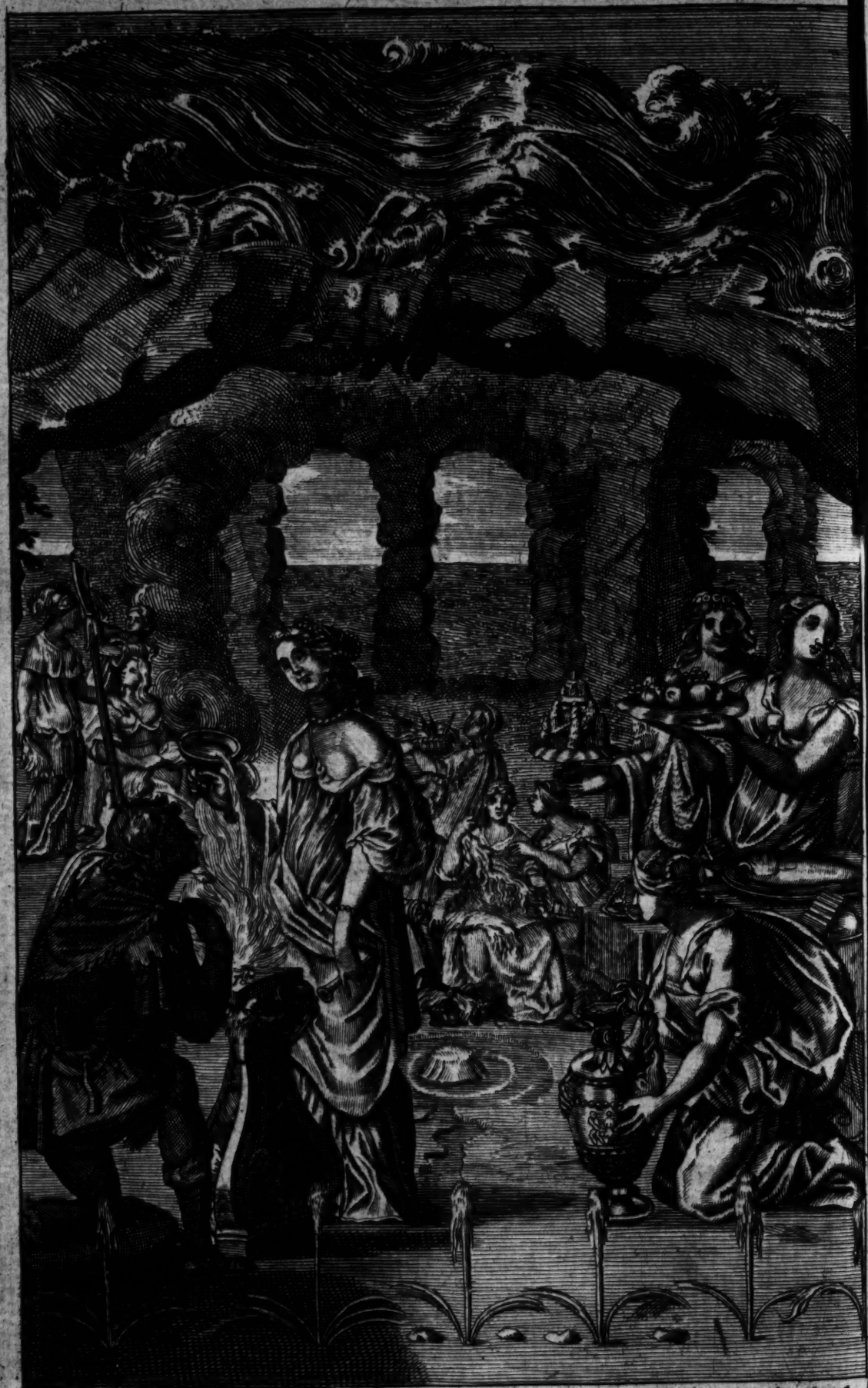
Whom, scarce my Sheep, and scarce my painful }
 The needful Aids of Human Life allow; [Plough, }
 So wretched is thy Son, so hard a Mother thou. 466 }
 Proceed, inhuman Parent in thy Scorn;
 Root up my Trees, with Blites destroy my Corn; }
 My Vineyards ruin, and my Sheepfolds burn. }

Let loose thy Rage, let all thy Spite be shown, 470
 Since thus thy hate pursues the Praises of thy Son.
 But from her Mossy Bow'r below the Ground,
 His careful Mother heard the Plaintive sound;
 Encompass'd with her Sea-green Sisters round.
 One common Work they ply'd: their Distaffs full 475
 With carded Locks of blue *Milesian* Wool.
Spio with *Drymo* brown, and *Xanthe* fair,
 And sweet *Phyllodoce* with long dishevel'd Hair:
Cydippe with *Licorias*, one a Maid,
 And one that once had call'd *Lucina's* Aid. 480
Clio and *Beroe*, from one Father both,
 Both girt with Gold, and clad in particolour'd Cloth.
Opis the meek, and *Deiopeia* proud;
Nisæa lofty, with *Ligæa* loud;
Thalia joyous, *Ephyre* the sad, 485
 And *Arethusa* once *Diana's* Maid,
 But now, her Quiver left, to Love betray'd.
 To these, *Climene* the sweet Theft declares,
 Of *Mars*; and *Vulcan's* unavailing Cares:
 And all the Rapes of Gods, and ev'ry Love, 490
 From ancient *Chaos* down to youthful *Jove*.

Thus while she sings, the Sisters turn the Wheel,
 Empty the woolly Rock, and fill the Reel.
 A mournful Sound, agen the Mother hears;
 Agen the mournful Sound invades the Sister's Ears: 495
 Starting at once from their green Seats, they rise;
 Fear in their Heart, Amazement in their Eyes.

But *Arethusa* leaping from her Bed,
 First lifts above the Waves her beauteous Head;
 And, crying from afar, thus to *Cyrene* said. 500
 O Sister! not with causeless Fear posselt,
 No Stranger Voice disturbs thy tender Breast.
 'Tis *Aristæus*, tis thy darling Son,
 Who to his careless Mother makes his Moan.
 Near his Paternal Stream he sadly stands, 505
 With down-cast Eyes, wet Cheeks, and folded Hands:
 Upbraiding Heav'n from whence his Lineage came,
 And cruel calls the Gods, and cruel thee, by Name.

Cyrene mov'd with Love, and seiz'd with Fear,
 Cries out, conduct my Son, conduct him here: 510
 'Tis lawful for the Youth, deriv'd from Gods,
 To view the Secrets of our deep Abodes.
 At once she wav'd her Hand on either side,
 At once the Ranks of swelling Streams divide.
 Two rising Heaps of liquid Crystal stand, 515
 And leave a Space betwixt, of empty Sand.
 Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
 Which to his Mother's watry Palace leads.
 With wond'ring Eyes he views the secret Store
 Of Lakes, that pent in hollow Caverns, roar. 520
 He hears the crackling Sound of Coral Woods,
 And sees the secret Source of subterranean Floods.
 And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral Cells,
 The Fount of *Phasis*, and of *Lycus* dwells;



Where swift *Enipeus* in his Bed appears,
And *Tiber* his Majestick Forehead rears. 525

Whence *Anio* flows, and *Hypanis*, profound,
Breaks through th' opposing Rocks with raging Sound.
Where *Po* first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods. 530

Two Golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
And his grim Face a Bull's Resemblance bears.
With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful Plain.

Now to the Court arriv'd, th' admiring Son 535
Beholds the vaulted Roofs of *Pory* Stone;
Now to his Mother Goddess tells his Grief,
Which she with Pity hears, and promises Relief.

Th' officious Nymphs, attending in a Ring,
With Waters drawn from their perpetual Spring, 540
From earthly dregs his Body purifie,
And rub his Temples, with fine Towels, dry:

Then load the Tables with a lib'ral Feast,
And honour with full Bowls their friendly Guest.
The sacred Altars are involv'd in Smoak, 545
And the bright Quire their kindred Gods invoke.

Two Bowls the Mother fills with *Lydian* Wine;
Then thus, Let these be pour'd, with Rites divine, }
To the great Authors of our wat'ry Line: }

To Father Ocean, this; and this, she said, 550 }
Be to the Nymphs his sacred Sisters paid, [Shade. }
Who rule the wat'ry Plains, and hold the woodland }

She sprinkl'd thrice, with Wine, the Vestal Fire,
 Thrice to the vaulted Roof the Flames aspire.
 Rais'd with so blest an Omen, she begun, 555
 With Words like these, to chear her drooping Son.
 In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes abode
 The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God;
 High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
 His azure Carr and finny Coursers guides: 560
Proteus his Name: to his *Pallenian* Port,
 I see from far the weary God resort.
 Him, not alone, we River Gods adore,
 But aged *Nereus* harkens to his Lore.
 With sure foresight, and with unerring Doom, 565
 He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
 This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
 His scaly Flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
 Implore his Aid, for *Proteus* only knows
 The secret Cause, and Cure of all thy Woes. 570
 But first the wily Wizard must be caught,
 For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
 Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought. }
 Surprize him first, and with hard Fetters bind;
 Then all his Frauds will vanish into Wind. 575
 I will my self conduct thee on thy Way.
 When next the Southing Sun inflames the Day:
 When the dry Herbage thirsts for Dews in vain,
 And Sheep, in Shades, avoid the parching Plain.

Then will I lead thee to his secret Seat; 580
 When weary with his Toil, and scorch'd with Heat,
 The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat.
 His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcast;
 With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him fast:
 Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold, 585
 The slipp'ry God will try to loose his hold:
 And various Forms assume, to cheat thy fight;
 And with vain Images of Beasts affright.
 With foamy Tusks will seem a bristly Boar,
 Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar; 590
 Break out in crackling Flames to shun thy Snares,
 Or His a Dragon, or a Tyger stares:
 Or with a Wile, thy Caution to betray,
 In fleeting Streams attempt to slide away.
 But thou, the more he varies Forms, beware 595
 To strain his Fetters with a stricter Care:
 Till tiring all his Arts, he turns agen
 To his true Shape, in which he first was seen.

This said, with *Nectar* she her Son anoints;
 Infusing Vigour through his mortal Joints: 600
 Down from his Head the liquid Odours ran;
 He breath'd of Heav'n, and look'd above a Man.

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lyes
 A large Recess, conceal'd from Human Eyes; 604
 Where heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
 In Form of War, their wat'ry Ranks divide;
 And there, like Centries set, without the Mouth abide:

A Station safe for Ships, when Tempests roar,
 A silent Harbour, and a cover'd Shoar.
 Secure within resides the various God, 610
 And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.
 Hether with silent Steps, secure from Sight, [Light:]
 The Goddess guides her son, and turns him from the
 Her self, involv'd in Clouds, precipitates her Flight.]

Twas Noon; the sultry Dog-star from the Sky 615
 Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivell'd Grass was dry;
 The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,
 And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the Mud:
 When weary *Proteus*, from the briny Waves,
 Retir'd for Shelter to his wonted Caves: 620
 His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
 And rowling round him, spirt the bitter Sea,
 Unweildily they wallow first in Ooze,
 Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.
 Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount, 625
 Takes of his muster'd Flocks a just Account.
 So, seated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom
 Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning Home:
 When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs, from far,
 Provoke the prouling Wolf to nightly War. 630
 Th' Occasion offers, and the Youth complies:
 For scarce the weary God had clos'd his Eyes;
 When rushing on, with shouts, he binds in Chains
 The drowzy Prophet, and his Limbs constrains.



He, not unmindful of his usual Art, 635
First in dissembled Fire attempts to part:
Then roaring Beasts, and running Streams he tries,
And wearies all his Miracles of Lies:
But having shifted ev'ry Form to scape,
Convinc'd of Conquest, he resum'd his shape: 640
And thus, at length, in human Accent spoke.
Audacious Youth, what madness cou'd provoke
A Mortal Man t'invade a sleeping God?
What Buis'ness brought thee to my dark abode?

To this, th' audacious Youth; Thou know'st full well
My Name, and Buis'ness, God, nor need I tell: 646
No Man can *Proteus* cheat; but *Proteus* leave
Thy fraudulent Arts, and do not thou deceive.
Foll'wing the Gods Command, I come t'implore
Thy Help, my perish'd People to restore. 650

The Seer, who could not yet his Wrath assuage,
Rowl'd his green Eyes, that sparkl'd with his Rage;
And gnash'd his Teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar God
Pursues thy Crimes, nor with a common Rod.
Thy great Misdeeds have met a due Reward, 655
And *Orpheus's* dying Pray'rs at length are heard.
For Crimes, not his, the Lover lost his Life,
And at thy Hands requires his murder'd Wife:
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou scape
The just Revenge of that intended Rape. 660
To shun thy lawless Lust, the dying Bride,
Unwary, took along the River's side:

Nor, at her Heels perceiv'd the deadly Snake,
 That kept the Bank, in Covert of the Brake.
 But all her fellow Nymphs the Mountains tear 665
 With Loud Laments, and break the yielding Air:
 The Realms of *Mars* remurmur'd all around,
 And Echoes to th' *Athenian* Shoars rebound.
 Th' unhappy Husband, Husband now no more, 669
 Did on his tuneful Harp his Loss deplore, [store.]
 And sought, his mournful Mind with Musick to re-
 On thee, dear Wife, in Desarts all alone,
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his Griefs with Day begun,
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun. }
 Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night, 675
 He took his way, thro' Forrests void of Light:
 And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable King.
 Th' Infernal Troops like passing Shadows glide,
 And, list'ning, crowd the sweet Musician's side. 680
 Not flocks of Birds when driv'n by Storms, or Night,
 Stretch to the Forrest with so thick a flight.
 Men, Matrons, Children, and th' unmarried Maid,
 * The mighty Heroes more Majestic shade; 684
 And Youths on Fun'ral Piles before their Parents laid. }
 All these *Cocytus* bounds with squalid Reeds,
 With muddy Ditches, and with deadly Weeds:
 And baleful *Styx* encompasses around,
 With Nine slow circling Streams, th' unhappy ground.

* This whole Line is taken from the Marquess of Normanby's Translation.

Ev'n from the depths of Hell the Damn'd advance,
Th' Infernal Mansions nodding seem to dance; 691
The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to snarl,
The Furies harken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his Pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing Wheel. 695

All Dangers past, at length the lovely Bride,
In safety goes, with her Melodious Guide;
Longing the common Light again share,
And draw the vital breath of upper Air;
He first, and close behind him follow'd she, 700
For such was *Proserpine's* severe Decree.
When strong Desires th' impatient Youth invade;
By little Caution and much Love betray'd:
A fault which easie Pardon might receive
Were Lovers Judges, or cou'd Hell forgive. 705
For near the Confines of Etherial Light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a Sight,
Th' unwary Lover cast his Eyes behind,
Forgetful of the Law, nor Master of his Mind.
Straight all his Hopes exhal'd in empty Smoke; 710
And his long Toils were forfeit for a Look.
Three flashes of blue Light'ning gave the sign
Of Cov'nants broke, three peals of Thunder join.
Then thus the Bride; What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy Man! to lose thy self and Me? 715
Dragg'd back again by cruel Destinies,
An Iron Slumber shuts my swimming Eyes.

And now farewell, involv'd in Shades of Night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.

In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join 720

In sweet Embraces; ah! no longer thine!

She said, and from his Eyes the fleeting Fair

Retir'd like subtile Smoke dissolv'd in Air; }
And left her hopeless Lover in despair.

In vain, with folding Arms, the Youth assay'd 725

To stop her flight, and strain the flying Shade:

He prays, he raves, all Means in vain he tries, }

With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise; }

But she return'd no more, to bless his longing Eyes. }

Nor wou'd th' Infernal Ferry-Man once more 730

Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.

What shou'd He do, who twice had lost his Love?

What Notes invent, what new Petitions move?

Her Soul already was consign'd to Fate,

And shiv'ring in the leaky Sculler fate. 735

For sev'n continu'd Months, if Fame say true,

The wretched Swain his Sorrows did renew;

By *Strymon's* freezing Streams he fate alone,

The Rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:

Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his Wrongs,

Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawn-

ing Tongues. 741

So, close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,

The Mother Nightingale laments alone:

Whose

Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence,
 By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence. 745
 But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
 And melancholy Musick fills the Plains.

Sad *Orpheus* thus his tedious Hours employs,
 Averse from *Venus*, and from nuptial Joys.
 Alone he tempts the frozen Floods, alone 750
 Th' unhappy Climes, where Spring was never known:
 He mourn'd his wretched Wife, in vain restor'd,
 And *Pluto's* unavailing Boon deplor'd.

The *Thracian* Matrons, who the Youth accus'd,
 Of Love disdain'd, and Marriage Rites refus'd: 755
 With Furies, and Nocturnal *Orgies* fir'd,
 At length, against his sacred Life conspir'd.
 Whom ev'n the savage Beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangl'd Limbs about the Field.
 Then, with his Head, from his fair Shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the Waters, was on *Hebrus* born; 760
 Ev'n then his trembling Tongue invoc'd his Bride;
 With his last Voice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd, }
Eurydice, the Rocks and River-banks reply'd. }
 This answer *Proteus* gave, nor more he said, 765 }
 But in the Billows plung'd his hoary Head; [spread. }
 And where he leap'd, the Waves in Circles widely }

The Nymph return'd, her drooping Son to chear,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear: 769
 For now, said she, the Cause is known, from whence
 Thy Woe succeeded, and for what Offence:

The Nymphs, Companions of th' unhappy Maid,
 This punishment upon thy Crimes have laid;
 And sent a Plague among thy thriving Bees. 775
 With Vows and suppliant Pray'rs their Pow'rs appease:
 The soft *Napean* Race will soon repent
 Their Anger, and remit the Punishment.
 The secret in an easie Method lies;
 Select four Brawny Bulls for Sacrifice, 780
 Which on *Lycaeus* graze, without a Guide;
 Add four fair Heifers yet in Yoke untry'd:
 For these, four Altars in their Temple rear,
 And then adore the Woodland Pow'rs with Pray'r.
 From the slain Victims pour the streaming Blood, 785
 And leave their Bodies in the shady Wood:
 Nine Mornings thence, *Lethean* Poppy bring,
 T' appease the *Manes* of the Poets King:
 And to propitiate his offended Bride,
 A fatted Calf, and a black Ewe provide: 790
 This finish'd, to the former Woods repair.
 His Mother's Precepts he performs with care;
 The Temple visits, and adores with Pray'r.
 Four Altars raises, from his Herd he culls,
 For Slaughter, four the fairest of his Bulls; 795
 Four Heifers from his Female Store he took,
 All fair, and all unknowing of the Yoke.
 Nine Mornings thence, with Sacrifice and Pray'rs,
 The Pow'rs aton'd, he to the Grove repairs.



Behold a Prodigy! for from within 800

The broken Bowels, and the bloated Skin,
A buzzing noise of Bees his Ears alarms,
Straight issue thro' the Sides assembling Swarms:
Dark as a Cloud they make a wheeling Flight,
Then on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light: 805
Like a large Cluster of black Grapes they show,
And made a large dependance from the Bough.

Thus have I sung of Fields, and Flocks, and Trees,
And of the waxen Work of lab'ring Bees;
While mighty *Cæsar*, thund'ring from afar, 810
Seeks on *Euphrates* Banks the Spoils of War:
With conqu'ring Arts asserts his Country's Cause,
With Arts of Peace the willing People draws:
On the glad Earth the Golden Age renews,
And his great Father's Path to Heav'n pursues. 815
While I at *Naples* pass my peaceful Days,
Affecting Studies of less noisy Praise;
And bold, thro' Youth, beneath the Beechen Shade,
The Lays of Shepherds, and their Loves have plaid.

The End of the First Volume.

Behold a Prodigy! for from within
The broken Bowels, and the blasted Skin,
A purring noise of Bees his Ears alone
Straight into thro' the Sides assembling swarms
Back as a Cloud they make a whirling flight
Then on a neighbouring Tree, ascending light
Like a living Cluster of black Grapes they bow
And make a huge dependence from the bough
I have lived long of fruits and Flowers, and Trees
And of the world's variety of Bees
While to my Country I have been
Seeking on Earth the best of Wares
With conquering arms and country's Gains
With Arms of Peace the willing People draw:
On the glad Earth the Golden Age renew
And his great Father's Path to Heaven pursue
While I as Myself pass my peaceful Days
Affording comfort to his noisy Peasants
And bold, thro' Youth, beneath the Bechen Shade
The Lays of Shepherds, and their Love have paid



